AP5 E83xx fol Reserve

# EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD

"The Clock and the Pillar Box" by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. See Page 7

JANUARY
1918

Continental Publishing Company, Limited, Toronto, Canada
Trade Mark Registered 1913, Department of Agriculture, at Ottawa, by
Continental Publishing Company, Limited, Toronto, Canada

FIFTEEN
CENTS

# "Monarch Knit" Hosiery

Made in Silk, Cashmere, Mercerized and Cotton *for* men, women and children. If your dealer can not supply you write to the

**MONARCH KNITTING CO.**
Limited
HEAD OFFICE
DUNNVILLE ONT.

NATIONAL LIBRARY
CANADA
BIBLIOTHEQUE NATIONALE



# The Ground Floor

OUR good wishes to you for 1918 are hundredfold. They call for health and happiness, success and prosperity. They are comprised of the best of the old and the heartiest of the new. We intend to play a vital part in bringing these wishes to realization, and the most effective method we can employ will be to offer you twelve issues of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD that will be of invaluable service to you in the various capacities wherein a good, wholesome home magazine, is relied upon for leadership, for economic guidance, for relaxation and for general digest of national affairs. We begin with this January—"Canada Ahead" number. We follow with one of the livest issues we have yet produced——our EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD for February.

### *Look To Your Signature!*

"DOES Your Signature Look Like You?" asks Professor Arthur B. Farmer in an article on chirography that will provide more real interest for you than did even that in the December number on bald-headed men, or his last in this issue —" Whom Should these Girls Marry?" Prof. Farmer demonstrates, by means of photographs and accompanying signatures, how simple it is, to read character from handwriting.

### *Canada's Indian Poet*

VERY few had the privilege of knowing Miss E. Pauline Johnson, Canada's Indian poet, as did Mr. Frank Yeigh, the prominent journalist and lecturer. He was, to a great extent, responsible for her success on the public platform. He contributes a biographical sketch of her, to February EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD—"E. Pauline Johnston—An Appreciation and a Memory," that sheds new light upon the life-history of a bard who has had too little publicity in the native land she has so immortalized through her poems.

### *War-Time in YOUR Village*

JUST how has the war really affected your village? Possibly there is as yet no visible difference. Not so, with the villages in England. They are too near the heart of things bellicose. Frances Sargent outlines in: "War-Time in an English Village," just what life in such an environment means these days. It is a distinctly interesting little tale, well told, and emanating from truths that strike home.

### *Another Fairy Tale*

ENTHUSIASM over the fairy tale: "The Leprechaun of Slieve Dearg" which appeared in our December issue, has been so general, that we asked Miss Norah M. Holland to write another. She has just completed: "The King's Son of Erin" in her inimitable style. It will be published in its entirety next month. Miss Holland has consented to continue with a series of these fairy tales, which will appear exclusively in EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD. She has merited her reputation as one of the foremost raconteurs of fairy lore. "The King's Son of Erin" is an exquisite production.

Another piece of fiction that will have wide appeal is Harold C. Lowrey's war story: "His Unknown Mother." It is thrilling without being sensational. Further it maintains the Canadian spirit EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD has been advancing through its pages.

### *Nursing in Canada*

THE marvellous achievements of the Victorian Order of Nurses, since the founding of the order in Canada, are admirably set forth by Madge Macbeth in an article which she contributes to the February number.

Another intensely human work that exists among us is the care of the blind. "But," asks Myrtle Leeta Cherry—"what of the Blind? Are we caring for them?" She confines the answer to a couple of columns in February EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD.

### *Valentine! Who's Guilty?*

WE have not forgotten that February is the month of Valentines, while preparing our plentitude of attractive features for next month's issue. And, by the way, if someone were to ask you just now, to quote some of the original Valentines—could you? February EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD will be in your hands in plenty of time to put you right on this point before any one does put the question to you.

Just now, while you have in mind the interesting, entertaining and helpful features to be included in the February issue, it is advisable that you insure its safe delivery.

The coupon below, properly filled in and accompanied by $1.50 brings EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD to your home every month for a year.

# EXTRAORDINARY OFFER TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS

## An Entire Year's Subscription to "Everywoman's Needlecraft Companion" Given To You

IN these days of forced economy, when every hand is busy, when every woman has her attention focused upon means and ways by which she may stretch the family purse—or her own individual finances to the limit, it is not surprising that there should be a constant demand from readers of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD for a bigger, broader, more comprehensive department devoted to every form of needlecraft. To meet this need we are publishing a new magazine devoted entirely to needlecraft, and every subscriber to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD may receive it regularly, free of any expense beyond a slight postage charge.

Everywoman's Needlecraft Companion fills a long-felt want in Canada, and has been hailed with delight by lovers of needlework throughout the Dominion. They acclaim it as the ideal magazine for devotees of needlecraft, wherein they may look for dependable instruction on embroideries of all kinds, crochet work, knitting, tatting, and every other variety of plain and fancy needlework.

***A Year's Subscription brings you hundreds upon Hundreds of New Designs never before published in Canada.***

NEITHER care nor expense is spared to supply the readers of Everywoman's Needlecraft Companion with the newest and most original designs for embroideries, initial monograms, etc., as well as novel ideas for crochet and knitted goods. Designs by leading experts in each branch of the art are presented.

*IT CONTAINS*

**Crochet**
Hat Embroideries
Dress Embroideries
Initials for Linens
Underwear
Baby Garments
Bed Linens Towels
Table Linens

**Other Depts.**
Easily Made Articles
Lessons in Tatting
Dressmaking Lessons

*IT CONTAINS*

**Knitting**
Odds and Ends
Wash Cloths Socks
Baby Garments
Sweater Coats
Red Cross Work

**Gift Articles.**
Fancy Collars
Hand Bags Yokes
Bedroom Slippers
Under Garments
Baby Garments

SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY

*CONTINENTAL PUBLISHING CO., LIMITED*
*Toronto, Ont.*

*Enclosed please find $1.50 to cover my New/Renewal subscription to Everywoman's World for one year. In accordance with your offer please enter my subscription for Everywoman's Needlecraft Companion for a full year. I am sending ten two-cent stamps to cover postage ,wrapping, mailing charges, etc.*

*Name*.....

*Address*.....

If You are a Subscriber at present, be sure to give your name exactly as it appears on your address label at present

### *Patterns for Embroidery Designs Easily Secured*

(Other Instructions Complete)

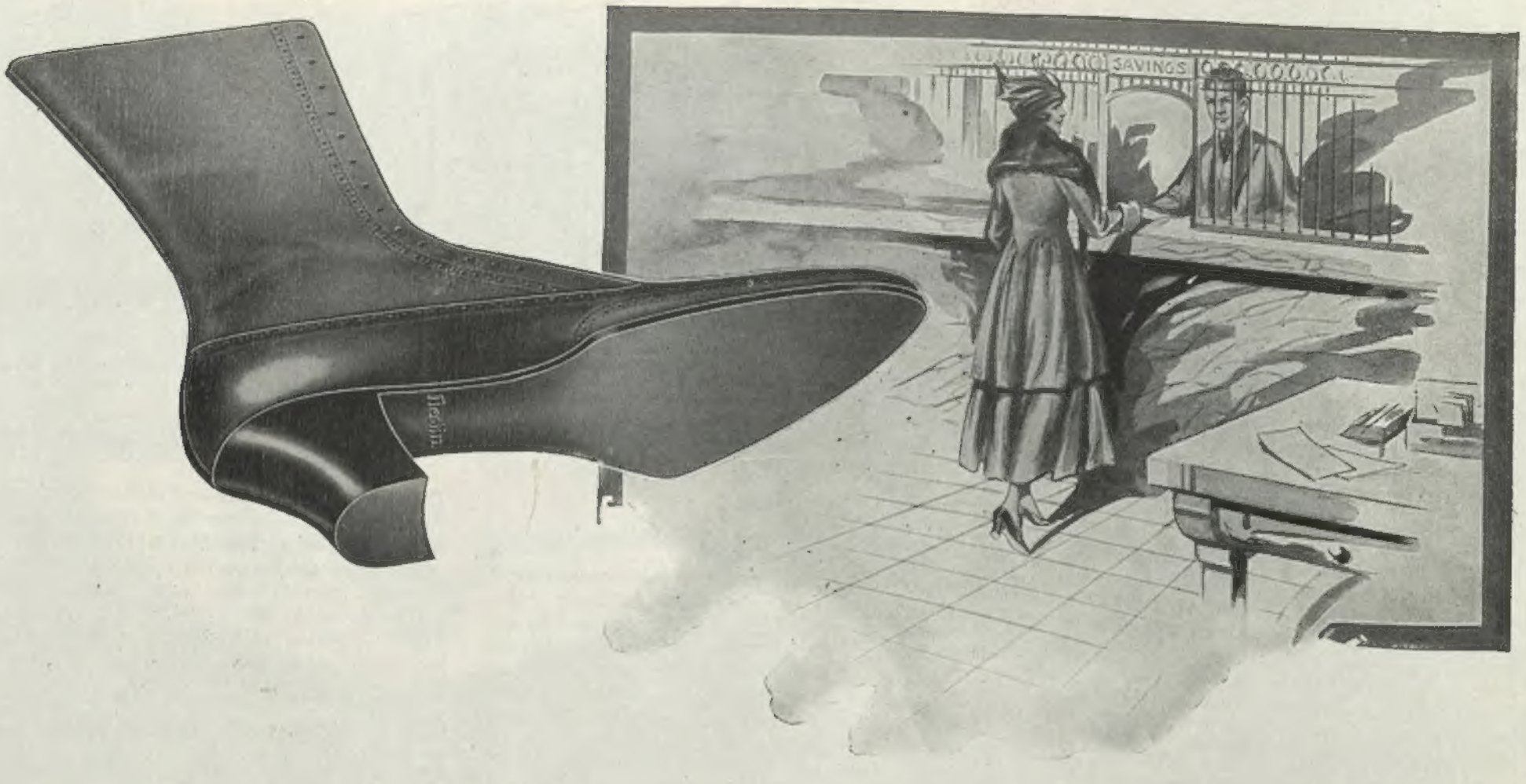
FOR the embroidery designs that require patterns for working the Needlecraft Companion provides an ideal service. Patterns for all designs shown may be obtained for a few cents at leading shops throughout the Dominion, or we will mail them to you direct, postage paid. The service is most complete. Where no patterns are required complete instructions for making are given.

The Companion is issued quarterly and mailed direct to you. It contains no advertising, but is filled from cover to cover with all that is newest and best in every branch of needlecraft.

### *How To Get Your Year's Subscription*

IF you are at present a subscriber to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD send your renewal to-day, together with only ten two cent stamps to cover postage, wrapping, entering, etc., and we will enter you for an entire year's subscription to Everywoman's Needlecraft Companion, sending your first copy at once. Your subscription to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD will run on for a full year after expiry date.

Show this great offer to a friend who does not at present take EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, send her subscription with your renewal and we will send the Needlecraft Companion to both for a whole year, all postage paid.




# Save With Neōlin Soles

Neolin soles for the whole family save you money just as surely as would two pairs of shoes for the price of one.

There can be no question about Neolin's economy. It wears longer than leather—even two and three times longer, depending on the grade of leather. Yet Neolin costs you the same as leather.

On your own shoes—on the children's shoes—on the men-folk's shoes—Neolin means an all-round lowering of shoe-bills.

Long wear is not Neolin's only advantage. It is foot-easy and foot-healthy. It is light and more flexible than leather. New shoes with Neolin soles need no breaking-in. Neolin grips the ground, pavement or floor. It is waterproof. It is trim and smart in style, and makes ugly rubbers unnecessary on rain-soaked pavements.

Every virtue that you could desire in a shoe sole, Neolin has. All the disadvantages of leather and rubber soles have been eliminated. Just as surely as science adds new comforts to our daily lives, you will come to Neolin.

One word of warning—be sure you get Neolin, the synthetic shoe sole that is different from all others. Avoid fibre and composition imitations.

Go to the shoe-merchant near you who shows Neolin price tickets in his window. They identify his store. One is illustrated here. He has many styles and prices of shoes with Neolin soles.

Neolin has been a great success. Because of distinct superiorities, it is replacing leather for shoe-soles. Neolin's appearance can be imitated. But Neo- But Neolin's qualities are the result of methods and materials known only to us.

No wthere are other soles that look like Neolin. But there is only one Neolin—and every pair is branded with the trademark below.

To be sure of the genuine Neolin—mark that mark; stamp it on your memory. Ask for Neolin with the accent on the "o"—Neolin—the trade symbol for a quality product of

**This is the Neōlin price ticket, which you will see on shoes with Neōlin soles. Look for them in your dealer's Window.**

**The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., of Canada, Limited**

# Neōlin soles

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD is $1.50 per year, payable in advance ,anywhere in Canada or the British Empire. Single copies, 15 cents. United States subscriptions, $1.75 a year; foreign subscriptions, $2.00 a year.

MONEY may be sent by Post Office Money Order, Registered Mail, Dominion Express Money Order, or Cheque to which exchange has been added.

CAUTION — CHANGE OF ADDRESS. We shall change the address of subscribers as often as required, but in ordering a change, the old address as well as the new must be given before the change can be made.

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD

*Canada's Great Home Magazine*

*Chas. C. Nixon, Superintending Editor* *Mary M. Murphy, Managing Editor*
*Jean Blewett, Companion Editor* *Katherine M. Caldwell, Food Editor*

Entered as second-class matter, at the post office, Toronto, Ont.

Entered as second-class matter, Sept. 23, 1915, at the post office, Buffalo, N.Y., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Trade Mark Registered 1913, Department of Agriculture, at Ottawa, by Continental Publishing Co., Limited, Toronto, Ontario. Magazine and Book Publishers.

*Member Audit Bureau of Circulation*

PUPLISHED THE 15TH OF THE MONTH PRECEDING MONTH OF ISSUE BY CONTINENTAL PUPLISHING CO., LIMITED, TORONTO, CANADA

Publishers also of RURAL CANADA and EVERYWOMAN'S STOREKEEPERS

RENEWAL SUBSCRIPTIONS—Watch for renewal subscription blank which will be placed in your magazine when your subscription expires. By using this blank promptly you will avoid missing any issues. Back copies cannot be supplied.

BE CAREFUL to sign your name and give address plainly written when sending remittances.

**Advertising Branch Offices**

(For advertising business only. Subscriptions not received.)

Philadelphia, Metropolitan Building
Chicago, People's Gas Building
London, England, 16 Regent St., S.W.
Montreal, Carter Build.ng
Address correspondence direct to Toronto

**Vol. VIII., No. 7** **EDITORIAL** **January, 1918**

# What of Soldiers' Pensions?

**By STEPHEN LEACOCK**

FEW people realize the magnitude of the problem that will be before the country after the war in the form of the pensions' list.

The "Man on the Street," whoever that is, is generally regarded as the touchstone of public opinion and sentiment. If he were asked what ought to be done about the pensions, he would say without hesitation that he wanted wounded and disabled soldiers, and the dependents of those who have fallen, to enjoy a pension. He would want the pensions to be on a liberal scale with no niggardliness about it. He would be quite willing, more than willing, to pay for it. Send him the bill and let him hear no more about it. After which, being now for three years quite accustomed to problems of appalling magnitude, he would turn to consider something else.

If one were to tell him that the amount of the bill, already incurred, represents a charge upon our revenue of some eight million dollars a year, and that over sixteen hundred new pensions are being granted in each current month, he would be properly interested. It would serve him as a topic of conversation in his home or his club for several days: until such time as he began to forget whether one had said eight million or eighty million. After which he would fall back on the idea that the country will pay it anyhow, and would cease to talk about it. For, truth to say, the head of the "Man on the Street" has been of late so battered and dinted with enormous figures of war debts, liberty loans, and colossal expenditures generally, that millions, even billions, leave little mark upon it.

The "Man on the Street" is, as usual, partly right and partly wrong. He is perfectly right, good fellow that he is, in feeling that the bill has got to be paid. His conscience tells him that the burden of the war, as far as it can be lifted with more dollars and cents, must rest upon the shoulders of all and not on the devoted few. But he is wrong when he thinks that the vast and intricate national problem involved can be dismissed as a mere matter of dollars and cents, as a mere addition to our annual budget with nothing more needed than to pay it.

We need not look far from home to find a country in which the pensions problem, in the hands of an easy-going, generous and opulent people, became one of the greatest difficulties of public life and an ever-flowing source of political jobbery and corruption. "We have paid in taxes," said the New York "Times" the other day in speaking of the pensions' problem, as it will affect the United States, "twice as much for pensions as we borrowed to wage the war, and we are still paying at a burdensome rate. The question as to how the nation shall safe-guard the future of its soldiers and sailors is second only to that regarding the finances of the war."

THE first truth to be realized is that the war has, in all matters of government, taken us into a new world. The old relation of the individual to the state is finished. A nation which calls its men to arms under compulsion of the law on the ground that the nation is and must be a unit for the sake of which the life of the individual must be sacrificed, incurs a new set of responsibilities to match the new duties which it imposes. There are two sides to conscription. If the state forces men to fight for the common welfare, then the state must hold itself responsible for the welfare of the single man. We must have in future no such social irony as unemployment; with men willing to work, but standing idle in the market place: we must be done with pauperism, with sweated labor, with the half-starvation, the long hours, the crowded dwellings and the stunted lives of the great submerged mass of the lower grades of the population. The old creed of every man for himself has broken down. In place of it has come a new doctrine of social solidarity in which the welfare of each is the common cause of all.

**Table I.**
**CASUALTIES.**

| | Sept. 30, 1916 | | | March 31, 1917 | | | August 31, 1917 | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | Offrs. | Others | Total | Offrs. | Others | Total | Offrs. | Others | Total |
| Killed (in action).. | 400 | 6,754 | 7,154 | 588 | 11,566 | 12,154 | 993 | 18,467 | 19,460 |
| Killed (wounds).... | 121 | 2,712 | 2,833 | 186 | 4,202 | 4,388 | 305 | 6,432 | 6,737 |
| Killed (disease).... | 27 | 574 | 601 | 50 | 1,037 | 1,089 | 72 | 1,400 | 1,472 |
| Wounded..... | 1,458 | 32,240 | 33,698 | 2,115 | 49,989 | 52,104 | 3,321 | 78,316 | 81,637 |
| Prisoners..... | 77 | 2,063 | 2,140 | 94 | 2,303 | 2,397 | 116 | 2,471 | 2,587 |
| Presumed dead.... | 18 | 873 | 891 | 31 | 1,210 | 1,241 | 71 | 3,087 | 3,158 |
| Missing..... | 40 | 1,183 | 1,223 | 79 | 2,598 | 2,677 | 74 | 1,049 | 1,123 |
| | 2,141 | 46,399 | 48,540 | 3,143 | 72,905 | 76,048 | 4,952 | 111,222 | 116,174 |

**Table II.**
**STATISTICS OF ENLISTMENT, OVERSEAS SERVICE AND PENSIONS.**

| | Sept. 30, 1916 | March 31, 1917 | August 31, 1917 |
|---|---|---|---|
| Number of Men Enlisted C.E.F..... | 160,160 | 407,302 | 431,455 |
| Number of Men Overseas..... | 229,692 | 297,000 | 330,482 |
| Casualties to date: killed and missing | 8,377 | 14,851 | 20,583 |
| Casualties to date: wounded, etc..... | 33,698 | 52,104 | 81,637 |
| | Number of Pensions | | |
| Number of Persons (soldiers or dependents) on Pension list..... | 3,427 | 8,442 | 14,943 |
| | Number of Pensioners | | |
| | not obtainable | 14,022 | 23,374 |

We shall be compelled when the war is over to set our house in order. And the first and most obvious obligation of our new social life will be found in dealing with the returned soldiers, in finding employment for those able to work, and in finding maintenance for those who bear upon them the wounds and mutilation of war, and in supporting at the common charge the dependents of those who have fallen.

This is what is meant in its wider sense by the pensions' problem. But a part of it—it may prove ultimately to be the larger part of it—may stand over for the present. The time has not yet come to deal with the problem of finding work for the army that will return to us after the signing of peace. Large though that problem is, it is premature to discuss it. Too much discussion of what is to be done after the war merely helps to blind us to the fact that the war must first be won and that the nearest and most urgent obligation of the nation is to win it.

But the other part of the question—the matter of dealing with pensions for the wounded and the bereft has begun already, and began with the first year of the war. The accompanying tables of figures will show more plainly than words the exact extent to which we are already pledged.

Converted into terms of money to be paid, these figures are equivalent to saying that under the scale of payment at present in force, the annual expenditure as incurred up to September 30th, 1916, amounted to $700,000. By April, 1917, it had reached $2,750,000. On the first of September last it stood at $4,600,000; while an estimate recently presented to the Parliament of Canada places the cost of pensions for the current year at eight million dollars. The appalling increase in these figures speaks for itself. But even with this the end is by no means in sight. If the overseas force supplied by Canada is increased, as is expected, to half a million men, if further and further drafts are sent from training camps in England, the number of casualties per month, and therewith the number of new pensions incurred can easily increase to double the present amount. There is but little hope of the war reaching its end before the autumn of 1918. Many of our best military men tell us that we must be prepared for at least two years more of war. Under the conditions of modern warfare even conquest—in the case of a highly organized enemy operating on the defensive on ground of their own choosing, is cruelly slow. In the Civil War in America the cause of the South was doomed, to all intents and purposes, in the summer of 1864. Yet the war was protracted for another nine months and the losses of the Northern armies in this last phase of the war were greater than ever before. The Boer War in one sense was ended when Pretoria fell in 1900, and when the civil government of the Transvaal as such was extinguished. To complete the conquest two years more were needed. Yet the Boers were but a handful, and even the armies of the Southern Confederacy (its whole white population five million souls,) were a mere nothing compared to the colossal armies to be faced to-day.

TAKING all these things into account, it requires no great calculation to show that our national obligation for pensions after the war may easily run to $25,000,000 a year. If this obligation is to be met fairly and squarely, we must give anxious thought to the system that we are to establish for dealing with it.

Till the outbreak of the present war we knew, fortunately for ourselves, but little of the pensions' problem from actual experience. There have been pensions, it is true, in Canada for two hundred years past (even under the old Grand Regime), but they were insignificant in amount and involved no national problem.

But with the year 1918 upon us, we have a serious outlook—a gigantic burden to shoulder. The pensions' problem is a new feature in our national life. It demands not merely public money, but public attention. We can only deal with it in an effective and satisfactory way if we can form a wide-spread and sound public opinion in regard to the nature of the obligation and the way in which it can best be met. An easy indifference may lead us here into a quagmire of jobbery and peculation. The pensions may become the mere plaything of party, the sport of politics and a source of political corruption for generations to come. It rests with Canadians to face the issue squarely and effect a result that will not be a blot upon the records of Canadian legislation in the generations to come.

# What has he said to her?

*Does your glowing face cause an exclamation of pleasure?*

Brilliant lights revealing every grace and every flaw; eyes fixed upon you ready to admire—can you face them unembarrassed?

Don't spoil your evening wondering about your complexion. Descend the stairs to meet your friends radiant and blooming—thrilled by the knowledge that you are looking your best.

## You can have this confidence

Any young girl has a right to a soft glowing skin. Youth should not endure the thought of wrinkles, of colorless faces, of blemishes of any sort. Constant care of the skin in youth insures a clear, fresh complexion later.

You can make your skin what you will. Nature does her part. You can do the rest. Every day the old skin dies and new skin forms in its place. What this new skin is depends on the care you give it.

Skin specialists say that the best way to build up a clear, beautiful complexion, to keep the skin in a healthy, active condition, is by proper cleansing and stimulating treatments with a soap carefully prepared to suit the nature of the skin.

Woodbury's Facial Soap was prepared by a skin specialist after 30 years of experience with the skin and its needs.

## Let this treatment give you the charm of a flawless skin

Begin tonight to get the benefits of this skin specialist's soap for your skin. Use this Woodbury treatment every night and watch your skin lose every flaw; watch it take on a smooth texture, a soft glowing color.

Lather your washcloth well with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water. Apply it to your face and distribute the lather thoroughly. With the tips of your fingers work this cleansing antiseptic lather into your skin, always using an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, finish by rubbing your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice. Always be careful to dry your skin well.

A 25 cent cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is sufficient for a month of this treatment. Get a cake today. It is for sale at druggists and toilet counters everywhere in the United States and Canada. Watch your skin gradually improve so you can face the most glaring light, the most critical eyes—confident of its smoothness and freshness.

## 5c brings you a week's treatment

For 5c we will send you a sample cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap large enough to last a week of any Woodbury treatment, with the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch." For 12c we will send you in addition to the soap and booklet, samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder. Write today. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd. 2601 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

*For sale wherever toilet goods are sold.*

MADE IN CANADA

# Miss Johnson's Ellen

## And What Canada Had to Offer Her

*By MADGE MACBETH*
*Illustrated by Maude Maclaren*

MISS JOHNSON stood in the doorway — herself unobserved — and watched with inscrutable eyes the girl among the roses. Her hair was a warm chestnut brown and it glowed in the light of the setting sun; she wore a pink print dress, a poem in simplicity, her step was firm and sure, her lithe young body full of vigor without aggression, and she bent tenderly over the nodding roses like a mother putting her children to bed. Miss Johnson watched her several minutes in silence, then she called,

"Ellen! Ellen! Are you never coming to tea? I am hungry."

"Right away," answered the girl, showing a row of gleaming white teeth, "and I haven't found one caterpillar!"

Seated at the table Miss Johnson looked disapprovingly at her vis-a-vis.

"One would think," she remarked, "that no one else in the world ever had success with flowers and vegetables! I grew 'em before you ever saw Canada, and I didn't spend the whole day fussing over 'em either."

Ellen smiled. "If you think I am going to abandon them to grubs and blight now, after bringing them on so nicely, you are wrong, Miss Johnson. They really do require all my time." "Fiddlesticks! Breaking yourself in two and stewing out in the sun all day so that you can't eat your food properly—What use do you think you'll be to me as an invalid, pray?"

Before Ellen could answer, the honk of a motor sounded with a sort of imperious summons, in the distance.

"Why ,that sounds like Miss Evelyn," cried Ellen, putting down her tea untasted, and running out on the porch.

A smart little motor drew up at the steps and its smarter occupant did various things to pedals and levers before turning to greet the girl who stood waiting at the foot of the steps with a smile of welcome on her lips and in her eyes.

"'lo, Ellen," she said finally, twisting from under the wheel. "Thought I would give Aunt Frances a surprise. Beastly hot driving down. You all right, I suppose?"

The type of woman who never looks red and moist on a hot day, whose nose remains white on a cold one, whose appearance after forty-five miles of driving was as unstained by travel as when she started, Evelyn Magrath did not wait for Ellen's answer but ran lightly up the steps and into the house. Ellen followed her with a dust robe and a hand bag.

"—somehow, now that you have come," she was in time to hear Miss Johnson say, ungraciously. "Your room is being redecorated, heaven knows why, for it was good enough before. But Ellen got some notion.... It's papered and painted, but that's all. It is always more convenient to give people notice." "But surprises are lovely, too," interrupted Ellen. "If you wouldn't mind sleeping in my room to-night, I can hang your curtains and get everything ready to-morrow."

"I wouldn't think of it," said Evelyn. Her tone was a reproof that Ellen could have suggested such a thing. "I prefer the bare room—anything will do for me if I can only fling myself down somewhere and sleep. But speaking of notice I suppose I had better tell you that Toby is coming down to-morrow."

"Indeed," remarked Miss Johnson. "I trust that the passenger trains are running more regularly than the mail trains."

"Oh, how nice," cried Ellen, with shining eyes.

Evelyn looked from one to the other and laughed. A very sensitive person mignt have imagined that she resented Ellen's happiness more than Miss Johnson's sarcasm.

"Oh, no doubt he thought I would tell you," she said. "Toby never was much of a letter writer, and I don't suppose you really mind," she continued smoothly. "We thought we'd like to spend as much of our summer together as possible."

"Makes it very pleasant for us, eh, Ellen?" snorted Miss Johnson.

Ellen made fresh tea, whisked soiled plates off the table and substituted clean ones. She warmed the food and ran down into the store-room for a jar of Evelyn's favorite crabapple jelly, then quite forgetting that her own meal had been neglected, she went upstairs to prepare the spare and bare room.

Although begrudging the time required to select linen, unwrap blankets from their snowy coverings, hang curtains and do a hundred and one little things necessary to make the room a suitable habitation for Evelyn Magrath, Ellen hummed a joyous tune as she worked. "After all," she said, "if it is done to-night, then I won't have to do it to-morrow," which meant that she would have more time to spend sunning herself in the radiance of Evelyn's presence.

Ellen's love for Miss Johnson's niece had intensified during ten years until it combined all the elements of worship. It was such an adoration as the emotional young girl feels for the matinee idol, the devout Russian for his sacred ikon. Evelyn Magrath was a being above and apart from ordinary humanity, a being to whom one gives, and from whom one asks nothing, a being one loves to serve.

*"He found her making splints out of match sticks to set the broken leg of a baby chicken."*

And if Ellen felt her own commonplaceness while she built a picture of simple beauty in that bare room, there was no sting of resentment accompanying it. On the contrary, she felt privileged and thankful that her lot had fallen in such happy surroundings. She shuddered to think where it might have lain.

HER mind bridged a space of years and she saw herself a tiny atom who formed part of one of those British Institutions deified by the name of Home. She felt again the ache in her arms and torture in her stooped back as she ceaselessly washed and scrubbed. She remembered, vividly, even now, the pleasure of being allowed an hour with the younger children when she spun them wonderful stories, and angered the Matron by making them cry. They used to howl for her and refuse to eat or sleep or pray for any one but Ellen.

The day which was of paramount importance in her life was but a blurred and hazy memory. She was dressed in her best clothes, handled by a bewildering number of officials and finally delivered into the steerage of a huge C.P.R. liner. She did not know the joy in store for her, and she felt terribly frightened and alone.

The ocean was vastly more terrifying when upon it, than when describing its mysterious delights to the open-mouthed children round her knee. Ellen would have died of terror had there not been so many babies to mother. They spoke in polyglot tongues, but she made them understand her.

"Love's the same in any langwidge," she muttered, rocking a forlorn product of Galicia upon her heart.

"Now, don't yer cry, my angel," she whispered. "It is cold ayn't it? She'd orter have somethink on her feet."

"You look cold, yourself," said a harsh voice over her shoulder, and turning, Ellen saw that one of the officers and several of the 'gentry' were making a tour of the steerage. Unlike many of her companions she did not resent their coming any more than she would have resented the interest of the king and queen of Mars. She liked to be with them. So she stood up respectfully, bobbed a curtsey and clutched the baby closer.

"Haven't you any other sort of wraps?" demanded the lady in a very angry voice.

"Yes, ma'am," faltered Ellen, "but I give it to a little gurl. She's awful bad, she is, an' I don't feel the cold."

The lady looked as though Ellen had been guilty of some desperate crime, and continued.

"Are you trying to take care of the whole steerage?"

She pointed to the crowd of children who had edged cautiously closer, until they hung around her like bees about to swarm.

"Most of their mothers is sick," apologized the child, "an' I'm used to children—I likes 'em," she added.

That was the beginning of her acquaintance with Miss Johnson. Although it was years before she outgrew a sensation of uneasiness at the sound of the harsh, rasping voice, Ellen became accustomed to seeing the lady 'whose face had no smiles in it,' in the steerage. Often, too, she was sent for, and in Miss Johnson's stateroom, she answered exhaustive questions about herself and her life in the Home.

It hardly surprised her, therefore, to learn, after a tiresome day spent with Quarantine and Immigration officials, that she was to accompany Miss Johnson to her home. Ellen had a tremendous respect for this elderly spinster whose severe manner and sharp commands were obeyed on the instant by every one from the stewardess down—and up.

The child was so bewildered by the multitude of her experiences that she moved as one in a dream and it was only when the noise and confusion of Montreal were left behind that she gathered her wits together and discovered that she was travelling with Miss Johnson in a very luxurious train. She rubbed her thin, pinched cheek appreciatively along the plush seat and sighed. Then she felt a pair of keen gray eyes boring into her.

"Yes, ma'am," murmured Ellen, from force of habit.

"Ahem—er—Ellen," said Miss Johnson, severely, "you are going to be my latest experiment. Do you know what an experiment is?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied Ellen, very much awed. "I have forgotten what it is, ma'am."

Miss Johnson turned her head away and looked out of the window a moment, then she said.

"I have tried married couples, and widows; unmarried people and widowers. I have had them old, young, medium; but I have never tried a child. Did y ou ever milk cows?" she demanded suddenly.

"No, ma'am," Ellen whispered. She felt rather sick. Cows and man-eating tigers were one and the same to her, released from the safety of picture books.

"Nor feed chickens, nor weed a garden, nor make butter?"

"No, ma'am. Please ma'am, do you keep a hotel?"

Miss Johnson exclaimed at this and declared emphatically that she did not. She explained rapidly that she lived on a model farm; that the best place for spinsters was on farms where they kept out of the way of people who had to crowd into cities to earn their salt. She spoke enthusiastically of Theories and a lot of things that Ellen did not even try to understand and finally said with heavy impressiveness:

"I am trying to prove—I am proving—that by going back to the land we can support ourselves from the land without the frantic effort now being made in the cities to keep body and soul together. A small farm will yield an abundance for the needs of a small family, and the residue can be sold or exchanged for such commodities as flour, sugar and so on. If more people would adopt my plan and liv e on farms—I mean those people who are not bound to the city—the congestion there would be relieved, there would be greater production, and God knows there would be fewer faces in the world . . . like yours."

"Yes, ma'am," said Ellen and wondered if her face were dirty.

SHE recalled vividly her amazement at seeing "the farm," nothing more than a small house set in the centre of a fenced-off enclosure and the whole surrounded by a stretch of unbroken snow-covered country; it reminded Ellen of a toy decoration on a huge expanse of sugar frosting, and she timidly squealed her delight. She remembered the exuberance of Toby who met them at the door and who was the first and only person of her acquaintance who did not stand in awe of his adopted aunt, Miss Johnson.

"Greetings, fond relative," he shouted, folding her in a hug which dislocated her severe hat and sent her bags clattering. "Why didn't you let me know you were coming? Never mind, so long as you're here.... Petticoat Government for me, every time. I'm tired of being a bachelor. . . . Let the women rule if they like the job. I don't. Housekeeping—no, sir. Sure, the live stock is all alive, and no pipes burst. I've been able to eat most of the eggs from the hennery, but several dozen would accumulate in spite of my valiant efforts. They're worth about $10.00 a yoke in the city, now. But, I say, who—" he broke off and stared at Ellen.

Miss Johnson flung a few words of explanation at him and remarked:

"I suppose the house is like a pig-pen."

Toby, whose name was Granville, grinned, unabashed. "Couldn't do everything," he said. "Spent most of the time eating eggs. I fancy, it will feel all the better for a duster."

*"Granville Pearce—are you in love with Ellen?"*

It was to Toby that Ellen turned in her loneliness and it was to Toby she crept when frightened almost into insensibility by some bitter sarcasm of Miss Johnson's. So that as spring slipped into summer he became to her what the sun was to the growing things they planted together, and if he realized what Ellen felt, he was not embarrassed by her devotion. He was her cheery comrade. Then Evelyn came.

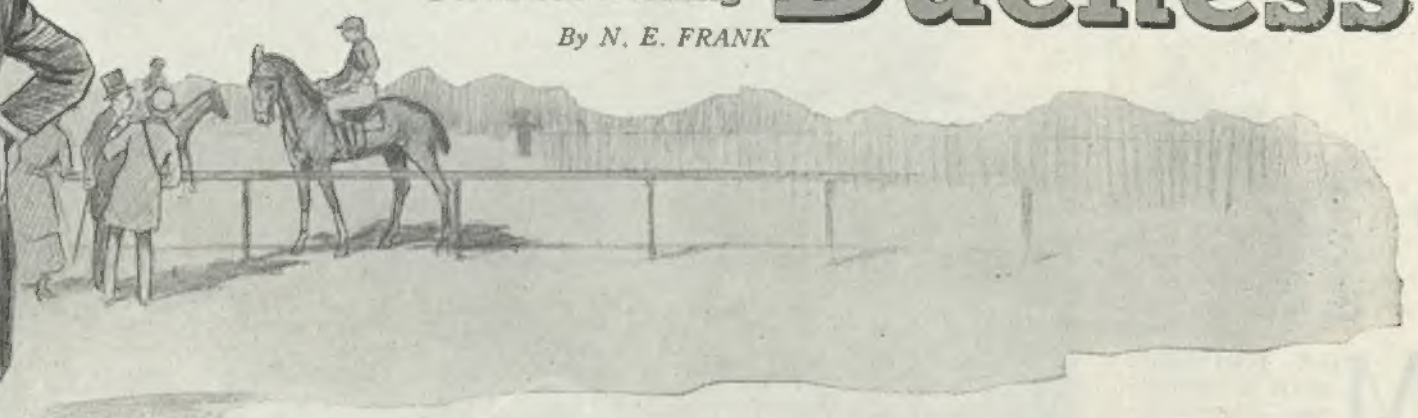
Although a child just two years Ellen's senior, she never played with her aunt's "experiment." She commanded and was obeyed; she was idle and was served.

(Continued on page 43)

# The Making of a Duchess

## An Unusual Tale with an Unusual Ending

*By N. E. FRANK*



THE Antipodes, as I call them—my former press-agent, Oscar Halpern, and my present social secretary, Miss Ballantyne-Wilson, (the hyphen stands me five hundred pounds additional per annum), do not approve of my manner of recording this excerpt from my life. Oscar considers it underdone, Miss Ballantyne-Wilson, overdone. The one would have me serve it to the public hotter, the other, colder. That is, either "a la" sob sister, right off the grill, piping with emotional thrills, or "a la grande dame," iced, chaste, thrills "frapped" into intellectualities.

Oscar is a good boy—he has always had my interest at heart, even when he went too far in that story about the King of ——, and I find Miss Ballantyne-Wilson's hyphen fully worth its pounds sterling. I grant Oscar that I have not done justice to my theme, namely, from show-girl to duchess, and I appreciate Miss Ballantyne-Wilson's "Duchess, you should consider your position," but I firmly decline to have this record garbled by a press-agent, or refined by a social secretary.

I take it that the public is interested to know from herself how Goldine Mallo came to be Duchess of Turrets. I owe the public a huge debt. It has been the fairy godmother whose magic wand has realized for me the good things of this earth. And all because of a demure little song and dance which I gave it some fifteen years ago. Then and there, it took me to its heart, and has held me since through the unflattering years. "Und for vhy, for vhy, I know not," as my little German manager used to say. I agree with him that I cannot sing or dance, even to this very day. I do not pretend to understand the public's favoritism, I merely accept it. The woman who attempts to analyze love, loses her lover.

I have been widely advertised through many mediums. Thousands of women have been assured that I attribute my complexion to Denny's Soap, my hair to Rinaud's Hair Tonic, and my figure to Spudellen Salts; that my income from my earnings exceeds the allowances of many of the crowned heads of Europe; that long before I became Duchess, I hob-nobbed with titles and flirted with kings. Sportsmen the world over know me for my racing stud, and as the donor of the Mallo aviation prize for altitude flights. Agriculturists come to study my model poultry farms on Long Island, and collectors are interested in my Napoleonica. I have been done in clay, crayon, oil and dry point, in essay, verse and reminiscence.

It but followed that much ink should have been spilt upon the announcement of my marriage to the Duke. Not that it is uncommon these days for a show girl to wed a title. There were, however, unusual features to our case, the Duke and I being both past our first youth, and I being the possessor of a fortune far exceeding the Duke's. It was but human to intimate that the Duke, having secured his succession by his first marriage, was now securing his estates through his second, and that I, following the lead of American women of greater social prestige than myself, had placed myself in the market for a title. Well, as Oscar Halpern always maintains "Nobody's business is everybody's business." Above all, as I have said, I am in the people's debt, in recognition of which, I am now recording, because they desire it, this latest and happiest phase of my career.

IT was at the close of the racing season at Longchamps. I had pulled a winner in my three year old mare, Louella; my gowns had created the desired sensation; some of the best blood in England and on the Continent had pulsed at my dinner-table, and three American managers had been panting on my trail. Oscar Halpern, surrounded by eager newspaper men, radiated delight. He predicted that the receipts for my coming theatrical season in London would break all records. Then we could consider a triumphal re-entry into New York.

"Oscar," said I, "if you expect these weary bones to click-clack on the boards of the 'Gaiety,' you've got to shut up shop and let them slip out of this fashion show. You must admit that I've behaved beautifully since we've been abroad. I've been on dress parade at races and charity bazaars; I've smiled winningly alike upon johnnies and old tops; I've given donations and dinners without stint. But now, I warn you, I'm at the fag-end. If you press me too far, you'll find yourself in the plight of the woman whose greed lost her the goose of the golden eggs."

"What do you want to do?" asked Oscar.

"To run away," I answered.

"There's the place you rented over in Surrey. You could rest there until the season starts."

"Rest in a show place where there's an Italian garden and three footmen to dress up to. Oscar, you're absurd."

"You could go to a sanatarium," he suggested.

"Worse still. Fashionable hypochondriacism is the last means in the world of getting away from one's self."

"Well, where do you think of going?" asked Oscar desperately.

"I'm going where I'll be a number, no more. Where I'll be dressed like the woman next to me. Where I'll not be asked what I want for breakfast or for dinner."

"Good Lord," ejaculated Oscar, "have you committed a murder or a forgery? You're not expecting to be pinched, are you?"

"To allay your anxiety, Oscar, I shall tell you at once that I am going to a conditioning-house over in Devon. It is kept by a lady doctor with masculine feet and voice. She guarantees to divorce you from your ego within six weeks. The moment you enter her establishment, you put aside your identity. By the way, they say duchesses, actresses, artists and well known women of all walks are to be found in the Brent melting pot. Well, as I was saying, you put aside your identity. You are a number, nothing more, to the other inmates. You've got to wear your own hair and own complexion, dress in the garments and eat the food that is placed before you. You are not permitted to be in communication with or to discuss the outer world in any way. A fine and expulsion is the penalty for breaking any of the rules."

"Well, I don't doubt that it must be a mental relaxation to shed one's identity for a time," said Oscar. "It's a very clever stunt of your lady doctor."

Doctor Brent's conditioning house I found—as one finds most things of this life—neither so pleasant in some respects, nor so unpleasant in other respects, as I had expected. It was a large English country house with a few more conveniences, such as stationary tubs and an adequate heating system, than one usually finds in English houses. The country about was lovely as only Devon can be. The regime for the day was simple: one arose when one felt like it, ate what one got, walked from three to twelve miles, according to one's pedestrial ability, and went to bed not later than nine o'clock for want of something better to do.

We inmates, the word patient was under taboo, were, with a few exceptions, of middle age or close to it, and looked pretty much alike with our short skirts and shapeless, unbelted blouses of no particular color, and our coiffures which, being made up solely of our own hair, were unremarkable. Conversation between us was, of course, limited owing to the exclusion of all topics bearing on or tending to disclose our identity.

IT was not strange that several persons should have appeared familiar to me. I daresay that had I seen them surmounted by their habituated headpieces, I should have recognized them for the personages they probably were. One of these was a fat old woman with the insolent manner of a boarding-house proprietress or of a duchess. I could not decide whether I had seen her face in its customary circumjacence beneath curling papers or under a tiara. It was not long, however, before its identity was unwittingly disclosed to me.

I was returning from the morning's constitutional which we were required to take unaccompanied, when at a crossroads, I came upon the old woman panting like a spent runner.

"My dear 25," she gasped, "if I had your figure, nothing in this universe would have induced me to come to this bally old hole."

I smiled an acknowledgment.

She looked about her furtively, then coming close to me, whispered:

"Whatever brought you here anyway, Miss Mallo?"

I was not wholly surprised that she should have recognized me. Ever since I had made my debut in my demure little song and dance act, I had continued to wear my hair in the simple parted fashion which had made such a hit in that day of exaggerated pompadours, and which was now required of us by Doctor Brent.

"Duchess," I answered, "(I had decided that a Cheapside boarding-house keeper would have been more careful in the selection of her adjectives)," the reason I came here was to get away from Goldine Mallo."

"Hm," said she, ignoring or unmindful of my "Duchess," "I don't accept the hint, Miss Mallo. You may be 25 to the other inmates of this silly place, but, surely, you won't be so ungracious as not to be yourself to a poor old woman who hasn't so much as munched at a bit of scandal in three weeks' time. You come from the Grand Prix, don't you? I say, was that old blighter, Lord Topham there? There's never a feast, but he's the skeleton at the board."

"Yes," I answered, "and Lady Bunting and Lord Stepney—"

"Stepney, that old sharper! I never thought that he'd crop up again after that Ardsley scandal. Oh, I say, was there a blonde young thing trailing the Bunty. Come, sit here on the grass, but, I warn you, that 'though I go down easily, I come up heavily, and you've got to do the hoisting."

I retailed the news of Paris for her edification. I was naming the guests at the Marquis Castlemont's dinner which I had attended "—and a quiet man with patient eyes, the Duke of Turrets, sat at my right. Do you know him well?"

"Rather; that is as well as a woman ever gets to know her son."

"Oh-h."

"Didn't you address me as duchess?"

"Yes. I took a chance."

"How clever of you . . . and with your pink and white skin! By the way, what did you and Turrets talk about?"

"Poultry architecture."

"Indeed. What do you know about chicken castles?"

"I'm considered an authority."

"The devil you are."

I arose stiffly.

"There, there, don't leave me," quavered the Duchess, wildly waving her arms," I might be obliged to remain until the crack of doom in this God-forsaken spot. You ought to know that I'm accustomed to saying exactly what I think, else what's the use of being of the peerage. You don't mean to tell me that you didn't know that the Duke is balmy on poultry palaces. Why, at Turrets, the poultry is housed better than the family."

I raised my eyebrows, and the Duchess took the hint. "Miss Mallo, if you'll be so good as to tug at my arms, I may be able to arise from this spot. Thank you. I shall manage to get on very well now."

Despite the Duchess's insolence or, perhaps, because of it, we became within the next few weeks as chummy as the relaxation of Doctor Brent's vigilance or, rather, the contrivings of our wits would permit. We planned surreptitious meetings and slipped each other notes in code for all the world like two school girls. Our stolen conversations, however, did not smack of the schoolroom. We had lived, both of us, in the world and of the world, and had been singled out by that most treacherous of all things, the world's favor. Yet, at rockbottom we were, both of us, very simple creatures. The Duchess, by virtue of her age and position, had no need to dissemble as I had. She had no secrets and she took it quite as a matter of course that you, too, should have none. She did not attempt to conceal her interest

(CONINUED ON PAGE 29)

*"Please stop that Engine," I said.*

# The Clock and the Pillar Box

*By Sir ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH, Author of "Troy Town", "The Delectable Duchy", "Dead Man's Rock", etc., etc.*
*Illustrated by FERGUS KYLE*

MR. BANNISTER stood in the doorway of his five-roomed private residence in Quocunque Livery; which is in Little Britain in the City of London, and hard to find nowadays, notwithstanding that two lofty archways give access to it, north and south, out of the City's traffic.

These passage-ways, though wide enough to admit a coach and spare a few inches of kerbing, are long and very dark, leading in between blank walls of shop-buildings that give all their plate-glass and glitter to the street; being vaulted also to carry upper floors that continue the street frontage.

But if you press on through either of these tunnels, at the end of it you will get—even at shut of day—a sensation of light restored to you without artificial aid and in unexpected beauty. For you find yourself in an ample paved yard lined with low buildings which, designed by Sir Christopher Wren after the Great Fire, still squarely and sturdily hold the surrounding sky-scrapers at their distance and keep open a broad patch of sky.

The reason why Quocunque survives, defying all rises in ground values, is that a certain City Company, now and long since defunct, in the act of expiring conveyed the site and premises, for the advancement of piety and good learning, to a certain College in Cambridge which, absorbed in those twin pursuits, has treated its treasures with a generous neglect. Its bursar is kind to old tenants, lenient over arrears of rent, but obdurate against repairs.

The yard which Mr. Bannister, job-master, surveyed from his doorway one evening in last July, wore an appearance hardly less solidly respectable than it had worn a hundred years ago, when Lord Mayors' coaches had rumbled in and out beneath its archways. The main coach-house, his coach-house—faced him, with an Ionic portico and a clock on the roof above it. In the gloom of the portico one could hardly detect how shabby its doors were and how badly in need of a coat of paint. But Mr. Bannister knew—and, worse, his enemy Horrex, at the end of the yard knew—how shabby they were, and why, and what dilapidation of poverty they hid: a moth-eaten barouche, a brougham presentable enough for nightwork, and a hearse. Of late years his old clientele had come more and more to choose the hearse for their drives, or to speak accurately, to have it chosen for them, and Mr. Bannister's circumstances were such that while conducting yet one more old patron to interment he could drink present solace, as a drug, from the thought that funerals were, so to say, ready-money jobs or thereabouts.

Of the five horses he possessed two years ago (and fed with difficulty) the war had claimed the three best. Two were left for the hearse. The war had also claimed his son Dick, but had given him back.

This brings us again to the coach-house clock. It had stopped for no ascertainable reason, on the very day that news came of Dick's being severely wounded in Gallipoli. Listening, as you followed Mr. Bannister's gaze, you might also swear you heard the clock ticking yet, though the hands stood motionless, and as if glued together, at ten minutes past two. The ticking came from a room upstairs where Dick, aged twenty-one, blinded in both eyes by one of our own naval shells, and now discharged, was assiduously practising on a type-writer, in the hope to quality himself to earn a living. Dick, who in 1914, was just coming to an age to save the business; Mrs. Bannister—bedridden and querulous in an adjoining room, maintained that the clock had never stopped on that day by accident, but as a presage and a seal set by Heaven upon the family's ill-luck.

Thus Mr. Bannister, with a bed-ridden wife, a blinded son in whom he had built his hopes, a business almost extinct, owing rent, with his lease closing in a few days, and nowhere to turn to for money, was in a bad pass. Yet he dared neither tell the worst to his wife, for fear of her useless nagging, nor to Dick, in pity. Yet he looked a solid man enough as he stood and sucked his pipe in the doorway; solid and durable and old-fashioned as Sir Christopher's facade opposite; each with stout front covering ruin and the worm within.

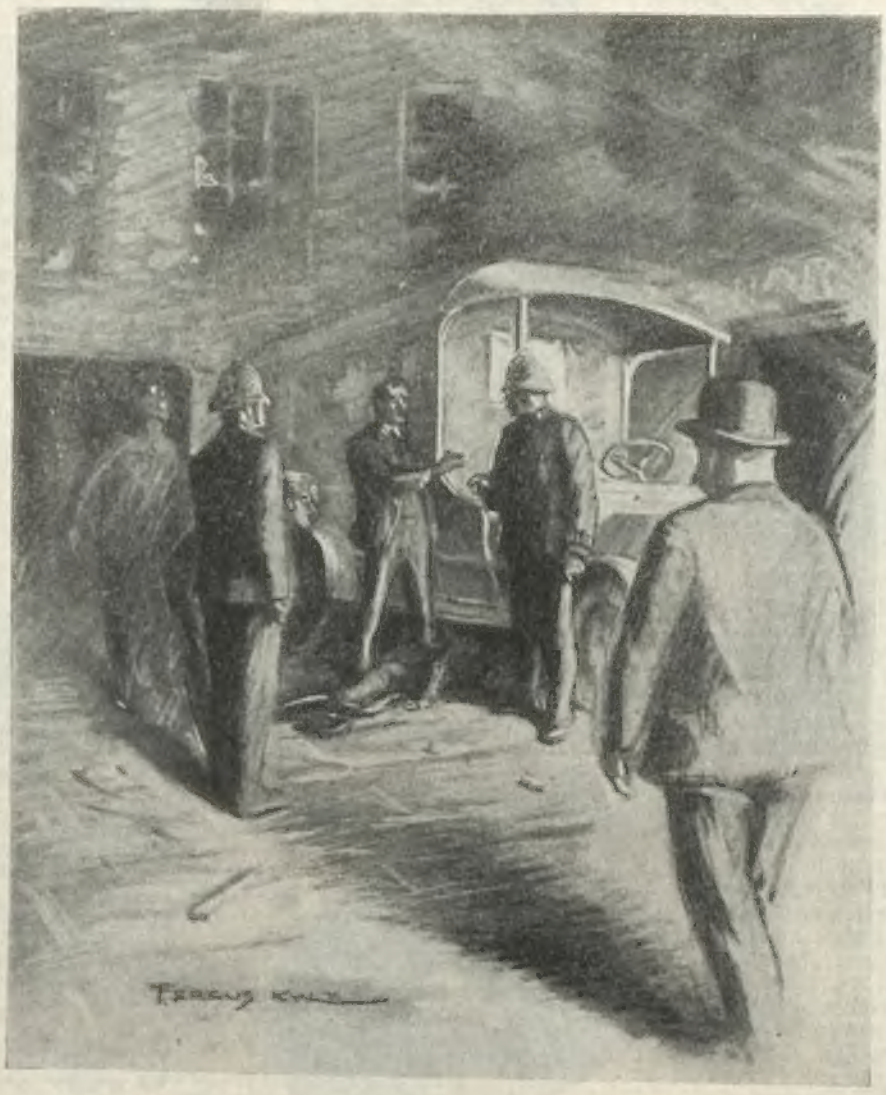
And Horrex knew. That was the worst. . . . . that had been the worst during old wrathful indignant days which yet were proud. Horrex had been Mr. Bannister's foreman and had nearly snapped up a lease of the premises at the north end of the yard and opened a garage.

Horrex had said, "A man must look out for himself. Here were these premises which you never used. Times and again I warned you that a few years would see motors driving every horse off the streets; but you never would listen."

To which Bannister returned irascibly, "That doesn't excuse your chipping in under my very nose and playing me this dirty trick. God forgive me for trusting you all these years!"

"I don't call it trusting a man," retorted Horrex, "when you won't listen to him counselling for your good. . . . Suppose you drag the business down, as you will. Then one day you'll come and tell me—'Sorry, Horrex,' you'll say, 'but I find I can't pay you wages any longer.' And sorry you'll be; but I shall be on the streets. . . . You had your chance. You went to the college and just proved that you couldn't take a renewal of lease unless they lowered the rent. Easy enough you could prove that, having let the north building go to Jack Straw's Castle for fifteen years. But the fact was, you hadn't the renewal-money handy. So I stepped in and proved that the premises could be made to pay. I didn't prove too much, either. I didn't go so far as to tell them monsters o' learning as the whole place was a gold-mine to an enterprising man."

"Oh!" sneered Bannister, "and I've no doubt you'd like to be that enterprising man: . . . After twenty years and your wages never once behind on a Saturday night, though I've pinched myself, that's gratitude, I reckon, in this world," and Mr. Bannister spat.



*"Ambulance!" shouted Horrex—"Ain't this an Ambulance staring ye in the face?"*

"See, here, Master," said Horrex patiently. "I've a son as well as you have: and all being well, Jim's going to have a better start in life than his father. . . . That's firm. . . . But to be clear of this talk of ungratefulness, I'll offer you this. For the name of the old business take me in as partner and let me run this garage affair in my own way. In two years I'll prove to you which side of the concern is paying best on its capital."

Bannister kept his sneer. "Beginning to talk of your capital already!" Horrex kept his temper. "I wish it were yours, Sir. You know it can't be mine, first-along, out of the forty shillings you've paid me. But, with the lease secure, as it is now—and everything pointing to garages all over the place at five times the rent—If you'd only listen, Master!"

"I reckon you don't understand, Horrex," said Mr. Bannister coldly "that there's such a thing as natural aversions. I can't abide the stink of motors—nor of skunks."

FIVE years had passed since that quarrel. The outward aspect of Quocunque Yard, solemn and solid, had altered scarcely at all in the interim. There was a wide garage entrance in the northern corner, and a scarlet-painted pillar-box six paces to the right of Mr. Bannister's door. These were the only structural innovations and they affronted him; the garage for reasons already given; the pillar-box—well there is nothing intrinsically wrong with a pillar-box. In fact, to have a pillar-box handy by one's front door is a convenience. But here lay the grievance: Horrex had persuaded the G.P.O. to provide it, bringing proof of the large correspondence entailed by his growing business. Moreover Horrex had caused it to be erected near his old employer's door because, as he put it to himself quite simply and sincerely, 'The old boss is main tenant after all. This sort of recognizes it, and may soften his feelings a trifle."

Of course, it did nothing of the sort. Mr. Bannister was in the frame of mind to conclude, and promptly, "Horrex has got 'em to stick this blasted object just here, so's it'll be out of the way of his manoeuvring cars. Likely as not too he's planned it to insult me—coming along as he does with a pile of letters for every post. . . . Happen also," added Mr. Bannister to himself, yet more suspiciously, "he reckons I find it convenient at times, coming home in the dark. He's capable of it."

For Mr. Bannister of late had taken to coming home in the dark, after deadening care at the Saddlemakers' Arms.

But what most affronted Mr. Bannister just now was the sight of young Jim Horrex, in spectacles, cleaning a Red Cross Ambulance car in front of the garage door, over which the legend P. H. HORREX AND SON hit the eye, in gilt two-foot lettering.

For while Dick Bannister, having enlisted in the second week of the War, was fighting in Egypt and afterwards at Gallipoli, young Jim Horrex had been excused, first on the ground that his father's thriving business could not spare him, and twice afterwards on the ground of defective eyesight. Defective eyesight, just Lord! And here was Dick returned, totally blind!

The typewriter upstairs went on ticking, now with hesitation, anon with a cheerful rush.

The door of Horrex's office opened, and Horrex himself came briskly across the yard with a thick bundle of letters in his hand. At sight of Mr. Bannister in the doorway, he seemed a trifle disconcerted, but came on bravely.

"Post hasn't been collected yet?" Horrex asked: for the two men had somehow kept on speaking terms. He poised the bundle in his hand.

"Won't be here for another five minutes," answered Mr. Bannister shortly.

"Nice time we keep here," observed Horrex, with a glance up at the arrested clock, while he slid his letters one by one into the pillar-box.

It was an unhappy remark. Bannister had been eyeing him suspiciously. "You'll be able to repair the darned clock when you've ousted me," he answered sourly. "That son of yours has a gift for looking into machinery, they tell me, though his eyes give out when it comes to sighting a rifle."

Horrex, apparently without hearing this, selected a long envelope and dropped it very deliberately into the box: selected another, in a smaller square envelope and transferred it to his breast-pocket: then thrust the rest, in a heap, through the slit. And then it appeared that he had heard, after all.

"As I make it out," he said slowly, "a boy that can drive wounded soldiers to hospital, as Jim does, is doing his bit just as much as one in the trenches."

"Think so?" sneered Bannister. "Well, 'tisn't for us old ones to have opinions on that. Let your son go out and try. Mebbe, when he comes back to you with his eyesight cured, I'll listen."

Horrex did not retort on this but turned and went somewhat heavily back to the garage door, before which he paused for a word with Jim.

Bannister with the tail of his eye, saw them there in converse beside the ambulance car; saw them step apart, in an irrational sort of way and stand staring up at the Heavens. His own straight gaze was fixed on a tiny patch of moss or grass—in the uncertain light he could not tell which—sprouting at the angle of two paving-steps, some five yards away. He had not observed it before. He had a mind to step out and kick it up. . . .

Hesitating, with a foot half over his doorstep, he heard a sudden rousing sound overhead, as of an express train taking a railway bridge.

Something fell out of the sky, hurtling. It struck the mid-pavement of the yard with a crash, and—as it were on the rebound, shot skyward again in a spout of flame and with an awful shattering detonation. . . . As Mr. Bannister fell back half-blinded, with ears almost bursting, the wind of the concussion fairly lifted and flung him down the house passage to the very foot of the stairs. . . . The world seemed to be full of the sound of raining glass.

Dick's voice brought him to, calling down the stairs.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 41)

# What Kind of Men Should These Girls Marry?

## Here is an opportunity to determine your type---Your future happiness may depend upon it

By ARTHUR BLACK FARMER, B.A.,
*Character Specialist; Head of the Psychological Clinic, Memorial Institute, Toronto*

WHAT kind of man should any girl marry?

Just there you will find a great difference of opinion among people of experience.

Some women of wide experience stoutly maintain that single blessedness is best, and others of equal years as vigorously contend that any man is better than none.

Notwithstanding all the jibes of the humorous and the warnings of the unhappy, however, young people continue to marry. They have always done so as far back as human records go and very likely they always will. The lure of the Christmas mistletoe prepares the way for the New Year's resolution. There is an early spring revival in the jewelry business, and in June comes a fresh demand for orange blossoms.

It seems to be but the natural course of events too that the woman who is happily or unhappily married herself, and who at any rate really enjoyed the zest of the sport of "man-hunting," should still be an interested onlooker at Cupid's art, and should find a hand now and then in that great game of match-making adds zest to life.

Who can say how many lives are made or marred by match-makers? When John asks Mary the great Question, it may be that he really thinks the whole thing was his own doing. Possibly Mary really thinks she has led him on herself. Yet, how often, if the truth were told, the asking of this great Question is simply the natural result of the tactful management of some thoughtful matron!

Fig. No. 2.

### *A Question of Taste*

OF course every girl wants to marry an ideal man.

But what is an ideal man? Opinions differ. Fortunate it is, too, for if all girls were agreed there would not be much chance for the most of us ever to find a life partner. Besides the ideal man depends upon the girl.

It used to be said that there was no accounting for taste. Yet even taste and personal preference becomes a matter for investigation to the man of science to-day. And observation, study, and analysis appear to have made clear the fact that there is, after all, some accounting for taste even in such a matter as the way of a maid with a man, that even that elusive and subtle attraction that impels men and women to form life partnerships in marriage operates according to some definite law established by nature for the welfare of the race.

If we ask a score of people why they married, we will find three motives: money, children, and companionship. If we asked again which was the strongest motive, the majority would undoubtedly say, money or companionship. It is hardly considered proper for folks to desire children—strange is it not? Yet if we turn to Nature and ask why Nature endows people with this strong and subtle attraction between the sexes with its magic power of endowing the most commonplace with all the idealism of fancy, Nature's answer is—Children. Happiness, real enduring happiness can be had here below only by obedience to Nature's laws, by harmony with Nature's purposes.

Professionally I occasionally commend young folks in their matrimonial plans. I do so because I believe everyone needs an intimate companion. First, because intimate association with someone whose chief faults and virtues are different from our own, helps round us out. There is no easier way to cultivate any quality of mind or character in which you may be weak than intimate association with someone who possesses that quality in a marked degree. Virtues are as infectious as vices. Second, because from a business standpoint, very few of us are possessed of all round common sense. Most of us need the companionship of someone with a somewhat different point of view to help us make wise judgments in the business affairs of life. Third, because I know of nothing that will do more to keep us all young and make life worth while during our second half century of life— and to-day all serious people are learning to plan life on the full century basis and know that this can be achieved by right living—nothing does more to keep us young and make life interesting the second half century than to see growing up around us a lot of wholesome children and grand-children.

Many people think that it is the business of parents to educate their children and entertain them, but the education parents give their children cannot begin to compare with the education and entertainment the children provide their parents. There was more sense than nonsense in the remark of the woman on the witness stand when she assured the opposing attorney that it was no use for him to try to rattle her with his fool questions, because she had raised four boys and had three grandsons keeping her in training.

Fig. No. 2.

### *Should "Likes" Marry?*

HERE are three girls—all different. What kind of men should they marry?

It is conceivable that they might all want to marry the same man. It is even true that there are men so tactful, so well balanced, so efficient, that they might marry any one of these three girls and live a happy married life. It is a fact that a sufficient amount of the grace of God will enable folks to get along together quite happily in spite of marked lack of harmony in physical type, disposition or mentality—and I will even say that no matter how perfectly matched a pair may be from the standpoint of all the rules I shall lay down, a good deal of that aforesaid grace is still very necessary. The grace of God finds it very difficult to reside permanently in any man who even occasionally absorbs alcohol, and it usually takes its departure from the man who habitually uses tobacco. Therefore, I usually regard either of these or any other drug habits as sufficient grounds for any young woman to "call off" negotiations.

Some folks think it is fine for two young people to marry who have exactly the same tastes. Just let us see how that would work out in the case of these three girls.

Suppose that Girl No. 1 married a man like herself, one who looked enough like her to be her brother. They would be alike in their physical characteristics. They would require about the same amount of sleep, and exercise. They would both have first class business ability, and a very strong love for music, art, and literature, as well as money-making. Both would have a good, but not excessive degree of independence. Both would like the same kind of food, both would set quality before quantity, both would insist on their meals being tastefully served. From these standpoints they would be splendid pals.

Fig. No. 1.

Yet there would be something lacking.

They would be more brother and sister than lovers.

Fig No. 1.

They would be pals, yet they would lack the power to inspire one another.

Every girl learns sooner or later that there is a peculiar "pins-and-needles" sensation she experiences when she touches the hand of some other girl's brother, whom she admires, that she does not experience with her own.

Sooner or later both would discover the lack. Sooner or later she would discover that she was hankering for the company of some other man. No. 2 for example—while he would find himself happier in the company of some other woman. In spite of all they had of common interest and taste, they would find growing up a certain indefinable mutual repulsion.

### *Nature's Law of Attraction*

BACK of this mutual repulsion is one of Nature's laws—the same law which is partially recognized in our legislation preventing the marriage of near relatives. The purpose of this law is to give the children a chance by offsetting a weakness in one parent by extra strength in the other. The law is analagous to that which makes cold water pleasant to one who has been overheated from sun or exercise, and hot water agreeable to one who has had a chill. It is similar to that law by which two bodies charged with opposite kinds of electricity attract each other while those charged with similar electricity repel.

For every climate, for every condition, there is a normal type, a type best suited to that condition of life. In the south the type is darker than in the north. In the mountains, the normal type is more muscular, with larger lungs than by the sea shore. Everywhere the law holds that the strongest attraction is between those who, point by point are on opposite sides of the medium, of the normal for the climate and condition.

Fig. No. 3.

When parents are of similar type, as they would be if Girl No. 1 married a man just like herself, and as is often the case when near relations marry, the peculiarities tend to be intensified in the children. The children in this case, if they survived at all, would be intellectual prodigies so far as natural mental brilliancy and nervous energy go, but lacking the physical vitality and endurance to support the large and over active brains.

Only by the most careful and abstemious habits of life could such children survive.

From the standpoint of companionship, again, the tendency of intimate association of two such people would be a further intensifying of mental and nervous activity, and neglect of physical development. Theirs would be the tendency to make money, to make a lot of it through brilliant creative business ability, and then to have to spend it again recuperating at frequent intervals. Both would lack the endurance, the staying power for continuous successful and efficient effort.

From the business standpoint again, both would be too fond of variety, of change. Both would work with great intensity for spells, yet both need the balance of someone of more conservative disposition, someone who would not wish to change a plan or a policy just for the pleasure of changing. Both would tend to tire of the same line of business, of the same surroundings, and would often make changes to their own disadvantage.

### *The Man for No. 1*

THE right kind of a man for this girl to marry would be a man more of the type of No. 1.

Because she is so refined and intelligent herself, it would be fatal for her to marry a man lacking in intelligence. He must in fact, have a good deal of refinement and a high order of intelligence in order that they may be congenial at all. His intelligence, however, might well be more of the scientific and philosophical type. She has eough business ability for two, provided he has the physical strength and endurance to provide the power, and the conservatism, the consistency to hold to a good idea and carry it through to a finish once he is started on the right line. A man of the dark type, of muscular build, with a high square type of head, square face and broad prominent chin, though financially he might be a failure in business for himself, with such a wife should make a first class business success. While their tastes and interests might be different, there would be a very strong mutual attraction, and the children would have every chance of combining the mother's intelligence, refinement, and business ability with the father's solidity and capacity for consistent sustained effort.

### *The Girl Who Needs A Money-Maker*

GIRL NO. 2 is quite a different type. She too, is idealistic, artistic, ambitious. But though she has physical strength and activity she is in disposition, conservative. With all her ambition and talent she lacks business ability. It is hard for her to look after the dollars. If she married Man No. 1. they might well find a common interest in the out-of-doors, but they would both need to be stirred up occasionally to prevent them from living in a rut, the mutual attraction would lack intensity, and what love there was in their home would probably be frightened out of the window when the traditional wolf came in at the door.

Fig. No. 3.

Man No. 1 lacks business ability, or at least he lacks the interest in money which is the first consideration in making it. He needs the financial sense of Girl No. 1 to keep him down to business. Mated with Girl No. 2 he would be likely to duplicate the fate of the famous musician, Mozart, whose wife apparently had as little business sense as himself. You will remember how they used to keep themselves warm by dancing when they were too poor to buy fuel.

For Girl No. 2 a round faced man, with blue eyes and fair, perhaps curly hair—your born salesman or financier, if you like—full of vitality, and the instinct for catching the nimble and elusive dollar on the fly would be the proper mate. Such men sometimes in spite of their talent for money-making, fail to accomplish much in life for lack of ambition and purpose. Girl No. 2 would provide the purpose and the ambition. Man No. 2 is ambitious, but still would make an excellent match for her. He is sufficiently refined and artistic to

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22)

# Making Industries of the Old Arts

## How Canada is Providing Permanent Lucrative Occupation for Returned Soldiers Incapable of Strenuous Work

THE pioneer's prayer rug, that homely little patch of woven rags which the mothers of the Confederation fashioned for utility's sake, is manifesting a charm as potent as the Carpet of Bagdad in turning the dust of despair into gold for the disabled veteran of the Great War.

When the Military Hospitals Commission was created by the Government for the purpose of giving the returned soldiers the proper medical treatment to restore them to the best possible physical condition, and to provide the industrial education necessary to make them self-supporting members of the community, specialists were sent into the factories to make industrial surveys.

The Commission wanted to find out exactly what work men with various disabilities could be trained to do efficiently, that the courses in the vocational training schools which they were establishing might meet specific needs. For instance, they wanted to know exactly what opportunities there were for a one-armed man in the industrial world.

The results of the investigation were most encouraging. There were a surprising number of things which a man with one arm, or a legless man might do well. It was evident that he could be so trained as to command good wages and a steady job without drawing upon any one's compassion. For every man who came back minus a definite faculty it seemed that there were opportunities waiting in which their disabilities might be offset by training.

What to do with the men whose injuries had left them with permanently impaired health and the prospect of never being capable of working full days under industrial conditions was another question. Where could such a man be found suitable and profitable employment?

What business man could afford to employ him however much he might desire to?

To the vocational officers it seemed a problem without an answer until one day they came upon a circle of convalescent soldiers grouped around a little French-Canadian in the Grey Nuns' Convalescent Hospital in Montreal, where a large number of the "bed cases" among the soldiers are being cared for.

*Heroes of Flanders learning basketry during their convalescence in a Military Convalescent Hospital to keep their minds active and to ensure a means of future livelihood.*

Propped up in his bed, he was working at a hand loom, a counterpart of the big one on which his old mother in the hills of the Gaspe country had woven all his clothes until he donned the King's khaki. To him it was no novelty but a means of livelihood which opened to him when he returned to the old home.

The cod fisheries and the land were now out of the question, but he could depend upon the wealthy tourists from the great cities to provide for his future. He remembered them as veritably begging the old pink lustre china from under his dinner, the candlesticks off the mantleshelf, the bed-spreads off the beds. They were willing to pay any price for the homely hand-loom textiles which his women folks worked over in the winter firelight.

### *The Handicrafts Guild*

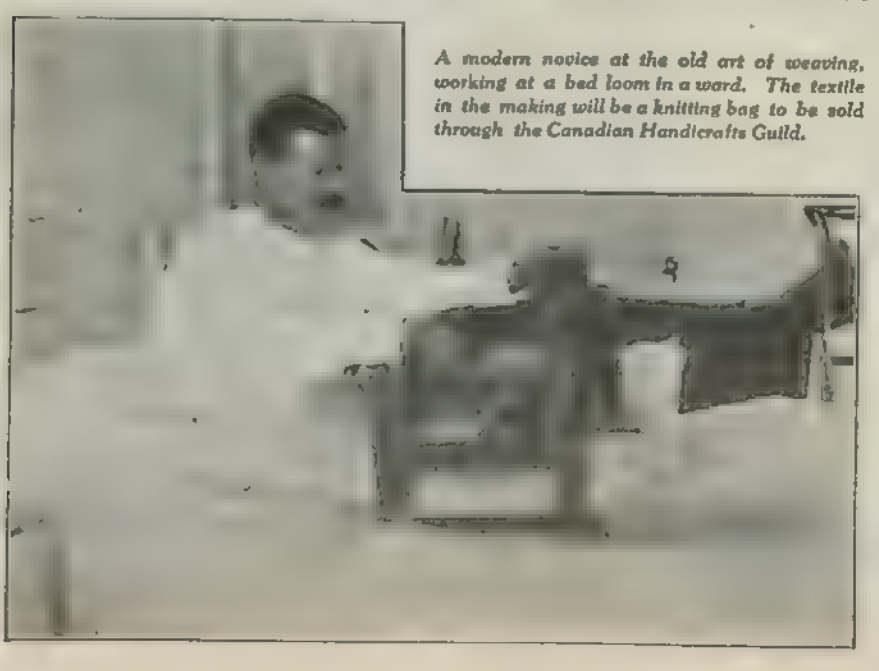
BEFORE the war the Canadian Handicrafts Guild, an organization with headquarters in Montreal whose aim it is to foster these old peasant arts in the Dominion, had come into the district and bought up quantities of their stock of woven materials. They took their sheeting, their bedspreads, their towels, their woven rugs and even offered such undreamed of prices for their woolens that they stretched a point and sold their next year's gowns in the pattern. Although the strangers were offering only moderate market prices, the villagers were little used to ready money and it seemed a fortune to them.

Their commonest utensils threw the visitors into ecstacies. They little knew that they were a precious tag end of a century past, and a vein of pure gold in the eyes of the enthusiasts for peasant arts. They did realize, however, by dint of a thrift, which among other old-fashioned things they held a high virtue, that the strangers were anxious to have them weave more home-spun and rugs, and promised to buy all that they were able to turn out

So the lad at the loom looked forward eagerly to the day when he should return and set up his own loom, and the vague hopelessness of the boys about him was incomprehensible.

"Why don't you learn to weave, too?" he queried.

"Why not?" echoed the worried experts, and an idea was born which will lead to the development of one of the most artistic industries in Canada, a home industry. The return for the labor is generous, and being an art as well as an industry, competition is not keen. The demand is always greater than the supply, and the worker can regulate his own hours, and determine his own surroundings.



*A modern novice at the old art of weaving, working at a bed loom in a ward. The textile in the making will be a knitting bag to be sold through the Canadian Handicrafts Guild.*

The new idea was taken to Mrs. James Peck, for years president of the Handicrafts' Guild in Montreal, and a skilled craft worker, who had been giving her time for many weeks in directing the occupational work of the men confined in the military convalescent hospitals there.

She agreed that it was the very thing and carried the plan a step farther. The Handicrafts' Guild would only be too glad to have added workers in the field of peasant arts. The soldiers could

*Convalescent soldier in a Montreal hospital learning to operate a hand loom. The loom turns out home-spun much in demand for clothing, hangings, etc.*

be taught to make artistic textiles on the hand looms, rugs, and baskets and their products could be marketed in the same manner as the products of such peasant communities as the Gaspe villages.

### *Art Value of the Goods*

THE art value of such goods, when brought before the people who are eager to secure them, is the chief consideration, and the demand is ever increasing. Primitive simplicity gains in charm among those who have the most of the world's goods and can best afford to pay for their fancies, with every advance of the modern world. As appreciation grows apace with wealth, business grows with appreciation, and the future for the soldier who is trained to these handicrafts is assured.

In preparation, handlooms have been given the men to work at in their beds, and qualified textile workers are engaged in teaching them how to weave. Larger looms which turn out materials of greater width have been set up in the wards for advanced work, and weaving rugs on still larger looms will be taught as they progress.

The men are enthusiastic. A new hope is improving their condition and hastening recovery. Where gloom reigned before and the hands of the clock dragged, time passes too quickly now, and the place is bright with ambition. "Bed cases" are no longer a problem for the vocational officer.

"T. B." patients in the sanatoria established by the Military Hopitals Commission will also profit by this arrangement. Many of these boys will never be able to engage in heavy labor again, but when the disease has been arrested they will be entirely capable of carrying on such work as this. Arrangements may be made that these men can live in communities in suitable climates and engage in some of the crafts, or return to their own families and set up looms. In this way they will earn perhaps more than they could in the cramped confines of the city, and enjoy infinitely better health and a longer life.

Modern education in tuberculosis has removed the prejudice against articles handled by such patients. The sanatorium trained man is known as the least likely man in the world to circulate germs.

Capt. R. T. MacKeen, the vocational officer for the Commission, under whose direction the plans have been completed, will allow no imperfect work. The boys know that they must turn out a marketable product to be sold on its merits and not for its sentimental association. The fact that a returned soldier made it is never known.

The men understand that such a ruling is made for their own good, since a demand artificially stimulated for the time being by the popular sympathy with a veteran is a poor business basis on which to place his future.

The aim of the Commission is to put every soldier who comes back from the front in a position to earn an honest living, independent of sympathy or philanthropic aid; to make him a necessary factor in some phase of industrial life where he will find a demand for his labor.

The cost of selling service is not taken from the profits of the cottage worker. No profits exacted for the Handicrafts Guild, which finds its reward in seeing the old crafts flourish.

# The Magpie's Nest

By ISABEL PATERSON

*Illustration by MARY ESSEX*

NORRIS CARTER told her afterward it was her eyeglass that drew his attention first; the sun glinted on it, and the sparkle caught his glance. Hope looked up and through him, with concentrated scorn, and fixed her rapt gaze on a woman in purple hat and tangerine coat, and then she bent to her pad again. The eyeglass infuriated Carter as a woman's eccentricity does any man, because he knows he is too great a coward to dare so much himself in the face of his fellowmen. He leaned against the railing and looked at her, getting a crick in his neck doing it, since the press box is high.

"She looks dissipated," he pronounced, observing her pallor, but failing to note the faint hollow of her cheek, its concomitant. "Queer eyes. That green fades them, or something. Her eyelashes are black. I'm sure she drinks." Then he caught sight of her spats, as she shifted and crossed her feet. "I have really got to meet her and find out why she does it," he said, being thoroughly alive, and interested in almost anything. He was waiting for a reporter he knew. "She looks horribly bad tempered," he concluded, charitably. There was Ellerslie, the man he knew. He rushed forward and seized him.

"No, I don't know her," said Ellerslie, "but I'll find someone who does. Another, Nick? Gad, you're the limit." They climbed to the box.

But it seemed as if no one knew her. At last another reporter said he had met her, once, but she did not seem to remember it, judging by her frosty look. Under repeated urgings, however, he went forward and recalled the incident to her.

"I think I do remember," she said, not so uncordially as he had feared. "But you know I'm a perfect idiot about that sort of thing. My friends invariably throw a brick at me by way of salutation, to remind me of their existence and identity. I'm glad there is someone here I know. Isn't that blackpointed bay a lovely thing. I've got ten dollars on him—of course, you may introduce someone. Howjedo, Mr. Morris. Did you order a rainstorm? There's one coming. I hope my bay can swim." She continued gazing at the horses, and was not quite sure of which of the several men at her elbow—they were crowded now, since some people have almost a mania for pressboxes—had been introduced.

There was a rainstorm coming up. Carter disclaimed any responsibility, and tried to tell her his real name. She called him Cartwright, and he began to feel deeply exasperated. Later, as the last race was ending and they were making their way gingerly across the muddy "lawn" toward the exit and the cars, she piled on the last straw. He had implored her to wait for an umbrella, or whatever protection he might be able to conjure up.

"Thanks, but don't trouble," she said. "I daresay I'm more used to this sort of thing than you."

He wanted to box her ears. Did he look like a man of sugar? Or as if he feared the weather? All she had in mind was that it rained eight months of the year in Seattle; but he could not know that.

"Why," he began in an aggrieved tone, "I've lived half my life out of doors—I—"

Now what had she done? She knew that tone, from long habit of stepping on people's toes unaware. How had she insulted this—she took her first real look at him—very agreeable young man?

A very comely young man, too—was it possible? He had strong looking hands, tanned beyond fashionable requirements; he had no stick; he had a fresh brown face with wide-open blue eyes—and where had she seen such yellow hair on any man? It was unusual, but familiar.

"Haven't I seen you before?" he asked, voicing her thoughts so neatly that she started.

"Could you ever forget me?" she asked gravely, keeping her eyes down.

"Not now," he countered readily.

"Oh, piffle!" was her mental comment. "Served me right." And she did not answer, not knowing what to say. They splashed along silently.

"You look tired," he ventured at last, banally.

"Do I?" with marked indifference. "It's this green suit; makes me look yellow. I fancy you mean cross, though. I lost twenty dollars on those deceitful horses; can you blame me? Look at my lovely white spatterdashes—nice name, they look it now." The mud was creeping up them in streaks and spots; they were a deplorable sight. "All the money I had in the world," she went on dreamily. Somehow that remark gave him a dreadful pang—to think of her losing all she had in the world. All she was thinking was that it meant she simply must, now, find a cheaper room somewhere, for this extravagance of betting, on top of her previous extravagance of clothes, had taken almost all her reserve fund.

But he could only express his anxiety indirectly, and returned to the weather. "You're getting soaked," he declared, almost angrily.

"I like it, honestly," she said. "Like rain, and the feel of rough weather if it isn't too cold; I like even this mud, after the New York pavements. You know—those millions of miles of streets, and even the parks paved and railed off—make you feel as if you'd never get your feet on the earth again. People in New York don't, do they? I get homesick for the wilderness, sometimes; I don't want it always but, a touch of it is so sane." She was surprised that she had found so much to say, and still more at his quick enthusiasm. He asked her if she did not love the Adirondacks, and she confessed they were no more than a name to her.

"I came from a very far country," she said, and named it vaguely as "the Northwest."

"Where?" he asked. "I travelled through there once—more than ten years ago—"

"No—did you?" She turned and looked at him hard. Now—now she knew—she had seen him before, the picture rose in her mind vividly. Would it for him? No, that was not possible; she had merely fallen back on a *cliche* when he had said that. To punish him she was silent on what was going through her mind; it was more amusing not to tell him, and she remained purposely vague to his repeated "Where?"

"All over," she said. "I cannot stay anywhere. By and bye I shall fly away from New York. There is my car—thank you."

"Where do you live in New York?" He tried to make the question casual as he helped her aboard; duty compelled him to rejoin the party he had come with, though they might have gone by now. She told him the name of her hotel, and maliciously refrained from adding that she would undoubtedly leave within a day or two. He would forget it anyway; people did forget in New York. And he did not write it down, so she felt more certain.

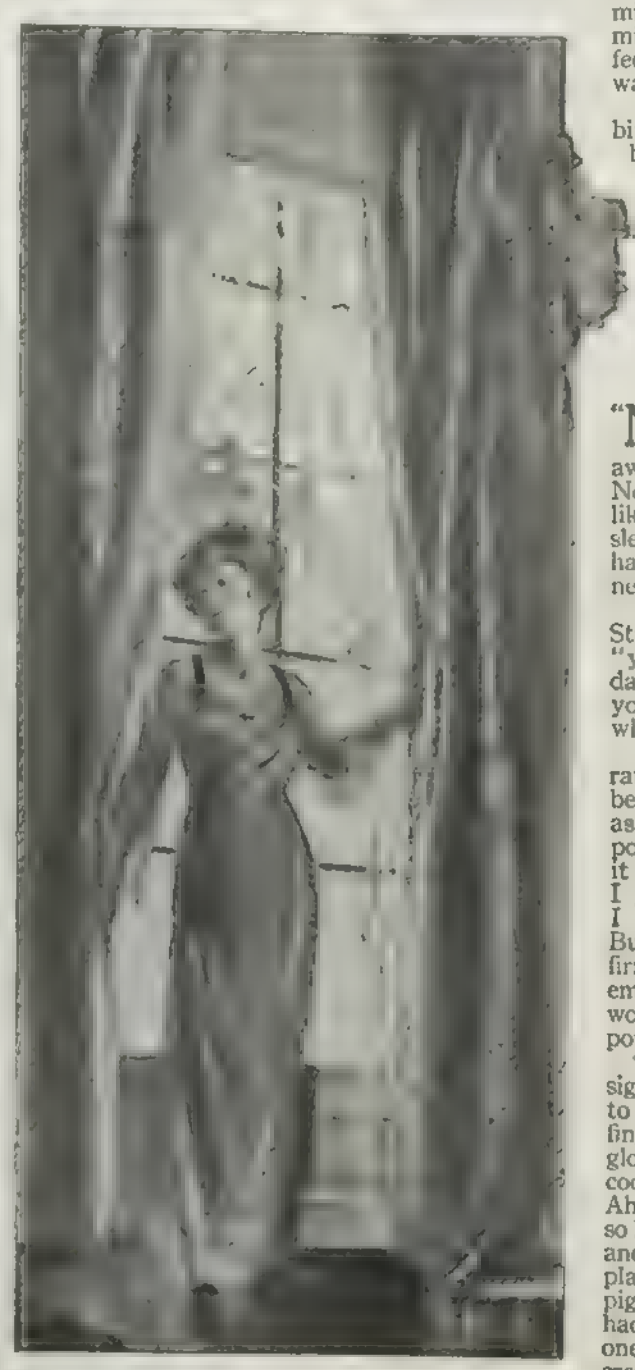
He did not in the least need to write it down.

## Chapter XX.

WATCHING him unobserved from the corners of her long light gray eyes, Mrs. Sturtevant felt certain that Norris had something on his mind. Being a woman, she felt equally certain it was another woman. It was not intuition so much as the mere vanity from which neither sex is exempt, a vanity of sex itself, told her so; but it was truth none the less. They were in Mrs. Sturtevant's own drawing-room, a very delightful room, full of sunlight and graceful Colonial furniture and masses of pale flowers. Norris was there very frequently, as a cousin may be without examining his conscience on the matter, even if only a second cousin.

The drawing-room suited Grace Sturtevant perfectly. She knew that, and had once, in a moment of studied cynicism, told a friend that she had been obliged to eliminate her husband—by way of the divorce court—because he simply did not match either of them. He was a large, ruddy, full-blooded creature, or had been when she saw him last, some years before. What he was now she neither knew nor cared; though, to do her justice, she had once cared very deeply.

She was tall, almost taller than her cousin, and looked as like him as one so different could. But the likeness was fined down, attenuated, as in a half-tone copy of an oil painting. She was slim, and very white; her complexion endured with credit the proximity of the white and pale pink blossoms she loved; her hands and feet were long and narrow, what is called patrician, and her straight, silky hair of an ash-blonde tint. Distinguee, her friends called her; she did not object to the adjective.



*"She was tall, slim and very white—what is called patrician."*

"Do sit down, Nick," she said at last. Her voice was cultivated, clear, passionless; it seemed to express her perfectly—and did not. "Spare my carpet," she added lightly. "I cannot afford a new one. Are you in love or in debt? You have all the symptoms."

"Neither, thanks," he said, slowly. For one fleeting moment he was inclined to confide in her; it was no particular distrust of her stayed his tongue, but rather a shamefaced thought that the whole matter was so trivial as to border on the absurd. The fact was that had he belonged to the species for which such naive volumes are compiled, he would have been resorting to a "Guide to Manners," on "How a Young Gentleman Should Pay His First Addresses to a Young Lady He Respectfully Admires." He wanted, in brief, to call on Mrs. Angell—he did not know her name was Hope, and frankly wondered what it might be.

Now he had never before found it a difficult matter to call upon any woman, and that alone upset him seriously. Perhaps it was because of her mal-treatment of his name; possibly he feared she would call him Mr. Cartwright again, or even be unable to get so near as that to fixing his identity. It would be quite horrible to have to account for himself in detail and give a reason for his mere existence while attempting at the same time to explain why he was there giving such a reason. The matter at that point became too complicated to be pursued further, but it seemed to have endless possibilities and ramifications. Nor was it simplified by the fact that he had, already, been to her hotel and discovered her absent; and the knowledge of having bribed the desk clerk with a cigar to ask of the baggageman whither her trunk had been conveyed—she had said she would call for letters, if any came,—weighed on him like a secret crime.

But, having gone so far, he felt bound in honor to himself to reach a conclusion—and the lady of his quest. He had got her telephone number, too; at least, that of her landlady. It was a real problem to him whether he should telephone her, or go in person. . . . Actually, he had twice removed the telephone from its hook intending to take the first alternative, and backed down ignominiously, and the remembrance of that made him rise and walk across the room each time it came to his mind, which was every five minutes or so. He wondered feebly if his brain might be giving way.

Hang it all, she would hardly bite him . . . she was only about as big as a minute . . . and also, he reflected with a certain malignant satisfaction, she wasn't a bit pretty. He repeated that to himself several times. No, she looked washed-out, and her profile was smudgy. . . . And he distinctly recalled crows' feet at the corners of her eyes. . . .

"NO, I just feel restless. Sick of town. If I could get away I think I'd go up to the North Woods for a month; I'd like to sniff a campfire again, and sleep under the stars." . . . She had been talking about the wilderness. . . .

"My dear Nicko," said Mrs. Sturtevant, with provoking calm, "you came back from the Adirondacks just ten days ago, didn't you? Think up a better one. Or why not tell the truth?"

"Oh, Grace," he said, with a rather rueful laugh, "call off your bear. You always make me feel as if I'd been up to something positively criminal. I can't help it if I'm a wild ass of the desert. I guess I'll beat it down town; I ought to be there anyway. Business," he added, with that firm vagueness a man always employs when using that magic word, twin sister to charity in its powers of benevolent concealment.

"If you'd only grow up," sighed Mrs. Sturtevant, and came to him, laying her long white fingers on his sleeve. A faint glow, a warmth, came into her cool eyes; and a veiled impatience. Ah, if he would! She had waited so long, years, for him to grow up; and he was still the boy she had played with when she was in pigtails and he in knickers. She had grown up, though she was one of those fine-grained, poised creatures who awaken slowly. Marriage had been her hothouse, but when she had come to maturity there was nothing one-sided about it; her excellent brain was equal to her well-conserved emotional nature. And now, sometimes Nick made her feel not only mature but old! Why, why did he remain so maddeningly the same, when all else in her apparently solid world had changed so incredibly? There were times when she very primitively longed to slap him, as an exasperated tutor might an inattentive pupil.

"Oh, now, Gracie," he began deprecatingly, his eyes twinkling. "What do you want—gray hair, or to see me tottering around on crutches?"

What did she want? Her hand dropped; she turned away, her movements gracefully deliberate, and went to the window, a curiously general trick of anyone who has need of concealment.

"You are a fool, Nick," she said sharply, "but not so much as that. I made the mistake of being really interested in—in your welfare; you will pardon me. If you do not care, there is no reason why I should."

Sometimes he thought Grace was growing a bit shrewish, she disapproved of him so often and so candidly. But he was used to it; he put it down to her one great disappointment—the one of which he knew. Women, anyway, he thought, were rather inclined to worry a chap. They were always scolding him, at least, and it was not that he was ever anything but nice to them. And good old Grace was really fond of him, he felt sure; comfortably sure, just as he was of his own fondness for her.

"I'm getting on your nerves," he remarked resignedly. "I'm off."

"Nonsense," she said brusquely. "Aren't you going

(Continued on page 43)

# Looking Over The Top

## Mountain Climbing as Out-Door Sport for Canadian Women

*By FRANK YEIGH*

*On the summit of Aberdeen Peak where range after range spreads out before the eye and the deep clefts between vaguely vision the busy world which lies beneath.*

MOUNTAIN climbing for Canadian women? Why not?

If it has been called the king of sports for men, why should it not be for women also? Why should not the daughters of Eve share the glorious pastime with the sons of Adam, for the latter have no inherent rights to the hill tops?

All these interrogation marks are their own answers. Each calls for an affirmative reply. Mountaineering for and by women has long since passed the experimental stage, and some of the exceptional feats in this realm are to be credited to the skirted sex, though skirts are taboo when cliffs are to be scaled and ice walls negotiated. Women climbers have over and over again proved themselves to be, in all parts of the world, as successful in overcoming nature's obstacles, as sure-footed and clear-headed and as resourceful in the face of danger, as the most successful Alpinist of the male sex that ever scaled a towering cliff or surmounted a cloud-wrapped peak. They have, too, exhibited the same high quality of nerve that is such a vital requisite if success is to crown the efforts of the mountaineer.

What are the compensations or rewards for the exertion involved in mastering a mighty peak? Those who have experienced the effort will have many replies to the inquiry. There is, primarily, the physical well-being as one of the by-products for those who are physically fit, for care should be taken to make sure of the physical fitness. It is a case where heart and lungs must be free of any impediment and where the climber must be sound of wind and limb. Then the sheer physical joy of a climb is its own adequate reward. But there is, too, the mental and spiritual tonic that comes with the ascent, the thrill of the Excelsior spirit as the heights are gained and the valley floor recedes; the uplift of mind and soul as the vision enlarges and the panorama takes in other ranges and ranks of serried peaks until the climax comes when the summit is achieved, when the Alpinist stands on the roof of the world, and the eye drinks in such a view as will never fade while memory does its work.

*On the brink of the Crevasse.*

Under the spell of the rare and ennobling sight, the lines of Goldsmith are recalled:

"Even now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend;
And, placed on high above the storm's career,
Look downward where a hundred realms appear;
Lakes, forests, cities, plains, extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherds' humble pride."

But the beatific vision, from the crest of a Rocky or Selkirk giant, does not include cities where men are cooped up and life is so largely artificial, but valleys stretching into the misty distance, winding streams of silver, hurrying from their birth-place at the foot of a glacier to a river and the ultimate sea, and of deep-hearted forests that look like carpets of green in perspective

And what overhead? "I to the hills will lift mine eyes," runs the old psalm, and lifting one's eyes from the cairn of rock on the highest point of the peak, with all the world at one's feet, there is another wonder world revealed in the passing procession of the fleecy clouds on a summer day, or the wild swirl that betokens an approaching storm and that brings its own warning. Audacious and defiant of nature as man is, it is not always wise to flout her anger or treat her admonitions lightly.

*Ready to scale the heights to the world that above the distant clouds.*

### *Ascending Mt. Tupper*

A GRAPHIC recital of the climbing experiences of a Canadian lady, Miss Jean Parker, of Winnipeg, in ascending Mount Tupper, in the Selkirks, affords another interesting glimpse.

"Then the first really serious work began—the rounding of the sheer foot of the Hermit, a pinnacle that occupies the whole of the narrow neck that separates the arete from the Tupper peak. There is no getting out of it. You cannot climb over, for it is too sharp; you must go around it. There are few footholds and there is a great drop beneath, but by doing exactly as we were told and with the help of the wind which blew us tightly against the rock, we passed safely.

"From the couloir we had a good view of the climb before us. Immense blocks of rock were piled upon each other, leaving very scanty footholds, and in some places long faces without a single jutting rock. We had to ascend a chimney fourteen feet high, in which rocks fell continuously. But with the help of the guide and a hand from above I managed to get up. We passed another very rotten chimney that barred our way to the next ridge, and then crawled up a long smooth face of rock to an overhanging shelf, along which we crawled. Our surprise was great when a short climb brought us suddenly to a small plateau upon which was a long rock mound holding a stoneman or cairn. It took several seconds to realize that we were actually on the top of Mount Tupper."

Another woman climber in the Canadian Alps, Miss Mary E. Crawford, thus writes of her experience from a woman's point of view:

"She is going to know herself as never before—physically, mentally, emotionally. There comes the infallible instinct of self-preservation. She gains confidence with every step, finds the dangers she has imagined far greater than those she encounters and arrives at last upon the summit to gaze upon a new world. Surely not the same old earth she has seen all her life? Yes—but looked at from on top—a point of view which makes an indelible impression upon her mind.

"This woman returns to her round of daily duties in the work-a-day world, but she has only to close her eyes for a second and she is transported to her mountain top. Brain fag? Nervous exhaustion? Asthenic muscles? They have lost their dread meaning. Time cannot drag now, for to the mountaineer the year passes quickly looking back and looking forward."

"If mountain climbing is a suitable pastime for Canadian women, have any as yet taken advantage of it?" might be asked. Again the answer is decidedly in the affirmative. Of the seven hundred members of the Alpine Club of Canada, no less than two hundred and twenty-five are women, and a majority of these are Canadians. Not a few of them have achieved distinction as mountaineers, in first ascents and in surmounting some of the highest peaks in the Rockies and Selkirks. Among those qualifying every year for active membership, at the annual camps of the Alpine Club, there have always been a goodly number of the women members, the qualification required being the ascent of a peak at least ten thousand feet above sea level. A different qualification operates on the Pacific coast. Scarcely a year passes that many lady climbers do not win for themselves admittance to the inner ranks of the climbers in this unique School of Mountaineering.

As a result of these annual camps, the questions of camp equipment and camp attire, so far as they affect the ladies, have long since been solved and, as the illustrations will show, what might be called, in the words of the fashion papers, "prevailing styles" now operate as to what should be worn in the actual climbing and also in camp life itself.

What should these styles be? It is certainly not for a mere man to dare suggest, but even a mere man can pass on the opinion of expert women campers and climbers.

To begin with, a good tent is a prime requisite, with plenty of warm blankets (it's awfully cold at 3 a.m., even in mid-summer, in a tent 5,000 feet above sea level); a canvas sheet to spread on mother earth, or on the bed of balsam boughs, for dampness must be guarded against—a little pillow will come in handy, as it will be far more conducive to sleep than one's shoes!

As for the feminine attire, rational clothing is a prerequisite, and the term includes knickerbockers, flannel shirtwaist, a necktie, substantial hobnailed boots, laced high, or arranged for puttees, woollen stockings are de rigueur, and a hat of felt with a generous rim. A sweater for low temperatures, and a waterproof coat for rain—for both will be experienced—are also among the necessaries.

Old-timers in camping would further provide themselves with an extra pair of shoes, a short skirt for camp wear, a bit of mosquito netting, a hot water bottle and a few emergency medicines that will readily occur to one.

*A tricky bit of rock work*

### *U. S. Ladies Were Pioneers*

AMONG the first to discover the pleasures and delights of climbing in the Canadian mountains were several United States ladies and due credit should be accorded them for their pioneering contribution. Outstanding among these American ladies was Miss Mary M. Vaux, of Philadelphia, now Mrs. Charles D. Walcott, of Washington. She was the first lady to conquer Mount Stephen, making the ascent in 1900 with her brother, George Vaux, Jr., and two Swiss guides, Chr. Hasler and Edward Feuz. Let Mrs. Walcott tell her own interesting story:

"A cloudless sky and a perfect temperature were the reward of several days of waiting, and as we followed the trail to the fossil bed, the early morning lights over the mountains were most striking, while the ground was carpeted in places with the dainty vines and blossoms of these upper regions. After leaving the trail we followed the fossil bed up to the arete, where a large rock afforded shelter from the sun's rays and where we partook of our second breakfast.

"The real climb began when the pillared top of the mountain was reached. The rocks were very treacher-

(Continued on page 12)

## Looking Over The Top

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11)

ous, while at times the ledges were barely sufficient for our passage. As we neared the summit, the top towered above us even more precipitously, but we surmounted this steep piece more easily than we expected and finally stood upon the summit at two o'clock.

"The snow almost covered the McArthur stone cairn. The sky was almost cloudless and the peaks rose on every side one behind the other in unknown numbers. The Kicking Horse River ran at our feet like a streak of silver, while the Wapta Fall, the great North Fork valley with a magnificent glacier at its end, and the various ranges made a circle of striking beauty.

"The difficulties near the summit were descended in safety and a perpendicular wall of rock, to which we held on by our eyelids, brought us to a steep snow slope down which we hurried to the amphitheatre back of the mountains, and thence to the hotel."

It was an English lady who had the honor of making the first ascent of Mount Sir Donald, the giant of the Selkirks, in company with her husband and two Swiss guides. The story of the climb is found in the Record Book of the Glacier Hotel.

"Before deciding on the trip," writes Mrs. Berens, of St. Mary Cray, Kent, England, the lady in question, "I was greatly puzzled as to what I should wear. Not being a new woman, I had no unmentionables packed away at the bottom of my trunk, and did not think it safe to attempt it in skirts and frills. Someone suggested I should go to my husband's wardrobe. The result was I picked out a pair of—something, and naturally, being a woman, chose his very best knickers as being the prettiest color and as becoming as was possible under the circumstances. When we first got on the rocks I asked the guide how long it would take us to get to the top. His reply was, four or five hours. Thinks I to myself, 'What nonsense. I am sure we can easily get there in an hour or two.' Alas, my conceit was quickly taken out of me as I soon found it was not so easy a climb as it looked! Be wise, and never despise a mountain. It always gets the best of you in the end.

"I looked down once, and after that carefully avoided doing so again, as the valley of snow and ice below looked, as far as we were concerned, as remote as Piccadilly, and to look up seemed about as bad. In climbing always look for your next foothold and nothing more, as if you look down it is apt to frighten you. It is surprising, too, how small the top of Sir Donald is.

"I cannot attempt a description of the scenery. I only try to write from a woman's point of view, but what I would like to suggest to other lady climbers is, first, to wear knickers and putties to prevent one's legs being knocked to pieces by the rocks. Wear good strong boots, with plenty of nails in the soles. Drink as little as possible. Take a good breakfast before starting, with a sandwich or two and an orange on the way. Take also a coat, which the guides will carry, to put on at the top, as it is very cold up there.

### *Conquered Eagle Peak*

ANOTHER lady climber, was the first to conquer Eagle Peak, adjoining Mount Sir Donald.

Miss Benham holds the record for being the first lady to reach the top of Mount Assinaboine, 11,860 feet high—a gigantic peak that has baffled many a man.

Before leaving the subject of mountaineering for women, mention should be made of the Alpine literature that has sprung up as yet another by-product. Mrs. Elizabeth Parker, of Winnipeg, was one of the pioneer writers to make known the beauties of the mountains, to advocate the formation of an Alpine Club for Canada, and to hold climbing camps. Her work in this connection in the Manitoba Free Press largely laid the foundations for the success of the Club and its annual camps.

Mrs. Julia Henshaw, of Vancouver, has also rendered an excellent service in her books on the flora and fauna of the mountains, which are recognized authorities on the subject. Mrs. Schaffer-Warren's volume detailing her explorations in the Rockies makes fascinating reading, as it illustrates what women can accomplish in mountain exploration as distinct from climbing. Many too, will recall the entertaining articles in Harper's Magazine in which Miss Mary L. Job and Miss Margaret Springate recount their experiences in searching for a new and mighty peak far north of Mount Robson. Women are not only possible mountain climbers but successful explorers and mapmakers, and Canada still offers one of the greatest domains in the world for original investigations of this nature.

# Mrs. Adam Shortt

## Leads Canadian Women in National Thought

OF public women in Canada, it would be difficult to select one more generally, more intimately known in every province in the Dominion, than Mrs. Adam Shortt. Wherever there is the necessity of spreading the gospel of some new national movement, there one may always find Mrs. Shortt. She has travelled from coast to coast, with national problems as her incentive, and wherever she has gone she has always had vast audiences as her objective. Women have come to rely absolutely upon her opinion and upon her judgment. She is requested to serve on committee after committee, and one would almost believe that she gives to each her undivided attention, so potent are the results achieved under her direction.

Since it is always necessary, before getting very far in this old world that one be born, it is only fair to state that Mrs. Shortt first intruded herself upon the attention of her family somewhere back in 1869 at Mountain Hall in the village of Winona, Ont.

Oliver Wendell Holmes once said in regard to a classmate of his, "Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith." If such were Fate's intention in regard to the subject of this sketch what an awful blunder was made!

As Elizabeth Smith, Mrs. Shortt attained the first measures of success, which now go to make her so outstanding a figure in Canadian public life. Every single member of Sylvester Smith's family has been of more than local importance. One of the sons, Mr. E. D. Smith, of Winona, was for some years a member of Parliament for Wentworth, and is well known in Canadian manufacturing circles. Another son, the late Cecil B. Smith, the Hydro-Electric engineer, has won more than casual prominence in his profession.

Elizabeth Smith was educated at private school, and afterwards attended Hamilton Collegiate Institute, then going to the Royal Medical College, in affiliation with Queen's University, where she obtained the degree of M.D. in 1884.

We have now become accustomed to depending upon lady doctors. In these days every Canadian city has a fair list of women who are devoted to the practice of medicine. Twenty-eight years ago, however, it took no little courage and individuality for a young girl to adopt a medical career. By the very choice of her profession, Dr. Elizabeth Smith showed her tendency for leadership. She was not only determined to succeed, herself, but to make the way easier for other women students who were to follow.

It was with this in view that she supported so strongly and so enthusiastically the call of the separate course for women at the Royal College in Kingston. This movement finally resulted in the creation of the Women's Medical College at Kingston, in affiliation with Queen's University. She wrote the history of this College, which was published in brochure form last year as "Historical Sketch of Medical Education of Women in Kingston."

For some time Dr. Smith practised in the city of Hamilton. In 1886 she became the wife of Professor Adam Shortt, then a member of the Faculty of Queen's University.

*Mrs. Adam Shortt—Canada's Leading Woman*

For six years, from 1887 to 1893, Mrs. Shortt lectured on medical jurisprudence and sanitary science in the Woman's Medical College, and took a warm interest in all student movements. Professor Shortt became head of the Department of Political Economy and in their home many students found a cordial welcome and a social intercourse which proved most helpful to the young and ambitious collegian.

In fact, the family circle was always charming. Mrs. Shortt has two daughters and one son. The latter (unfortunately lame) not being able to serve in France went over as a Paymaster, and is living in London. He has married in England as has also Mrs. Shortt's elder daughter. The younger is taking a course at Queen's University.

IT is almost impossible to chronicle Mrs. Shortt's various activities. She was President of the Y.W.C.A.; for three years, President of the Kingston Musical Club for seven years, and became the first president of the Queen's Alumnae Association. Since the beginning of the war she has been doing active service without salary in the Maple Leaf Club for Soldiers, London, England. It would be well nigh impossible to imagine the National Council of Women without her. She has been on the Executive of that Dominion-wide organization for years, having acted as the first convenor of the Immigration Committee. Later, when a Public Health Committee was formed, Mrs. Shortt, having devoted much time and energy to the anti-tuberculosis crusade, was made convenor. An enlightening pamphlet on the social aspect of tuberculosis, written by Mrs. Shortt, was issued a few years ago.

In 1911, when Professor Shortt was appointed Civil Service Commissioner, the family moved to the Capital, where Mrs. Shortt has been decidedly active in civic and social work. She was for three years President of the Mothers' Union of Ottawa, and for a time President of the Ottawa Women's Canadian Club. For the past six years, she has also been President of the Ottawa Local Council of Women, and it is probably in this connection that she has accomplished some of her most important work.

She has labored unceasingly in the endeavor to make local conditions healthier and happier. During the particularly hard times that preceded the war, when the cost of living soared to such heights, Mrs. Shortt was responsible for reduction in the prices of not a few commodities through her agitation with the local council as a medium. In the past couple of years she has worked with a determination to better market conditions in Ottawa. The improvements that have been effected are undoubtedly due to her insistent effort.

Immigration is an all-important matter in the Dominion, and it is absolutely necessary that women immigrants should be properly met and furnished with what information they need in a new land. Mrs. Shortt was one of the first to realize the importance of this movement, and was the organizer and first president of the Women's Immigration Hostel in Ottawa.

SINCE 1914, her days of service have been nearly twenty-four hours long. At the very first public meeting of women, called in Ottawa by Her Royal Highness, the late Duchess of Connaught, Mrs. Shortt was one of the chief speakers. Since then, she has laid aside all other interests but those which contribute to patriotism and the winning of the war.

Mrs. Shortt is, of course, a strong believer in woman's suffrage, as she says —"in the abstract." She has always been keenly active in spreading interest in municipal affairs, her idea being that the best argument women could ever advance for the extension of the total franchise, is to make use of what they have to the fullest extent. In her opinion, women cannot divorce domestic and civic housekeeping, and every woman should have a live interest and a real part in the government of our towns and cities. Just now she is very much concerned as to how they will use the right given them. As she recently said in an address:

"Surely every woman here desires to use her vote with clear vision as to the object to be obtained, according to her own conscience, before God and man

(Continued on page 19)

# Music in Canada as a National Art

**What it is, and what it may mean to this Country when we cease to be apologetic in regard to our native Art, and begin to study seriously an individual expression along national lines—Our Folk Songs and Indian Tribal Melodies.**

*By KATHERINE HALE*

IS Canada an apologetic country?

Amid the roll of drums, the waving of flags and the eager chorus of the "next of kin," as glorious a host as they who have gone forth to battle, I hear the voice of the nation answer "No."

I agree with the voice that in arms, in energy, in merchandizing and a certain sort of enterprise, we are capable of holding our own with any other country in the world. But there are two most important factors in the life and growth of any nation about which we, as Canadians, are chronically apologetic:—politics and art.

Alas for the country that possesses neither great statesmen nor great artists. There is something weak in the very fibre of its being.

I do not admit any limitation in our possibilities in either direction, but I distinctly affirm that while we dwell on the negative side of our resources, and state that which is not, instead of that which is, we shall continue to be tolerant of men who have gone into politics as a side issue and a game, and of colleges and conservatories of music who have no instructor in the study of national music and what it may mean to the individual composer.

In all Canada is there, at the present time, one man or woman devoting his or her time to writing or lecturing along a definite line of this sort, having to do with the fabric of Canadian music?

So far as I can find out the answer is "no," with the postscript: "What is there to teach or to lecture about?"

The other day I noticed an article in a leading Canadian newspaper the heading of which was heavily leaded. The cheerful message ran: "Canada Cannot Have Folk-Songs. But a Canadian School of Composition is not Impossible."

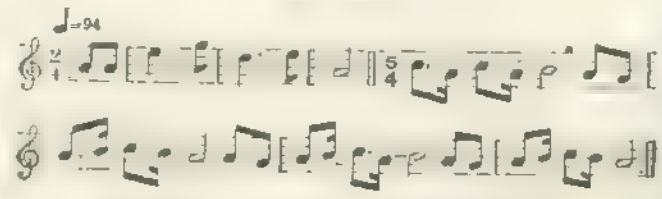
That, it seems to me, is absolutely typical of our attitude. First, a dash of ice-cold water, and then a little luke-warm water applied as a faint encouragement.

In this case, the truth is, of course, that we have what is technically known as "folk-song" in one of the most interesting phases imaginable in the Province of Quebec, in Northern Ontario, in the northern end of New Brunswick, wherever indeed that delightful type of French-Canadian—the habitant—remains.

TO realize these French-Canadian songs and their meaning one must go back over two hundred and fifty years ago when, as we know, some aristocrats of France were lodged behind the wooden palisades of the little citadel of Quebec. Seigneurs, priests, great ladies, nuns, they seemed to have brought with them as adjuncts to their bravery a store of guns, beads, bibles, knitting needles and songs.

Come to think of it, every one of these articles is more than ever to the fore to-day, so after all they have proved to be essential.

The songs were largely those of the people; gay little ditties of love and adventure in towns and villages, and of grape-growing and hay-making in the sunny fields and uplands of France. These were hummed by the ladies and their maids and by the brave Henris and Jeans who made up the little companies that followed the seigneurs and fought those desperate battles against Indians, bush fires and famines. Mingled with these were the holy songs of the priests and nuns, echoes of the Gregorian



*Tribal Melody of Iroquois near Caledonia, Ontario.*

chants—than which there is no more austere and beautiful music—and they began to float through the still air and to mingle with the plaintive or merry chansons of the Province and Picardy.

And that generation, all-French, died away, and another arose and the precious home songs became permeated with the keen, Canadian atmosphere, the vivid early-Canadian life of struggle and adventure, and gradually improvisation stole in until we have now a

*"Day Star" Indians at Kutana, Saskatchewan, during a song festival of the Tribe.*

typical and most distinctive sort of thing, that is not in the least a succession of songs that are French of France, but wholly French of Canada, a blossoming peculiar yet quite indigenous to the soil.

It has been most difficult to arrange accompaniments for modern use, as these songs are so very old that they were written before the major and minor scales appeared or harmony was much considered in musical literature. Another characteristic is their extreme simplicity, a fine art, however, lying in the skilful repetitions and the quaint monotonous sing-song verses which hold such a world of pathos and sometimes of comedy within their oft-recurring phrases. Musical students will be interested in the fact, which gives one some clue as to dates, that almost invariably the last word of the verse has a seeming rhyme so far as vowels are concerned with the preceding word. This puts the songs at once into a class with the other French "imperfect rhymes" of which the history of literature tells us. An artist like Yvette Guilbert has found much pleasure in the study of these French-Canadian songs, and there is surely suggestion for all musical students in the fact that such folk-songs exist in abundance near our door—rich material for the taking.

THEN the tribal songs of Canadian Indians make a great study in themselves. Nearly every important Government, save that of Canada, employs a specialist to collect and preserve national folk-songs and tribal melodies.

One effort in this direction has been made in Ontario when the Department of Education some years ago authorized Mr. A. T. Cringan, of Toronto, to secure transcriptions of the songs of the Iroquois, of the Indian Reserve near Caledonia on the Grand River in Ontario.

As there is no written note of music in the record of any tribe, the hunter for these melodies has a more or less exciting time. The songs come down truly "by word of mouth" from one generation to another. Mr. Cringan sought the aid of the useful, necessary gramaphone, and so the student may to-day hear many songs of a tribe that is fast fading away.

A study of this music reveals the most striking and unconventional tonality and rhythm. At first it is all a jumble of unconnected sounds, harsh and unmusical. The predominating quality is loudness. Yet, as one follows and studies the queer tribal melodies with their monotonous absence of accent, we find the most fascinating features. The origin of the songs is lost in the dim past. The Indian whose life is very simple takes everything seriously. A single monotonous air of a few variations makes up his sum of beauty, and the song is ended at any convenient point as long as it ceases with the ceremony or dance which it accompanies; and so the conclusion is often unconventoinal and emphatic. It would seem that the Indians employ a five-tone scale to avoid the interval of the semi-tone. This little trick they have acquired in common with the Chinese and the Hindoos.

WHEN it is realized that there are, in all, no less than fifty-eight tribes of Indians in North America, and that each tribe speaks a language so separate that even the root meanings of words are different, the magnitude of the task of a study of tribal songs may be imagined.

But each tribe has qualities in common, and the fact is that to express in song is as natural as the breath of life to an Indian. He makes a song for everything. Not only are his themes the usual ones of love and war, of death and dancing, but, like the Japanese, he will epitomize in a tiny frame of music the most ordinary happening of his day and generation: the new path cut through the forest, the red blanket just acquired, the smoke blowing from the chimney, the bacon sputtering in the pan, the whiskey bottle on the shelf—these become epic in his five-note or pentatonic scale set in the queer syncopated rhythm with its slur up to an unexpected climax, and the mournful whoop down.

Modern composers such as the American-Cadman, are finding much to interest them in the adaptation to modern music of these tribal Indian themes.

What about Canadian composers?

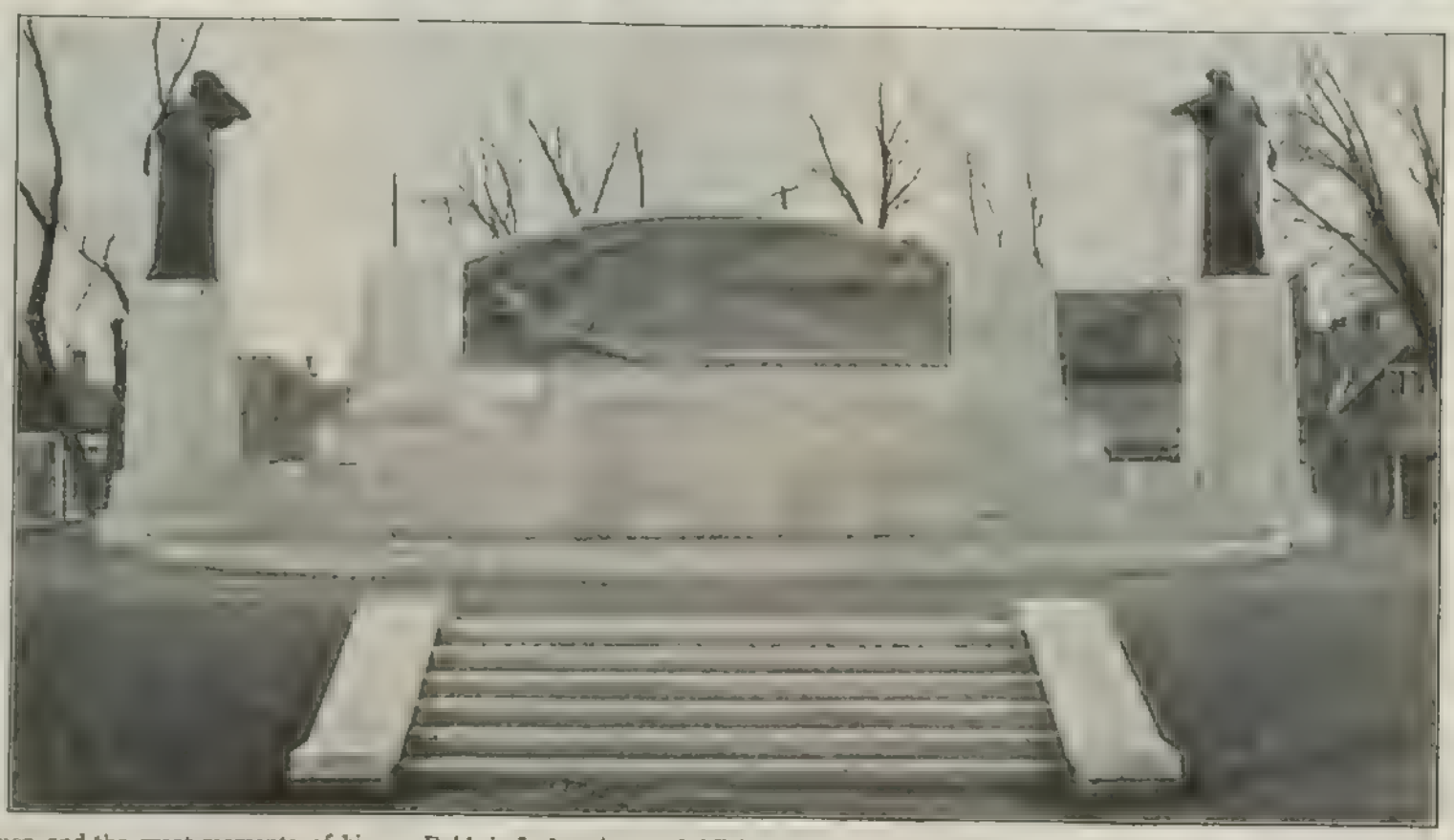
As this is an article of suggestion, I shall leave you to work your way towards a better knowledge of the rich basic material that lies like an unworked mine at the foundation of Canadian music.

# Leading Art Achievement in 1917

UNDOUBTEDLY the greatest event in the art world during the year 1917, just closed, was the unveiling, in Brantford, on October 24th, of the great Bell Memorial, a tremendous piece of sculpture by Walter S. Allward.

Mr. Allward is a typical Canadian in the very best sense of the word. He was born, educated, lives and works in his native city of Toronto.

Because he has won great technique through severe and undeviating labor in the most difficult and laborious of all the arts, because he possesses the vision of a seer, and the brain of a poet, and the hand of an artist, therefore it has been given to him to interpret some of the great men and the great moments of his country, in an imperishable medium.



In Ottawa there are splendid examples of his art in the Baldwin-Lafontaine and Nicholas Flood-Davin Memorials. The glorious monument to the Victory in South Africa, on University Avenue in Toronto, brought him into the full blaze; but the Bell memorial will send his name, with that of the inventor, around the world.

The illustration shows the beautiful design, but no photograph can do justice to the magnificent proportions, the sweep and the grandeur of the conception.

The bronze figures on the pylons flanking the panel, also in bronze, show Humanity speaking and listening across the waves of wire-cut air, and the panel presents Man guided by Inspiration, sending his thoughts out, by magic of his own making. And Mr. Allward has epitomized these thoughts in the floating figures of Knowledge, Joy and Sorrow. In the days to come many a pilgrimage will be made to Brantford, the telephone city, where this magnificent group is placed.

# WOMEN OF BUSINESS

*Mrs. Halstead and "Charle-Magne."*

*A Dog Fancier*

SOME weeks ago we published the photo of a woman who sells dogs, but we give you here the photo of a woman who judges dogs and is President of the Terminal City Kennel Club, the largest in Western Canada. A very few years ago, we would have gasped, "but that is a man's work." Mrs. Halstead lives in Moose Jaw, and inherited a taste for dog fancying, her father having been an importer and breeder of fine Irish Setters. She says, "Down through the years, I see English pugs, Skyes, grey hounds, fox terriers and then, when I begin to fancy for myself—Bostons. In trying to beat my dogs at the Coast, the American market was searched and the best imported, but without success, so that now Vancouver can vie with any show, in regard to Bostons." Her first judging was thrust upon her by fanciers themselves, who recognized her ability to specialize in some four particular breeds. Now, Mrs. Halstead judges all sorts of dogs, and has never had a complaint from a dissatisfied exhibitor. The photo of her shown here includes that of her champion French Bull—Charlemagne, a proud winner of thirty-one firsts.

*Insurance Agent*

WITHIN a week, without any previous thought of becoming actively identified with the business world, Miss Ida Ethel Miner, of Smith's Falls, found herself firmly established as the representative of more than twenty Fire and Life Insurance Companies. She was literally hurled into business. This happened through the sudden death of her father who had successfully carried on, for many years, an Insurance business. His daughter occasionally assisted him, and in this way, she gained some insight into the details, but it was with considerable trepidation that she faced the responsibility thrust upon her. She asked herself if it were possible to retain even a part of the business her father had built up, if the public would talk Insurance to a girl, and if the companies would not jeer at her application for agencies? Fortunately for Miss Miner, she had no time to weigh these questions, and cast them into the balance with her timidity. She had to decide and that, quickly. She bravely put her shoulder to the wheel and from the first it began to creak. To-day, the citizens of Smith's Falls are

*Miss Beaton of Ottawa*

proud of their plucky, energetic Insurance broker. The old business was retained and new business added. But one company refused application for an agency, and regrets its stand. Miss Miner's receipt for success, in her line of business, any way, is to earn the good will of your customers . . . but attention to business and an honest effort to master detail must be a firm foundation.

## Two Eyes for An Eye!

OUR thrifty forebears considered themselves pretty clever when they drove a bargain on the "Eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth" basis, but we have learned a trick worth two of that. We demand two eyes for one, because we have found it is quite possible to get them. Canada offers them to the astute woman of business; her commercial fields are almost as broad and unexploited as are the vast lands through which the farmer may express his ambitions. In other words, there is room in Canada for Business Women—they may be fairly well assured of success. It remains for them to "homestead" on the field and work. This is just what the women on our page have done, and we think that any of them would tell you that they were received into the Commercial Fraternity right heartily. The old lines which divided work into two classes, men's and women's, are rapidly disappearing; the days when "man's sphere" and "women's sphere" were as separate as the two sides in a Quaker Meeting House, are almost if not quite gone; we have one sphere upon which men and women work in friendly competition, the best worker climbing out on top. It is due to women workers that this is so, for men and "the market" have seen the value of their work and accorded them a place which their energy and sincerity deserves. These are but a few, but we will tell you about many others.

Yours faithfully,

MADGE MACBETH.

*Miss Ethel Miner*

*Proprietor of Wood Yard*

MASCULINE prejudices against woman's entry into the business world would readily succumb in one of the wood yards or offices of Miss E. F. Beaton, whose wonderful spirit three years ago, overcame the burden of invalidism and who is now the proprietor of an extensive wood trade, whose thousands of deliveries per year employ the use of two of the big railway yards as well as private properties. Miss Beaton requires the use of crutches but she knows no handicap, and every detail of the trade is at her finger tips. The many stalwart men in her employ marvel at the business ability of this little lady, still in her twenties, who gives as her reason for "making good,"—"Well, you see, I was not like other girls, and I just wanted to do something different. These busy ones have been the happiest years of my life."

*An Apiarist*

THIS is the queen bee of the Bliss Apiary at Port Elmsley, Ontario. In other words it is Miss Clare Bliss who for several years has conducted this business with a happy combination of pleasure and profit. Certainly, she does not look as though troubles could fasten themselves like barnacles upon her. Perhaps she believes with the political economists, that she had no cause to worry, even though Canada is carrying a heavy burden of War Debt. Perhaps she realizes that the men and women who work with nature, are about the only ones who will not feel the pinch of national poverty to any harassing degree.

*Owns Business College*

IT would be difficult to find anything more commercial and business-like than a Business School, itself. Calgary boasts of one, the only one in Canada which is conducted by a woman. It is a war product. Mrs. A. Hollingshead had in charge classes in typewriting and stenography for the Calgary School Board when the war broke out. Retrenchment made it neces-

*Mrs. A. Hollingshead*

sary to drop these classes for a time. She saw that the demand for girls with a commercial education would be greatly increased and she opened what is known as the Central Business College which is now on a sound business basis. Instruction includes English, French and other subjects.

# CANADA'S HISTORIC LANDMARKS

## Relics of the Past That Must be Preserved as National Heirlooms for Coming Generations

By JENNY R. SIMPSON
General Secretary of the Historic Landmarks Association of Canada

*National Memorial Tower at Halifax, Nova Scotia*

THE ravages of war have destroyed many of the relics of antiquity that marked northern France and Belgium as a Mecca for tourists. The wanton destruction has made an indelible imprint upon the minds of all civilized peoples; France and Belgium have not been alone in mourning their loss.

Yet here, in Canada, the onrush of progress, the gigantic commercializing of a great growing nation, has bidden fair to obliterate landmarks that should be dearer to us than any in Belgium, any in France, any in the other countless sections of the old world—should be dearer, and would be, if the Canadian people as a whole knew of them and appreciated them.

Do we?

Assuredly, we do not.

Shall we?

The Historic Landmarks Association of Canada is making a Dominion-wide effort to accomplish this.

The Association seems to have been launched in the reflected glory of the Battlefields of the Plains of Abraham. Its aim is to spread the dauntless spirit there generated, across the continent, asking from the whole of Canada all that is worthy of record and permanent preservation, as national heirlooms that will tell the story to generations to come—"lest they forget."

It desires to gather from all parts of the Dominion of Canada, all the knowledge available regarding each site or case it is proposed to mark—obtain verification of the same from documents in the Dominion Archives, and other reliable sources, submit reports from each province to the Council, which will then consider the merits of each application and, when desired, recommend them to the Government for approval.

*"The Great Divide" erected on the Confines between Alberta and British Columbia in memory of Dr. James Hector, K. C. M. G.*

Two especial features are embodied in the Annual Reports of the Landmarks Association: one is a "Guide to Historical and Kindred Societies," the value of which, as a means of putting corresponding members and strangers in touch with the Society most intimately associated with any locality, must appear self-evident. The second, upon which the organization is concentrating its efforts, is a classified list of all historical sites in the Dominion, arranged according to provinces for convenient reference, and which it is hoped will establish a permanent and authentic record.

Co-operation has come from the Geographic Board and Dominion Parks Branch—geography and history linked hand in hand. At Annapolis Royal, the historic fort with its monument and grounds, has been taken under the charge of the latter Commission. Louisbourg, Cape Breton, awaits recognition, after the war.

Beckles Willson the well known writer and landmarker too,—for he has established himself in the homestead of Judge Haliburton (Sam Slick, the Clockmaker) at Windsor, writes:

"I am in full sympathy with the objects of your Association. Our Canadian landmarks have too frequently been treated by our progressive people almost as effectually as the Belgian landmarks were treated by the Germans."

The "Memorial Tower," of Halifax, erected to commemorate the first Parliament of Nova Scotia, or of what was then Canada, initiated by the Canadian Club of that city, was carried to a successful national completion through the efforts of our distinguished citizen, the late Sir Sandford Fleming, of "Winterholm," now the Sir Sandford Fleming Military Convalescent Home, Ottawa.

The Nova Scotia Historical Society have marked many sites and erected, among others, memorial tablets to Col. J. F. W. Desbarres; Hon. Joseph How; Sir William Dawson; Rev. T. MacCullough, D.D., and "The site of the first printing press in Canada, established by Bartholomew Green, Jr., 1751; and of Bushell's press, where the Halifax Gazette, the first newspaper in Canada was published 1752."

Anent the Port of Halifax, among historic relics recently received is a Bill of Lading the quaint phraseology of which comes home to us now:

"From Liverpool the good schooner, the Four Brothers sails by the Grace of God . . . (the Danger of the Seas only excepted) . . . and so God bring the good Ship to her Desired Port in Safety, Amen."

How often the prayer goes up from our hearts to-day, and how wonderfully our noble troops have been preserved in passage!

The New Brunswick Historical Society has commemorated the discovery of the Port and River St. John, in 1604, by the Sieurs de Mont and Champlain; and placed memorial tablets of early settlement on St. Croix and Caton's Islands; while the Daughters of the Empire have erected a memorial tablet on the wall of the building on Queen St., Fredericton, in which the Provincial Legislature first met. Old Fort Howe, the site of the landing place of the U. E. Loyalists, and grounds, is now known as Fort Howe National Park.

### *The Plains of Abraham*

IN Quebec City, so full of historical sites, on the Plains of Abraham the re-erected Wolfe memorial, is a history in itself: "The First Memorial was the stone that Wolfe's own army rolled here to mark the spot on which he died, 1759. A Second Memorial was placed in position, 1832. The Third Memorial was set up by the British Army stationed in Canada, 1849. This Fourth Memorial reproduces the Column of the Third—preserves its Crowning Piece and Two inscriptions and was set up by the National Battlefields Commission, 1913."

In Montreal, rich in memories, all important sites have been marked by the well known Antiquarian and Numismatic Society, now in charge of the Chateau de Ramezay, a favorite objective of tourists. It was erected in 1705 by Claude de Ramezay, Governor of Montreal, and occupied as his official residence for nearly twenty years. In 1745 it became the property of "La Compagnie des Indes." After the Conquest it was leased to the British Government and became the residence of the Governors. Purchased by the city in 1893; it contains a unique collection of old portraits, prints, coins and historic relics of every description.

*The Bastion, Nanaimo, B. C.—Fort used in Pioneer Days to repel the Red Men*

At Chambly is a noble monument to Col. de Salaberry.

Travellers up the Ottawa sight at Portage du Fort a simple shaft commemorating the "visit of Lady Head who made the tour of the Upper Ottawa in a bark canoe in 1856." The wife of Sir Edmund Head, Governor-General of Canada, B.N.A., she was the first white woman to make the tour of the Upper Ottawa with Indian guides.

Further on at Calumet Island, is erected a monument to Cadieux, who held a war party of Iroquois at bay while his friends escaped. Isabel E. Mackay's exquisite poem on "The Passing of Cadieux" bears a thrilling message to the present times.

Throughout the Province of Ontario many monuments and tablets mark historic spots. At Ottawa the Federal Capital, the site of Colonel By's house is marked by the two memorial stones, taken from the arch of the old Sappers' and Miners' bridge, over the Rideau Canal, on its demolition for "Connaught Place," July 24th, 1912, and preserved by the Women's Canadian Historical Society. These bear respectively the "Coat of Arms" of the Royal Engineers, and "Lieut.-Colonel J. By, Comm. Royal Eng." A bronze tablet affixed bears the inscription:—"To commemorate Lieut.-Col. John By, R.E., founder of Bytown, Ottawa, the Federal Capital of the Dominion of Canada, Builder of the Rideau Canal, 1826-32, Comm. Royal Engineers. This tablet is erected on the site of his house on Major's Hill, by the Historic Landmarks Association of Canada, May, 1915."

Two important historic events marked the past season at the Capital. The first of these took place on the first day of September, 1916, when His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, then Governor-General of Canada, relaid for our new Parliament Building the same foundation stone originally laid on the first of September, 1860, by his brother Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, our late King Edward VII. The second, again on Parliament Hill, when the Duke of Devonshire unveiled before a large and enthusiastic assemblage the axial column of the new Parliament Building bearing the following inscription:—"July, 1867—1917. On the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Commemoration of the Confederation of British Colonies in North America as the Dominion of Canada—the Parliament and people dedicate this building, in process of reconstruction after damage by fire—as a memorial of the deeds of their forefathers—and of the valor of those Canadians who in the great war fought for the liberties of Canada, of the Empire and of Humanity." Surely our instant and earnest endeavor in these perilous times should be to maintain these principles!

*Re-laying the Corner Stone of the New Parliament Buildings by H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught.*

### *At Bytown—Now Ottawa*

THE Women's Canadian Historical Society of Ottawa has been the means of preserving a landmark in the old Registry Office on Nicholas Street, now the Bytown Historical Museum. They had long felt the need of a fire-proof building as headquarters in which to house their archives and historic relics pertaining to the history of the Capital. The formal opening and Loan Exhibit took place on the 24th of October. His Worship, Mayor Fisher, kindly officiated in the regretted absence of the Society's gracious Patroness, the Duchess of Devonshire. Lady Dorothy Cavendish, Lady Violet Henderson, Lady Mary Kenyon-Slaney and other guests were received by the President, Mrs. J. Lorn McDougall and executive members of the Society.

Recently, in the home city of Alexander Graham Bell, an ideal memorial was unveiled to him whose inventive genius has brought humanity into closer touch than any invention of modern times. The sculptor (W. S. Allward) sought to bring out, as the dominant note in this memorial, the discovery by man of his power to transmit sound through space. "Above the reclining figure of Man is Inspiration, urging him on to greater endeavors, while, at the other end of the panel are the floating figures of Knowledge, Joy and Sorrow, brought to man by the telephone. A former resident of Brantford, invalided home from the front, acted as Mr. Allward's model, and afterwards re-enlisted. At the side of the main portion of the monument are two heroic female figures in bronze on granite, representing Humanity, the one being depicted in the act of sending, the other of receiving a message over the telephone. These two figures are some distance apart, to tell in stone the power of the telephone to travel great distances.

At the head of Lake Superior, the gateway to the North-West, the Thunder Bay Historical Society have erected a national monument:—"to commemorate the locality made famous by the Pioneer Fur Traders of the Great North-West," and giving a concise history of the com-

(Continued on page 16)

*Ruins of House of Col. By, founder of Ottawa, on Major's Hill in that city.*

## Canada's Historic Landmarks

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15)

panies (some 2,000 letters) from 1612 to 1889.

The brass memorial tablet on Fort Garry in Winnipeg, Manitoba, presented by the Canadian Club of that city, bears an interesting historical record from the erection in 1806 of the first fort named Gibraltar—the second in 1822, re-named Fort Garry; rebuilt in 1835, demolished in 1882, except the gateway which in 1897, with the park, was presented by the Hudson's Bay Company to the City of Winnipeg. To the heroic Hudson, from whom the company derived its name, there is, as yet, no memorial. Might not this be fittingly commemorated when the Hudson's Bay Railway "opens the Bay," that, "where he went a thousand ships can go?"

In Saskatchewan, at Fort Qu'Appelle, a fine monument has been erected by the Western Art Association, Saskatchewan Branch, to commemorate the First Treaty between the Indians of the North-West Territories and Queen Victoria represented by her Commissioners, known as the "Qu'Appelle Treaty No. 4," whereby the Indian Chiefs ceded "all their rights, titles and privileges to all lands wheresoever situated within Her Majesty's N.W.T. to Her Majesty the Queen and her successors forever."

Interest attaches also to the story of the little stone school house of Saskatoon, built in 1887, where the first efforts of education began in that part of the great prairies. It is built of their varied colored stones. When the need for a larger school arose, the original one was preserved through the efforts of the Golden West Chapter, I.O.D.E., the stones all numbered and on October 11th, 1913, looking exactly as it did in 1887, the little stone school house was removed to a site on the University of Saskatchewan campus. The school was presented by the Regent, Mrs. R. R. Morgan, and received by the President, Dr. Murray, and is now used as the University Archives. Among the relics there is a first history of Saskatchewan written in Indian script on cow hide, before the days of paper.

Mrs. Arthur Murphy (Janey Canuck) early enlisted our sympathies in her efforts to preserve the old Hudson Bay Company Fort at Edmonton, Alberta, which was threatened with demolition to make way for the grounds of the new Parliament Buildings of the Province. It was carefully removed in October of 1915, preserved intact, to be rebuilt and adapted to museum purposes.

### *The "Great Divide"*

ON the confines between Alberta and British Columbia, at the "Great Divide" is erected a monument—"In honour of Dr. James Hector, K.C.M.G., Geologist and Explorer to the Palliser Expedition of 1857-1860, one of the earliest scientists to explore the Canadian Rocky Mountains. He discovered the Kicking Horse Pass, through which the Canadian Pacific Railway now runs from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean."

Many historic landmarks in British Columbia are still calling for recognition, notably those of David Thompson explorer and mapmaker. The only Bastion left standing in this province is in Nanaimo, retained and preserved by the Women's Club of Vancouver, the same Club of which Mrs. Ralph Smith, the coming M.P., is President. They have placed the Memorial to the Indian Princess-Poet "Tekahionwake, (Pauline Johnson) on Siwash Rock in Stanley Park, where they have also planned an artistic fountain to be placed after the war. Would that we could infuse (in those who need) some of the spirit of her latest poem "Capitulate? Not I."

In closing, a word for the work of our Historic Landmarks Association of Canada. The American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society has asked for a summary of our work to embody in their Annual Report to the Legislature. The cordial exchange is warmly appreciated, particularly with the knowledge that we are one in earnest endeavor to attain "the supreme purpose." More than ever in these times is the recording of history being recognized as a necessary corollary to the making of history. We believe that our efforts in these lines will be carried on long after the present officers have passed into the "realms of history" themselves. Thus, still under the shadow of the world war, we continue our work with energy and enthusiasm, believing that our beloved Canada does need the exalting touch of every landmark that bears a living message, and that she can keep, either in substance or in souvenir.

# Oleomargarine---Our New Food Ally

**The Product of a War—for Margarine appeared first to relieve distress at the time of the Franco-Prussian War—it comes to us when fat foods are scarce and high in price.**

*By KATHERINE M. CALDWELL, B.A.*

ON the stormy shore of the north Atlantic, huddled in a cleft of the steep, stern cliff, crouches a little fishing village—perhaps thirty huts in all. From each one of them, the head of the house and the sons, as they grow old enough to reef a sail or haul on the nets, go out on the trips that are all so much alike, with yet such possibilities of tragic distinction.

"When the boats are in," however, and the best is set before the fisherman—what is it?

Fish, most likely, and a black bread that sorely needs a gentling influence.

Butter, you will say—why it needs butter, of course—the fish will be improved by it, too.

Yes, most of us would look upon butter as an essential. But there–?

Fish oil—just fish oil. Butter costs too much for them.

In these days of ever-higher food costs, butter has been growing too dear for many people who never saw or expect to see a fishing village—for people who live in the heart of the best dairying provinces in Canada. For the cost of producing that butter has soared with everything else, with the result that this, one-time most taken-for-granted of foods, has entered the class of almost-luxuries.

### *Mr. Hanna To The Rescue*

WHAT, then, of those cheaper butter-substitutes that one sees in other countries—"oleomargarine" or "butterine?"

They have not been for Canadians.

Butter or no butter—it has been a simple alternative. And in a greatly increasing number of cases that has meant a simple ultimatum: no butter.

And of late, Canadians, women in Canadian homes who have wrestled with the problem of the constantly swelling grocery bill, have been demanding oleomargarine. As the likeliest source of relief, they called upon Mr. Hanna to secure it for them.

On the recommendation of the Food Controller, the long-existing regulations against butter substitutes have been set aside for the duration of the war.

### *Is Oleomargarine Good ?*

AND now, with true human waywardness, the public, after winning its point, is beroming just a tiny bit dubious and here, there and everywhere, women are asking each other—"What is oleomargarine made from? Is it—er good?"

It is good—when it's good! In fact—like the famous little girl with the forehead curl, "when it's good, it's very, very good, but when it's bad, it's horrid!"

So whilst Mr. Hanna assures us oleomargarine and stipulates that it must be manufactured under government inspection, he by no means constitutes himself Taster-General to the Households of Canada. Like every other food product she buys, each woman must be her own judge of margarine quality.

The point is, she can get good—excellent—oleomargarine. The best grades (there are a great many qualities of margarine) will be made here or will come into Canada. On one point the government has stood firm—margarine must be sold here in its natural state—no disguising butter-coloring will be permitted. Once we have mastered the identifying characteristics of the various grades, we shall be well on the way toward assuring ourselves of the best.

### *What It Is Made Of*

THE fats, so essential to our bodily welfare, are of two kinds—vegetable fats and animal fats. The former are well represented by olive-oil, peanut oil, cotton-seed oil, and the animal fats by the hog and beef fats, and the butter fats present in milk..

The oleomargarine that is destined for our market is made from both of these fat families. The higher grades are made from the refined oils from the very choicest of these animal fats, with peanut or cotton-seed oil, milk cream or butter, and salt; the ingredients of the succeeding grade are similar except that lower grade oils are substituted for peanut oil and the carefully selected animal fats.

Just our most every-day foodstuffs, these—nothing a bit new or startling. Fats such as we eat in our roast beef and bacon, oils that we put into our salad dressing and our staple dairy products.

The process, too, is simple. The oils are refined to a degree that corresponds with the quality of butterine that is to be attained. In this process of refinement, the oils lose their own characteristic

*Mr. Hanna: "Looks the same! Tastes the same! Costs less."*

flavors—and, of course, the more neutral they become, the better for the finished product.

These oils give the "body" for the oleomargarine—and that body has a high food value.

The next step is to incorporate with them something to give the margarine the butter semblance that is so desirable.

Here is where the milk or fresh, sweet butter comes in; its flavor is in a manner grafted on to the flat, flavorless oils, in a churning operation which makes it granular, like butter. This blending successfully achieved, it remains but to "add salt to taste" and label the whole, very plainly, "oleomargarine."

The fact that margarine can be sold to an unsuspecting public as butter because of the impossibility of distinguishing them by taste, smell or color, has been the chief argument against it.

Our Food Controller, willing to put this valuable product in the hands of Canadian housewives, does not intend that they shall be victimized by the substitution, by the merchant, of oleomargarine for butter, at butter prices.

**No longer o'er the supper board**
**Will Dad's grave voice resound:**
**"Go easy on the butter kids—**
**It's fifty cents a pound."**

Fraud of this sort has flourished or died wherever oleomargarine has been introduced. Great Britain has been as successful in stamping out these fraudulent practices as the United States has been unsuccessful, and it is chiefly from the British laws governing margarine, that our rulings have been drawn up. We may count ourselves as being sure of obtaining butter for butter-price, when we are willing to pay for it.

To gain this end, the Government stipulates that no artificially colored margarine shall be brought into Canada—it must be the natural color, as produced by the food stuffs from which it is made.

This means that we shall have a variety of margarines offered us when the sale opens. There will be pure white oleomargarine, that resembles lard in appearance,—one of the best grades obtainable. The reason for its whiteness lies in the thorough refinement of the oils from which it is manufactured. Some margarines, we are told, have a "yellow streak," the result of less refined oils in their make-up. Exactly the same oils may be used in varying grades, but if they are not so much refined they will be neither as colorless nor as tasteless as the oils that go into the white margarine.

We are also promised margarine of absolutely the finest quality that will have the yellow tone that we associate with delicious, creamy butter. Its color will be given it by the high percentage of butter that is used, instead of milk, in its manufacture.

So flavor will have much to do with the selection of a good margarine, just as it governs our choice of butter. We will seek the true butter flavor that the best brands alone will be able to assure us—either the yellowish margarine with butter in it or the white in which milk, with its full quota of butter fats, is used. The brand that we once find lacking in this basic requisite, will fail to hold our patronage.

The excellent lard-white margarine would be under a severe handicap in our market, were we compelled to serve it in all its pristine whiteness. For most of us will not care to change the time-honored formula, "Please pass the butter" to even the thrift-charged request for a substitute. We can, however, practise the harmless and perhaps, appetizing subterfuge, of adding our own coloring matter. Butter-coloring is obtainable everywhere and a few drops of liquid or a tiny capsule, if it comes in that form, will color a pound of margarine to defy detection as anything but the truest of butter. One just softens the margarine in a bowl, adds the coloring and works it in with a spoon or fork. Then one tells the family as little as one pleases—until perhaps they have eaten it and pronounced it to be "good butter." A little mild diplomacy of this sort, may be effective in ousting prejudice if any should exist in the minds of one's suspicious or perhaps uninformed family.

### *Comparing Food Values*

OF course, fresh milk, and the butter and cheese made from it, are unique foods—there is no substitute for milk. The fats in it, which we call butter fats (and which we recognize most frequently as the cream which rises to the top—) are peculiarly building materials. For this reason, a growing child should always have milk, plenty of it, to drink. He will not miss butter if a first-class margarine is substituted,; but his milk quota could be increased a little, just to make assurance doubly sure. These animal fats are so essential to proper bodily nourishment that when margarine was put on the European market so cheaply that all could buy it, diseases due to malnutrition that had gained great headway amongst peasant children, were effectually stamped out.

On the whole, oleomargarine will hold its own very well on the point of food value. It will supply a liberal portion of the needed fats, at a low cost.

The stress that the food administrations in all of the countries at war, are laying on the need for conserving and using every bit of fat, of every kind, gives us an inkling of the importance of fats in the human diet. So the arrival of a new one—delicious, nutritious, and comparatively low-priced, — is a very important event in Canada. Oleomargarine's welcome only awaits its appearance.

# LIFTING THE SHROUD

## By MRS. DONALD SHAW

JUST ten years ago it was vouchsafed to me to be given the trust of a little son—eighteen months before his arrival a baby daughter had been sent to us. Babyhood with all its pains and pleasures has long since passed away—childhood is ebbing so rapidly that only a few brief years will elapse before youth will take its place. And thus to me becomes daily and hourly more vital and insistent the question—"Into what sort of a world am I going to thrust my son and daughter? Is it a better or a worse one than that into which I was launched! Have Science and Medicine and Evolution made so much progress that the way they must tread will be easier, or purer or safer than it was for the boy and girl stepping over the threshold of adolescence into maturity twenty years ago?" Very soon, all too soon it seems to me, my children will pass beyond my control, and only my influence and training will be left with them to guide them on their life way.

If these questions arise in my mind, then surely the identical questions must be uppermost in the inner mentality of thousands of other mothers in Canada at this same moment. Even in my own street, in fact in my own house and its confines, after school hours, anything under a dozen little boys and girls of similar ages to my own children, congregate like a flock of sparrows to exchange embryonic ideas and ambitions, and their mothers must be thinking about them as I am about mine

This twentieth Century of ours is undoubtedly a broad and enlightened age—one has only to look round upon the development of mechanical means of transit, for instance, to realize how things have changed, not only since our mothers were young, but since we ourselves graduated from school, to appreciate the rate at which evolution is travelling. Thoughts, inventions, conveniences, that are predominant today are obsolete tomorrow, so swiftly are we speeding. And in no direction has there been greater development and enlightenment than in the realms of Surgery and Medicine. Some diseases have been eliminated from civilized communities altogether; some are so held within bounds by anti-toxins and treatments as to be negative in their effect upon our lives; even the dreaded White Plague is so controlled and understood that the average mother need disturb herself little about its ravages, providing she follows the precautions laid down for her.

And it is through and by means of this very extraordinary development in medical knowledge that we women find ourselves (we mothers and potential mothers of future citizens of the British Empire) brought face to face today with a problem which, if we are to prove ourselves worthy of the sacred name of woman, and still more sacred name of wife and mother, we must face squarely, or be forever branded as cowards and evaders. Never in the history of the world, that is of the world of medicine and social purity and reform, have hands been held out to thinking, conscientious women so imploringly as they are held out just now. Science is crying to women to co-operate with its devotees, and work shoulder to shoulder with them in the crusade against vice and its resultant diseases,—diseases which are now frankly admitted to be quite as devastating upon the internal health of a nation as are such scourges as tuberculosis and cancer. No mother hesitates to warn her children against the risk of contagion from either of these diseases; she does not hesitate to tell them exactly how to avoid any risk of infection from diptheria, measles or typhoid—in fact she would consider herself as very lacking in supervision and education did she fail to do so. But in nineteen cases out of twenty, boys and girls alike are launched forth into the world to find their own feet, without one single syllable of warning regarding the risk they will run of infection from venereal diseases.

I know the word is an ugly one—so ugly that sensitive ears shrink from even seeing it in print sometimes. I know that pure women are still supposed by some old-fashioned people to know nothing whatever about the existence of vicious diseases, or if they have a suspicion, at any rate they must never betray their knowledge—I am fully aware this has been the accepted code up to today for I have suffered bitterly for my own refusal to be bound by convention and inherited prejudice and therefore have all sympathy with others similarly placed. I know too, that women are often seized with a sensation of actual physical nausea at the first mention of such diseases and all that they imply, and experience a repulsion and loathing sufficient to make them wish to bury their heads ostrich-like in the sand forever and try to forget, rather than look with unveiled eyes upon the facts—loathsome and revolting and sadly undeniable facts as they are. Truth to tell, I should not think much of a woman who does not experience such sensations—I have felt them myself, and I know others who have suffered too. But there is one thing that should instil courage and resolution, and that is—that it is the very women who shrink and shudder most who are the ones in whose hands the real power lies to put things right, and that knowledge should be sufficient to enable any right-minded woman, after she has fought and overcome her elementary repulsion, to come forth and lend a hand in cleaning out the Augean Stables of humanity. It is such women as these to whom the world is looking to raise and carry forward the Banner of Purity rather than let its folds be engulfed in the mire of selfish oblivion.

And so I ask you all, every individual mother, and mother-to-be amongst you, to think before you turn away in shuddering horror from the prospect presented to you, to think the matter out—and having thought it out—to bring all the influence you possess to bear upon the fathers and potential fathers to think it out also, and then, with unflinching courage to go forward with the same determination with which you would face the unpalatable prospect of, say for instance, cleaning up a house which had been left in a filthy condition by the people who had vacased it. No self respecting woman, were she suddenly plumped down in an edifice left with reeking floors and stained walls would say with blithe irresponsibility—

"Oh, I'll just lay a few carpets down and put up a few pictures and hangings and forget what is underneath."

Any more than if she found a leak-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 42)

### Necessary Light

**WAR conditions, which have brought to public light the overpowering facts relative to the prevalence of social diseases, have made plain that the right education is urgently needed on this subject. There has been widespread enquiry for the information, and Everywoman's World assumes the burden of the delicate and perhaps thankless task of supplying it in the nicest, purest and best possible form. We have had the most exhaustive and careful research made in order that we may be able to give to Canadian parents the information that will be helpful to them—either in the safeguarding of their own homes, or in the broader interests of community work.**

*As if made to your order*

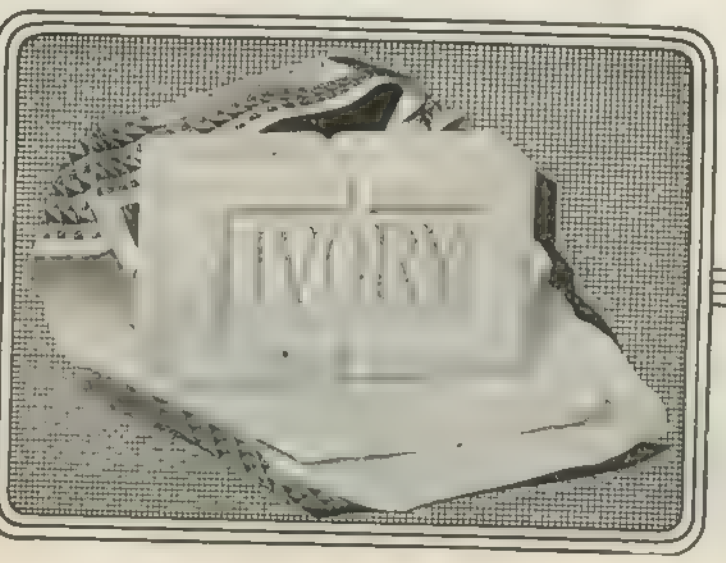
Ivory Soap is white. Ivory Soap is pure. Ivory Soap contains no harsh materials of any kind. Ivory Soap lathers quickly, copiously, bubblingly. Ivory Soap contains no unsaponified oil to retard rinsing. Ivory Soap floats. Ivory Soap sells for a few cents. Ivory Soap combines all the qualities you like.

IVORY SOAP

IT FLOATS

99 44/100 % PURE

*Made in the Procter & Gamble factories at Hamilton, Canada*



# Montreal—Canada's Metropolis

## A Travelogue That Takes One Particularly into the Old Historic Section of the City

*By MARY M. MURPHY.*

*A panoramic view of one section of Montreal from Mount Royal, with Victoria Bridge in the distance*

THERE have been many illuminating sketches written, of Montreal. They have been penned—the majority of them—by that class of tourist who sees Canada in a week and writes about it in a day. The writer has in mind several pen pictures painted by well-meaning Englishmen who have come to this country on tours of inspection, presumably for the purpose of settling for all time the doubts; solving the problems that exist in the minds of their fellow countrymen, in regard to this particular star in the colonial diadem. And so they come! They see! And they write! (More's the pity!) They pass Halifax with a cursory glance, and proceed to Quebec. The old citadel town baffles them. So they shrug their shoulders—or, mayhap, affix their monocles and depart. But Montreal! Ah, that is different. There is food for thought. What a combination of the modern and the antique, the commercial and the artistic! They locate—by means of a guide-book—Mount Royal Park, Dominion Square, and Notre Dame Church and gather thereby impressions to spread over two chapters.

This little chat concerning Montreal offers no pretence of illuminating impressiveness. It may not have the spontaneousness of first impressions. But such hasty opinion and Montreal can scarcely be called akin. To understand the city, one must know it, and to know it one must have lived in it, mingled with its citizens, become familiar with its customs. Much as this is desirable with any city, it is necessary in Montreal.

It is a metropolis where To-day has for a constant background—Yesterday. Past and present move side by side like substance and shadow. Relics of past glory, mementos of early battles, are there linked with the achievements of these later days. There is an atmosphere about the place that one ever afterwards will associate with Montreal only.

THREE aspects of consideration are thrust upon the visitor: its home life; the magnitude of its commerce; and its historic reminiscences.

The Royal Mount is studded with fine residences, and the other sections of the western end of the city are distinctly in contrast with the centre, or business section and the alluring, dirty east end. Yet here and there, in unexpected places, one comes across a regal old residence lacking all the modern austerity; telling the story of the past.

Commercially, Montreal is the capital of the Dominion. As is well known, the city lies at the extremity of a fertile island thirty miles in length and ten in breadth, clasped by the waters of the St. Lawrence and the Ottawa, whose confluence was inevitably destined to bestow on any city absolute control of an enormous inland navigation. It is not surprising then that the scene of Montreal's greatest animation is the shore of the St. Lawrence. Although a thousand miles from the open ocean, it has there a river frontage of three miles curbed by a series of stone quays. Here, when the river is open, ships and steamers of all sizes are discernible, from simple river craft to trans-Atlantic liners. Metaled paths extend for miles, along which roll back and forth a multitude of freight cars. Everywhere, the sable plume of commerce waves triumphant. The steamers heap their furnaces, and elevators extract grain from barges, or shoot the precious product into empty holds. It must be remembered that Montreal is the greatest grain port of America, taking precedence of New York in the quantity handled.

There is no Canadian industry that is without representation in Montreal markets, and her manufactures have a world-wide repute.

In the centre town district the commercial atmosphere naturally predominates. Along St. Catharine Street, the main business artery, an almost ceaseless and endless stream of humanity flows, branching at frequent intervals into channels equally important though not so noticeably congested. St. James' Street is known as the Wall Street of the Metropolis. Along either side range the immense banking houses. The atmosphere is tense. One feels that one has no right to be obtrusive—that an air of respectful quiet should be preserved, for indeed, beyond the many massive portals, are momentous financial problems under consideration.

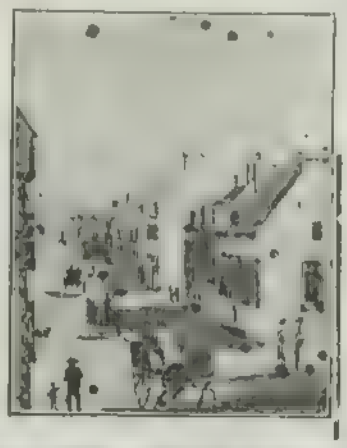
Yet one rather expects prosperity, pursuit of big interests, and general activity in a city of over half a million souls. These are the visible elements in any city of that size. From these, do visiting critics generally gather impressions. They may suppose the existence of these conditions in an hour and find thereby, food for a chapter or two.

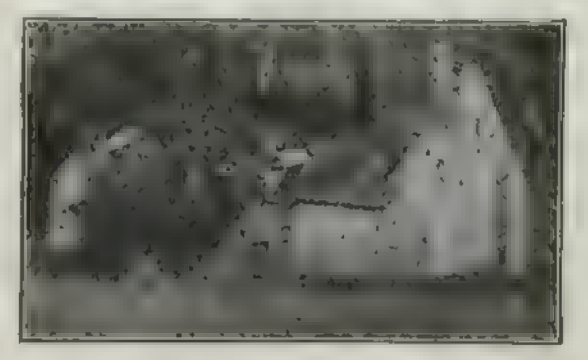
BUT Montreal is interesting not alone for what it does but for what it is, and more particularly, for what it has been. It is its third aspect of consideration that is irresistible. Its historic reminiscences grip one, carry one back centuries, prompt one to cry out: "Behold, side by side with all that stands for progress and modern efficiency, is Canada still in the embryo."

*Christ Church, on St. Catharine street, as it appeared in early days.*

*To the left, is the corner of Francois-Xavier and Notre Dame sts., as it appeared in pioneer times*

*To the right, is the same corner today filled with the bulk of the huge Transportation Building.*





*Ruins of La Salle's house on the Lachine Road.*

*Chateau de Ramezay—the home of the Governor—now a historic museum.*

As soon as one strikes the section known as lower town, this becomes apparent. On every side, the old flat-fronted early French architecture confronts one. And yet, even here, the realization is borne to one that the place is a marvellous city of contrasts. This particular section is unsullied by the march of civilization except that here and there, beside tumble-down houses, stands an up-to-date building; that branching off from a broad square (undoubtedly cleared, for modern purposes) are narrow lanes, started on either side by structures quaintly reminiscent of mediaeval times, with their rusted iron shutters, and narrow, arch set doors.

Notre Dame Street is a Mecca for students of Canadian history. It was a thoroughfare of some prestige in the early days; in truth a residential avenue which boasted the nobility among its habitues. To-day, when standing on Jacques Cartier Square one sees the City Hall, the Court House, with the Champs de Mars in the background, Nelson's Monument, and the far-famed Bonsecours Market, at different points of the compass.

A word about that market—there is not its equal on the American continent. On market days, twenty-two thousand farmers—think of it, 22,000—assemble to dispose of their produce. A scene worth witnessing is presented these days. Montreal housewives, having become imbued with the spirit of thrift and economy, insist upon doing their own marketing. It is indeed a heterogeneous, not to say cosmopolitan crowd that bargains and buys, buys and bargains.

Only a few steps away is the church of Notre Dame, an edifice the magnificence of which is only rivalled by some of the marvellous structures in the old world. It is capable of seating 18,000 people. Its bell is the third largest in the world, taking eighteen men to ring it. This is done only three times a year—Christmas, New Year's Day and Easter. Ordinarily, a smaller set of chimes are used.

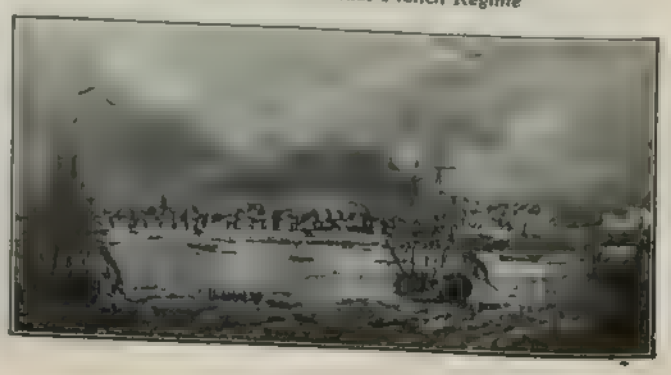
Behind the church is a chapel which cost $240,000. It is worked out in inlaid oak. In the sacristy are fourteen oil paintings which were presented by Louis XIV of France, to the first church in Montreal. Beside Notre Dame is the old Seminary of St. Sulpice erected and occupied by the priests of that order, the founders of Montreal (then known as Ville Marie). In the garden that stretches from the Seminary to the church are the ruins of the old cafe which was the rendezvous of the nobles, there being an underground passage from there to their quarters, for protection from the Indians. The old stone wall still stands, with its loop-holes for musketry, etc. Notre Dame was originally in the middle of the street. It is admirably illustrated in one of the pictures reproduced herewith, in which is also shown the new church in the background without the towers, and the church as it stands to-day, inset in the right hand corner.

Montreal has been rightly called the "City of Churches." Their number, and their magnificence impress one at every turn. In the heart of the city, St. James' Church stands, a replica of St. Peter's, at Rome. On St. Catharine Street, loom the towers of Christ Church Cathedral. It is interesting to note, in connection with this, that in the photograph presented here, the church is surrounded by newly made excavations and elements of construction.

To-day the same spot is almost the axis of the commercial district. When originally designed and built, the tower was twenty feet higher than it is now. It was necessary, on account of the boggy land, to reduce it to that extent.

*Burning of the Parliament Buildings*

*Montreal Harbor under French Regime*



THERE is scarcely a historic spot in Montreal that has not been marked by a tablet. One finds them in most unexpected places. Some are in French, and those of later date, in English. On Place d'Armes Square, on a stone of fair proportions appears the inscription:

"Near this square, afterwards named La Place d'Armes, the Founders of Ville Marie first encountered the Iroquois whom they defeated, Paul Chomedy de Maisonneuve killing the chief with his own hands, March, 1644."

After reading this and similar inscriptions, one becomes weirdly introspective. One remembers that Montreal was, in those days, a far more dangerous place of habitation than Quebec, being much less protected from attack than the well-situated fortress on Cape Diamond, and lying farther west, in a territory swarming with decidedly unfriendly savages. Less than two centuries since, the fields near Montreal had to be tilled by bands of armed men under the eyes of soldiers ready at a moment's notice to defend them.

To-day, when standing in such safe and beautiful enclosures as the Place d'Armes and Dominion Square, it seems incredible that two centuries ago no one could venture even a little distance into the adjoining country without a serious risk of being scalped.

Still clinging to things historic—and they are almost innumerable—one can spend an interesting and enlightening two or three days in Chateau de Ramezay. This old structure is the haunt of the student and the antiquary. It was built more than two hundred years ago by Claude de Ramezay, then Governor of Montreal. If the American Congressional Commission, comprising Benjamin Franklin, Chase and Carroll, who sat there for days and nights arguing, pleading, insisting that Canada should unite with the thirteen states in their rebellion against England, had prevailed; if the French Canadians had yielded, what would the course of history have been? How would its trend of events have contrasted with the present? It is an interesting and curious speculation not without historical value of its own.

The Antiquarian and Numismatic Society of Montreal acquired the Chateau de Ramezay in 1895, after the building had passed through several vicissitudes of ownership, and made of it an Historical Portrait Gallery and Museum. One finds there, old oil paintings; portraits, the gifts of the descendants or adherents of the sitters themselves; coats of arms, documents and other priceless treasures.

It may not be amiss to mention here that some of the illustrations on these pages, notably the original appearance of Christ Church; the corner of Notre Dame and Francois-Xavier Street in early days, where now stands the Transportation Building, also reproduced; La Salle's old residence on the Lachine Road; the burning of the Parliament Buildings which resulted in their being moved to Ottawa; Montreal Harbor under French regime; the original church of Notre Dame and the laying of the corner stone of the Victoria Bridge, are all of considerable value, having been reproduced from the originals and secured exclusively for EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD.

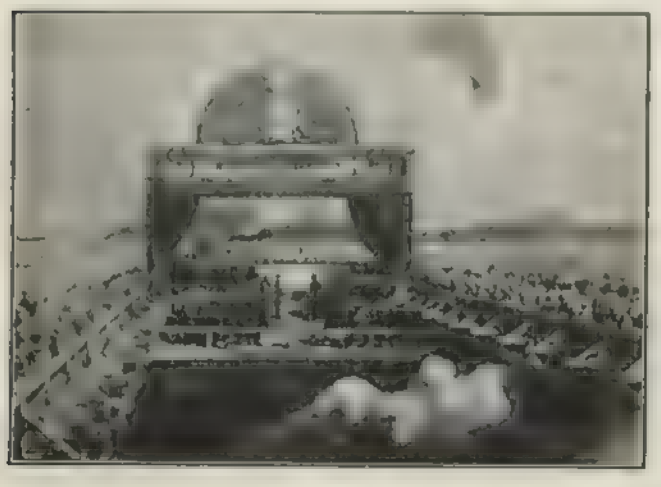
The city boasts numerous squares and parks, the two most noteworthy of which are Mount Royal Park and St. Helen's Island. The former covers the greater part of Mount Royal and is almost unrivaled in the category of suburban pleasure grounds.

St. Helen's Island was once the property and the home of Champlain's, wife whose name, indeed, it bears. It is a lovely spot in summer, with stately trees and smooth-napped lawns; and from its margin one obtains a charming panoramic vista of the city stretched along the adjacent shore.

*Original Church of Notre Dame in middle of road. Present church is inset.*

From an engineering standpoint the Victoria Bridge, which spans the St. Lawrence River at Montreal, ranks with the foremost structures of contemporary achievement. The Victoria Tubular Bridge which it replaced was built in 1860 and was at that time considered the eighth wonder of the world. But it became insufficient to meet the increase of traffic, and in October of 1897 the work of building the present stupendous structure was inaugurated.

There is something extremely lovable about Montreal. With its odd mixture of nationality, religion, progress and antiquity, it stands out in its own attractive, quaint way. It is an anomaly that Montreal, a commercial metropolis of the most pronounced type, should be the one Canadian city that most lends itself to idealization. It even surpasses Quebec in this. One is haunted by voices that for centuries have been silent on earth. The twentieth century clasps hands with some dim historic period. The result is bewildering. One sees Canadian life at its best and at its worst in Montreal. Its citizens are of a broadmindedness not found in any other Canadian city. They have the traditions of centuries behind them and the possibilities of an even more glorious future ahead. Montreal looms up as the epitome of what Canada has accomplished and what Canada can still do.



*Laying the Corner Stone of the Victoria Bridge*

# Mrs. Adam Shortt

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12)

Surely no woman here wishes to be the tail to any political kite or the tool of any man's political ambitions."

She has been very active in the cause of food conservation, and has recently delivered many addresses on food economy at various points in the Dominion.

Many tales could be told of incidents wherein Mrs. Shortt has attended public gatherings, special meetings, not to mention deputations where the presiding voice was distinctly man's. Her sang froid on such occasions is most noteworthy. She has a remarkable memory for details and an inexhaustible supply of facts and statistics with which to back any statement she makes, or to prove any points she is striving to emphasize. The result is that she generally achieves her purpose.

Mrs. Shortt is continually in demand. To-day, she is in Ottawa—next week in Halifax, two weeks hence in Vancouver, having been called to these cities to deliver addresses, to drive home to the women the necessity of some national movement. She is a marvelous organizer and in consequence she is kept busy organizing. Undoubtedly, there is no woman in Canada who has so wonderful a grasp on national affairs, who is so universally relied upon, and withal is so wholly unassuming. Mrs. Shortt is the master mind amongst Canada's public women. To her we hand the laurels due the leading woman in the Dominion.


All Made With Oats

# How We Reduced Our Table Cost

## With Delicious Quaker Oats

In the writer's home, when foods began to soar, we made a study of food values and costs. We figured by calories, because all rationing is based on this unit of nutrition.

We found that 1000 calories cost five cents in Quaker Oats. We found that in eggs the same nutrition cost over 40 cents.

**In steak it costs over 27 cts.**
**In ham, 19 cts.—In potatoes, 16 cts.**
**In bread and milk about 13 cts.**

Our average meal, measured by calories, cost four times as much as Quaker Oats. So I figured that every dollar's worth of Quaker Oats would save us about $3.

We used Quaker Oats in bread and muffins, in pancakes and cookies, as well as in porridge. Then I discovered that Quaker Oats made most things more delightful. That luscious flavor, found in no other grain food, has made our new meals twice better than the old.

We were missing all that before.

# Quaker Oats

*Just the Queen Oats Flaked*

Quaker Oats are made from only the rich, plump, flavory oats. In this selection a bushel of choice oats yields but ten pounds of Quaker.

So Quaker Oats has become world-famous for its wealth of flavor. Among oat lovers everywhere it is the favorite brand. Yet it costs no extra price.

The way to make oat foods doubly popular is to make them with Quaker Oats.

*30c and 12c per package in Canada and United States, except in far West where high freights may prohibit.*

### Quaker Oats Bread

2 cups Quaker Oats  6 cups flour
2 cups boiling water
½ cup molasses  ½ tablespoon salt
1 tablespoon butter or other fat
1 cake compressed yeast dissolved in ½ cup lukewarm water

Add boiling water to oats and let stand one hour, add molasses, salt, butter or fat, dissolved yeast cake and flour. Let rise until double in bulk. Knead thoroughly and shape into loaves. Put into greased bread pans, let rise until double in bulk and bake 45 minutes.

This recipe makes two loaves.

### Quaker Oats Muffins

2-3 cup uncooked Quaker Oats, 1½ cups flour, 1 cup scalded milk, 1 egg, 4 level teaspoons baking powder, 2 tablespoons melted butter, ½ teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons sugar.

Turn scalded milk on Quaker Oats, let stand five minutes; add sugar, salt and melted butter; sift in flour and baking powder; mix thoroughly and add egg well beaten. Bake in buttered gem pans.

### Quaker Oats Sweetbits

1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2½ cups uncooked Quaker Oats.

Cream butter and sugar. Add yolks of eggs. Add Quaker Oats, to which baking powder has been added, and add vanilla.

Beat whites of eggs stiff and add last. Drop on buttered tins with a teaspoon, but very few on each tin, as they spread. Bake in slow oven. Makes about 65 cookies.

Peterboro Canada — **The Quaker Oats Company** — Saskatoon Canada

1810

# NEXT TIME

you send a parcel to your soldier friend in training or at the front, don't forget to put in some Zam-Buk. The soldiers say they cannot get enough of it.

Capt. Brooks, No. 4 Company, 7th Battalion, writing from the front, says: "Tell my friends, if they want to help us, we should be awfully glad of some Zam-Buk. We find it just splendid, and can use all that is sent us."

Nothing takes the place of Zam-Buk amongst the soldiers. They use it for rheumatism, blistered feet, sore hands, cuts, burns and scratches. Being antiseptic, Zam-Buk prevents festering and blood-poisoning. For eczema, or any skin trouble, it is equally good, and for piles there is nothing to compare with Zam-Buk.

All druggists and stores, or Zam-Buk Co., Toronto. 50c. box, 3 for $1.25.

Zam-Buk

# GIVEN TO GIRLS

**This beautiful stylish muff will keep you lovely and warm this winter and it is so handsome and dressy that you will be the envy of all your friends. It is every newest pillow shape, exactly as shown, and is lined throughout with fine quality brocaded satin, and will give you years of wear and satisfaction, and positively, set will not wear out.**

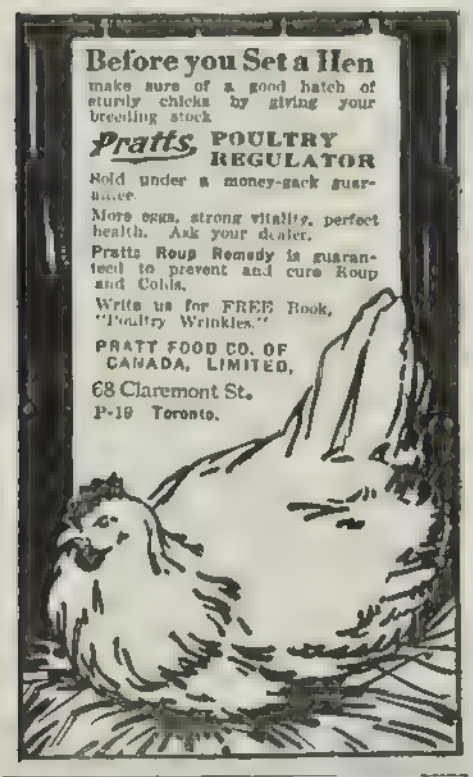
With each muff we will give you this beautiful silver finished imported Mesh Bag with fine coin and finger ring. It is exactly as illustrated and just the most convenient bag to carry with a muff. Muff bags like this sell at every high price in the best jewellery stores.

We are prepared to give away 1000 of these handsome muffs and an equal quantity of these beautiful bags, to quickly introduce "Fairy Berries", the delightful new Cream Candy Coated Breath Perfume that every one just loves. Send your name and address and we will send you **Free** a big sample package, and just as big an assortment of 100 packages to introduce among your friends. Open your sample package and ask all your friends to try a "Fairy Berry." They'll like them so much you'll soon sell them in an hour. Just two or three Fairy Berries will perfume the breath, purify the mouth, and leave a delicious fragrance. They are irresistible.

Return our $4.50 when the breath tips are sold and we'll promptly forward both muff and mesh bag, all charges paid. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write to-day to

**The Fairy Berry Co., Dept. M 4 Toronto, 2a**




Before you Set a Hen
make sure of a good hatch of sturdy chicks by giving your breeding stock
Pratts POULTRY REGULATOR
Sold under a money-back guarantee.
More eggs, strong vitality, perfect health. Ask your dealer.
Pratts Roup Remedy is guaranteed to prevent and cure Roup and Colds.
Write us for FREE Book, "Poultry Wrinkles."
PRATT FOOD CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED,
68 Claremont St.
P-19 Toronto.

# HORLICK'S

**Malted Milk for the Home**

A nourishing food-drink for All Ages. Anywhere at anytime. Delicious, sustaining. No cooking.


# EXPERIMENT KITCHEN

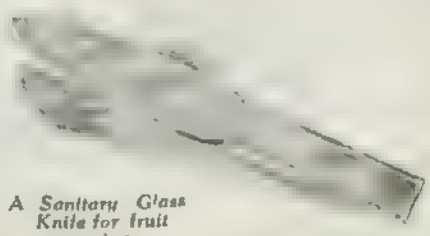
## Little Things That Have Big Significance

By KATHERINE M. CALDWELL, B.A.

A GOOD housekeeper cannot always be known by her tools, as the old saying assures us we can judge a good workman; every one of us can point to some woman who has little equipment but a broom, a dish-cloth and a few saucepans, who has yet earned a jolly good reputation as a cook and a housekeeper.

But such a woman succeeds "through the toil of hands"—and of feet and back and brain! She misses, too, the satisfaction that is known only to the possessor of shining utensils and helpful little devices.

For instance, the season of large fruits is with us—fruits that we pare or cut, in serving or in cooking them. And either for speed or because their skins may be tough or thick, we often use a steel knife; so, observation teaches us, does every member of the household—each being careful to select a different one—a knife



*A Sanitary Glass Knife for fruit paring*

scoured and polished to a mirror-like sheen.

The woman who knows the heartbreak of removing those heavy rust-like stains, will welcome the sanitary and attractive glass knife that is so quickly becoming popular. It is made of a specially hardened glass that, given reasonably careful treatment, will not be at all likely to break. The edge is sharpened to go cleanly through the most hardened lemon or toughened and reluctant apple skin. This knife will quickly popularize itself with the whole household.

Something else that the family will appreciate is a lamp that is different from the coal-oil lamp, we all know so well—with its wick that chars so regularly and is so perverse when one tries to trim it straight.

This lamp follows the principle that gas-lighting has so generally adopted—the use of a mantle.

It is fed by coal-oil like an ordinary lamp, but resembles it little in the light it gives—a steady, clear, white light, that is excellent to sew or read by. The bowl of the lamp is large, holding a good supply of oil, and it stands high enough to diffuse the light generously and impartially.

### Small Kitchen Helps.

TO return to the housewife's particular territory—a new bread board that has a simple system for holding the loaf squarely and guiding the knife, will meet with real approval. A smooth board is fitted with strong metal bars at one side and at one end. The loaf is placed against these two brackets.

Two tall brackets that fit over the loaf, guide the knife which is placed between them. The thickness of the slice is regulated by the little end wire, for which there are three sets of holes at varying distances from the knife-guard. To get the thinnest slice, you place the wire in the nearest holes and move it out if you want thicker bread, say for toasting purposes. The price is fifty cents, or by mail, ten cents extra to cover packing and postage.

If one has also a real bread-saw like the one illustrated, slicing a whole baking of bread would scarcely look formidable. Finely tempered and keen, this knife commends itself particularly to women. It, too, is sixty cents by mail.

A little article, for separating eggs, can be bought for ten cents, and is a pet possession of many housewives. It is a small metal disc, shaped like a saucer with a handle, and made to sit comfortably on an average-sized cup. Two perforations almost complete a circle, about two inches in diameter. The little island in the centre catches the egg-yolk, the white slips neatly through the cut. No punctured yolk, at the last moment—and many minutes saved.

Another little convenience that is tremendously worth a nail to itself, just above the sink, is a cleanser for pots and pans that seems to have a streak of magic in it. It is merely a bit of coarse warp woven with fine copper shavings, and has a loop at one corner to hang it up by. Plates on which gravy or egg or some other stubborn foods have hardened, a pan coated with white sauce or greasy soup, the porcelain sink—all these will yield promptly and gracefully to a few rubs of the little metal-cloth, which can be purchased for fifteen cents.

For the woman who knows either the joys of a well-adjusted cover on her ironing-board, or the sorrows of a loose and wrinkled one, comes a set of clamps that will fasten the ironing sheet closely and neatly. There are four in the set, each one consisting of a closely coiled spring, several inches long, with sharp hooks at each end. You fold the sheet over the board, and stick one hook into it; draw it tight, stretch the spring, and thrust in the other hook. Do the same at the other end of your board, smooth the sheet between, and clamp it tightly at two intermediate places. These hooks can be removed in a moment, if the sheet is to be washed or changed, and do way with the harassing uncertainty of pins or the old trouble of sewing and tacking. They are priced at half a dollar.

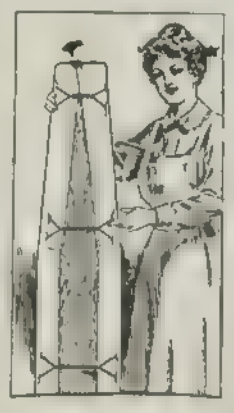
A small crimped metal roller on a handle, is useful to the baker of many pies. It has a handle on which the little crimper revolves, and also is fitted with a tiny blade for trimming the pastry around the edge of the dish. A quick run-round with the roller, and your upper and lower crusts are efficiently bound together and fluted.

*The housewife will look with approval upon this new and simple bread-cutter*

A rubber sink-stopper will make possible the thing you may often have wished for—some method of holding water in the sink as we do in the wash-basin. A flat rubber disk with a metal ring, will fit well over the drain in the bottom of the sink and the suction will hold it quite firmly in place. Fifteen cents is little to pay for the convenience such a stopper offers.

### Minute-Savers.

THE busy housekeeper who has much telephoning to do, will appreciate emancipation from looking up numbers that must be called frequently—especially if she is one of those unfortunate people who have to say most of their A.B.C.'s before they can locate N in the directory. A handy little contrivance that will fit right on to the telephone, is made like a window blind, with a tight spring roller. It is about three and a half inches wide, of glossy-surfaced linen, ruled off for names and number. A metal ring fits over the mouth-piece and another metal ring invited you to pull the little "blind" down until the number you want is revealed. When released, it will snap back. There is room to write in about fifty names and numbers—all the average person will require. These can be had from various dealers for fifty cents, post paid.



*A well-adjusted cover for the ironing board*

An accurate set of measuring spoons—all on one ring, in one place, whenever wanted! It is hard to think of more comfort that could be bought for fifty cents. The spoons are made of aluminum and those not in use will swing readily out of the way.

Something mother and baby will both appreciate is a plate that neither too strong a push nor a desire to play, can hurl

*A Lamp that is "different"*

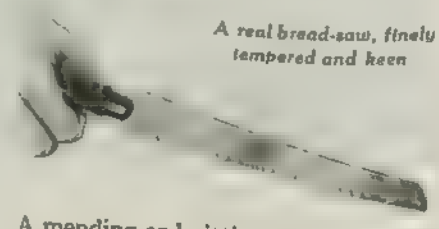
unexpectedly to the floor. This plate has an attachment which will lock it to the table or to the young person's high chair. It is deep, with a flange edge, that keeps the food in bounds—or in fact, helps baby capture it. Most important from the youthful point of view—there are pictures on the plate of attractive litle folk, or animals, or illustrated nursery rhymes, to keep one's mind in the pleasant state advocated as an aid to digestion.

Especially planned for the woman whose day holds much serving and no servants, is a combined dinner-wagon, dumb-waiter and helper. She may buy it in several designs and finishes which govern its price. Of a pleasing plainess, it is built like a small table with large wheeled castors that run it readily in any direction; a mere touch on the handle at either end will propel it. A complete version of the table wagon shows a broad top with a drawer for the silver that is required at every meal; it is also sometimes equipped with a serving tray. Two full-sized shelves below will carry all the dishes in or out at one time. The wheels are of the swivel variety and are rubber-tired. This quiet, efficient helper will be of the greatest service in the kitchen. Made of oak or mahogany, with a charming service tray to match, and in a low style with only one under shelf, it becomes a tea-wagon and may be wheeled into the drawing-room fully equipped to entertain one's most honored guests at the tea hour.

A flour sifter that has a good word to say for itself is made to hold just two cups of flour. It is marked like a measuring cup, and instead of a rotary mixer, is simply equipped with a strong side handle and a little lever that by a pressure of the thumb works an agitator with an up-and-down motion. This enables you to hold and work the sifter with one hand and leaves the other free to stir the contents of your mixing bowl. It costs thirty-five cents, post paid.

If you have been in the habit of resting your ironing board one end on the table and the other on the back of a chair, at a height that is awkward and an angle that is precarious, you will like the idea of a little folding stand that will tuck up out of the way when not in use. Two uprights with a connecting cross-piece near the bottom that will not interfere with a skirt that is slipped over the board, hold it firmly and evenly, and at a convenient height for the average woman.

As a safeguard for clean floors and the housekeeper's good temper, there is nothing better than a metal footscraper firmly attached to the top step. It is made of heavy sheet steel and screws firmly at the side of the step, leaving an upright blade on which to scrape the sole of the shoe.



*A real bread-saw, finely tempered and keen*

A mending or knitting bag that has all the advantages of a table makes a strong appeal to the woman who likes her accessories to be becoming as well as useful. An astute manufacturer has evolved a splendid revision of the high work basket that stands beside one's chair but is too cumbersome to be readily carried about (besides being usually a rather expensive thing to buy). A dainty stand of white enameled wood, that will fold like a camp stool, supports a deep bag of prettily lined, figured cretonne. About thirty inches high, it is just right to stand beside one's comfiest chair. It will hold a whole frock that may be under construction or merely one's ball of wool, if knitting is the occupation of the moment.

In these days of the very careful use of fats, we do not want to waste even the little that is thrown away on the bit of paper used to grease a pan. A small article made for just this purpose has a convenient handle and a little pad that will fit well into the corners of the cake tins, greasing them evenly and smoothly. When not in use, it rests in a tiny tray, a neat little habit that recommends it at once.

# Canadians Can Write

## Literary Accomplishments in Canada within the past year

*By HUGH S. EAYRS*

TO the making of books there is no end. The making of Canadian books, by Canadians, for Canadians, is but in its beginning. The year of 1917, however, is proof positive of a very auspicious and fine beginning. Other years have not been sterile in production of Canadians, but the one just closed so far surpasses any that went before that those interested in this phase of our national growth will do well to stop, look and listen. It is very much to be questioned whether the average man in the street is aware of the progress we are making as a country along the line of producing a national literature of our own. When a railway company flings its steel another thousand miles into hitherto little-known and less-exploited territory we point with pride to the achievement—and promptly, in a fervor of half-blind patriotism grant another umpty-umpty millions to the railway. When our tables recording imports and exports show marked development of our trade we indulge in a warm glow and write articles by the score in which we pat ourselves on the national back. So we ought to do. But, conceivably, those who are doing something towards establishing Canada's name as the hall mark of good literature are contributing to the sum of the common weal, as much as these others who more conspicuously, and with much flagwaving, develop our concrete resources. The pen, in other words, is as mighty as a mile of steel or Sir George Foster's statistics—potentially.

Baldly, Canadians have produced this year the following totals of books. The figures err on the side of conservatism:

Fiction: Fifteen volumes; Poetry: Thirteen volumes; Books on the Great War: Seven: Books on National Affairs: Twelve; Letters and Art: Three; Books on Travel: One or more.

Let us take the fiction first. Here is a record of very solid achievement. We have some of our stand-bys represented by a novel, in some cases marking progress, in others—not doing so. The most important novel of the year by a Canadian is by a comparatively unknown author, Alan Sullivan. It is "The Inner Door," a story of the conflict between capital and labor in Canada. Mr. Sullivan has done a good deal of short story work, and some really exquisite verse. He has also previously published a book or two. This new novel, however, places him in the front rank. Reviewers from near and far accord it a great deal of praise. As the Montreal "Star" remarks, it "marks a real stage in Canadian novelistic literature." Mr. Sullivan's novel certainly stands first in the Canadian fiction of 1917. L. M. Montgomery drags from the little waif Anne yet more material for novelizing and produces a thin enough story in "Anne's House of Dreams." The brightest thing about this is its decorated cover. Madge Macbeth, who for some years has been turning out very excellent short stories, has published this year a first novel in "Kleath," which is a tale of the Klondike. I should be inclined to place this second only to Mr. Sullivan's achievement. Thoughtful readers of Canadian and American publications have long been aware of Mrs. Macbeth's genius, and this first novel is of unusual merit. Quite one of the best stories published this year, either by Canadian or any other publishers, is Edith Wherry's, "A Wanderer on a Thousand Hills." The Montreal lady who gives us this deserves our thanks for one of the most finished masterpieces of serious fiction we have read for a long time. The scene is laid in China, and if the author has not been there, she has managed mighty well to secure her atmosphere and to pass it on.

Nellie McClung, whose word is apparently worth a great deal, either delivered or written, is responsible for "The Next of Kin," a series of stories of "those who wait and wonder." It is but indifferently good, and certainly does not come up to Mrs. McClung's earlier stories. It is on the cards that those who waited for it, must have wondered why they waited. It is a collection of shallow tales, and marks no advance on previous work, but rather retrogression. Isabel Ecclestone Mackay, on the other hand, has produced a markedly good novel in "Up the Hill and Over," which is one of the best pictures of small town life in Canada that has yet appeared. This author is doing notable work, and has more chance, perhaps, than anyone who has appeared so far of producing a series of romances dealing with the real Canada, much as Allen Raine did for Wales, and Cynthia Stockley for Rhodesia.

Stephen Leacock, who has apparently decided to get worse by each succeeding book, turns out "Frenzied Fiction." It is very frenzied stuff, indeed, and will disappoint many who saw in his "Sunshine Sketches" an intensely interesting book.

H. A. Cody, one of the most virile of Canadian authors, has done splendidly in "Under Sealed Orders" a story of the kind which is assured popular success. Ralph Connor, amid a flourish of trumpets, hands out "The Major," hailed for the Canadian public as The Great Canadian Novel, and for the public across the border as A Great American Novel.

*Mr. Alan Sullivan, Author of "The Inner Door."*

Doubtless in England it is represented as a Great English Novel, and in Zambesi would be a Great Zambesian Novel. It is not Mr. Gordon at his best. If he would get back to Glengarry he would do better (though this criticism may be regarded as an example of dignity and impudence).

Percival Cooney's novel, "Kinsmen," is an important contribution to Canadians and deserves wide reception. Its locale, the Ottawa Valley, is the background for a well written story. There should be more books from this author. He is little known but he is doing solidly good work. So, too, is E. W. Thomson who gives us a volume of "Old Man Savarin Stories." This is a reprint, with additions, of a book first issued in 1895. The writer of this article had never read these stories before, but he has vastly enjoyed them now. Vivid, intensely human, these tales, now twice told, must be regarded as assured of permanent place in our literature. There have been other stories; Isabel Pattersons's, "The Magpie's Nest," which is known to readers of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD; Basil King's, "The High Heart."; "The Amateur Diplomat," in which T. B. Costain and the present writer collaborated, are among them.

### *Canadian Poetry*

SO much for fiction. Even more, Canadian poetry has, this year, attained a high level, and we have volumes of which modern poets of established reputation might well afford to be proud. Choice for first place lies between Bernard Freeman Trotter's "Canadian Twilight and Other Poems," and Father Dollard's "Irish Lyrics and Ballads." The first is exquisite poetry. Lieutenant Trotter, like Rupert Brooke and Alan Seeger, died for humanity "over there," but he has left us a very real and vital memory of himself in these poems. I know little in the whole range of modern poetry more finished than his sonnet, "To Esther."

"I thought to-day, how, long and long ago,
Upon the beach at Santa Barbara,
And in the marble moon-washed pergola,
And up the canyon pathways treading slow,
We talked of England; and in words aglow
With the strange magic of that mighty name
Planned how, as pilgrims to the shrine of fame,
To our loved poets' England we would go.
Ah! happy dreams! but you will never stray
On Wordsworth's hills, listen to Shelley's lark;
And I, who thought no sterner part to play
Than pupil-idler, go with naked sword—
Cry: "Take and use!"—to England grim and stark,
Holding the pass 'gainst a barbarian horde.

James B. Dollard needs now no comment. His work places him at the very forefront. He is our premier lyricist, and his this year's book lives up to the great name, which, among cultured people, earlier verse had earned for him. Robert Norwood, whose poem, "The Witch of Endor" was a powerful piece of work, gives us "The Piper and the Reed." It is beautiful work. Mr. Norwood has the touch of the true music and his workmanship is fine and finished. It is a pity that, like others who were doing something for the cause of establishing Canada's claim as a producer of a national literature supremely worth while, he has left for the land across the way where his public may be larger and recognition that much more quick.

Some acknowledged poets are represented by a volume this year. Katherine Hale has a slender collection in "The New Joan and Other Poems." Anne Bethune McDougall gives us "Songs of our Maple Saplings." Margaret Buller Allan, along another line, is certainly to be congratulated upon her "Rhyme Garden for Children." L. M. Montgomery, holidaying from her companionship with the immortal Anne, has "The Watchman and Other Poems." Virna Sheard made herself heard with a slim volume, "Carry On." T. A. Browne, of Ottawa, has one or two good things in an otherwise wretched collection, "The Belgian Mother." Albert Durant Watson's "Heart of the Hills" is up to Doctor Watson's usually high standard. A notably good volume of poetry is by Sir Clive Phillips Wooley, and is called "Songs from a Young Man's Land." It is strong, virile verse, and many, like the present writer, will infinitely prefer it to Service's work. F. O. Call has published a small book of promising verse under the title of "In a Belgian Garden."

In war books, there are a number of excellent things. In fact, this is the surprising development this year. Easily first is Private Peat's story, "Private Peat," who spent "two years in hell" and is "back with a smile." He is an Edmonton boy, and he has managed to crowd more of the graphic and vital of the Great War from the rank man's point of view into his story than one gets in almost any other narrative. Private Peat is to be congratulated. Col. G. C. Nasmith writes well, if somewhat drily, in "Fringe of the Great Fight." Lt.-Col. McKelvey Bell does the same with his "First Canadians." We have further correspondence from the "Sunny Subaltern," in "More Letters from Billy," but they do not come up to the first batch, nor will they find the same large public. Ralph W. Bell has produced a worthwhile book in his "Canada in War Paint." Mr. Bell writes well. He uses good English, for which, these days, the saints be praised, and his book is that of a cultured stylist who has something to say and can make it worth listening to. Louis Keene, a Montrealer, gives us "Crumps," which is the plain taleof a Canadian Who Went. It is good, and the illustrations, the author's own, are an added attraction. Clifford Almon Wells is only mediocre in "From Montreal to Vimy Ridge and Beyond."

A mere list of books dealing with national affairs must suffice. Those by Z. A. Lash, M. O. Hammond, E. B. Biggar and John Hunt, are the outstanding titles in a list which is all good:

Z. A. Lash—"Defence and Foreign Affairs"; M. O. Hammond—"Confederation and its Leaders"; E. B. Biggar—"Canadian Railway Problem"; John Hunt—"Dawn of a New Patriotism"; W. H. Merritt—"Canada and National Service"; W. H. Moore—"Railway Nationalization and the Average Citizen"; Lash, Wrong, Willison and Falconer—"Federation of Canada"; J. O. Miller (Ed.)—"The New Era in Canada"; J. A. Macdonald—"The North American Idea"; Stephen Leacock—"Canadian

(Continued on page 46)

LUX

Clean, Soft, Unshrunken

Never rub woollens. It thickens and hardens them. Just soak and stir gently about in tepid LUX suds—rinse and press the water out and hang to dry. The silken flakes of pure essence of soap make woollens as soft, fleecy and light as when new. Try LUX to-day.

*British made, by*
Lever Brothers Limited
Toronto

At all grocers

WON'T SHRINK WOOLLENS

39

DO YOU USE MUSIC
If so, you want these folios
"MAMMOTH FOLIO"
of
Instrumental Piano Music 288 full-size pages of the **World's most famous compositions.**
"EMPIRE SONG FOLIO"
288 full size pages of Best Secular and Sacred Solos and duets, a **real song Treasury**, for medium voice.
Printed on Best Music Paper, from Engraved Plates and positively the finest of their kind ever offered.
From all First Class Music Dealers or publishers direct. 75 cents postpaid.
**WHALEY, ROYCE & COMPANY, Ltd.**
Winnipeg, Man. - Toronto, Can.

FREE

GIRLS!

Without spending a single penny you can easily obtain this beautiful Pendant and Chain, a sparkling gold filled Brilliant Ring and a handsome Imported Bracelet Watch, just like the finest jewellery stores sell at $5.00 to $10.00 each. This handsome gold finished Pendant is the very newest design, and has a sparkling manufactured Ruby or Sapphire setting, with lovely Pearlet drop. Its chain has fine close links and is full 15 inches long. The beautiful ring is warranted gold filled and is set with three beautiful brilliants that sparkle like diamonds. Each girl can also win the beautiful little Wrist Watch with its reliable imported movement and porcelain dial—just the prettiest and neatest watch you have ever seen.

Girls, write to-day and we will send you just 25 big handsome bottles of our delightful "Princess Royale" perfumes, which we want you to introduce among your friends at only 10c per bottle. We send six lovely odors, White Rose, Lily of the Valley, Wood Violet, Carnation, etc., and they are so sweet that everybody buys a bottle or two at once.

Return our money, only $2.50, when the perfume is sold, and we will at once send, all postage paid, the beautiful Pendant and Chain, and the gold filled Ring, just as represented and the lovely Watch, as well, you can also receive without selling any more goods for just showing your fine prizes to your friends and getting only five of them to sell our goods and earn fine prizes as you did. Don't delay. Write to-day. Address

THE REGAL MANUFACTURING CO.
DEPT. C., 4 TORONTO

**Artificial limbs are admitted DUTY FREE. SOLDIERS and others should get the best**

Erickson Artificial Limb Co. 34 Wash. Av. N., Minneapolis, Minn.

**Poultry Book** Latest and best yet! 140 pages, 215 beautiful pictures; hatching, rearing, feeding and disease information. Describes busy Poultry Farm handling 58 pure-bred varieties. Tells how to choose fowls, eggs, incubators, sprouters. This book worth dollars mailed for 10 cents.
Barry's Poultry Farm, Box 29, Clarinda, Iowa

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR
LET EJECTHAIR destroy yours FOREVER. NO PAIN, NO HARM, cannot fail. Cheapest and only guaranteed Treatment of its kind. Different to others which only remove the hair over-night. Send 15c for a sample.
MANAGERESS, 997 Goff Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

# A Large Piano In A Small Case

MUCH care should be devoted to the selection of a piano. It is the most important article that goes into the making of a home. It is an investment necessary but once in an ordinary life-time. Necessary, we say, because the pleasure and satisfaction to be derived from owning a good piano should not be denied any Canadian family.

## The NORDHEIMER Miniature Upright

This wonderful little instrument might well be likened to the English sovereign—it is indeed "pure gold"—with its cost of production in the piano action and mechanism rather than in unnecessary case-embellishment. There is real economy in buying such an instrument and a musical satisfaction equal to that obtainable from the larger and more costly instruments. In appearance, it has that simplicity which is the truest form of art—and it possesses a tone so rich and beautiful that all who hear it marvel at such wonderful musical quality in so small and compact a case.

It is a piano of which you will feel proud when musical friends call. You will choose this instrument, if you judge a piano by tone—also you must prefer it if you consider "dollars-and-cents" value.

The price of this piano has **not** as yet been increased, in spite of the greatly-increased prices we have to pay for everything that goes into its manufacture.

Since 1840 the House of Nordheimer has been selling instruments of such value to the people of Canada as to gain the unquestioned right of leadership. To know that your piano is a "Nordheimer" is an absolute assurance that the instrument is all that we claim, and all that you can ask, in true piano quality.

The Nordheimer Miniature Upright is offered (East of Fort William) to customers who buy direct from us, at the price of $400.

Write for Design Book of Nordheimer Pianos and full particulars of the Nordheimer line. Address Dept. E.

## NORDHEIMER'S

COR. YONGE AND ALBERT STS., TORONTO

CANADIAN PACIFIC

CALIFORNIA

OFFERS UNSURPASSED ATTRACTIONS FOR

THE

WINTER TOURIST

Warm Sea Bathing—Golf—Tarpon Fishing, etc.

Home-like, moderate-priced Resorts as well as The More Palatial Hotels

CHOICE OF ROUTES—

See That At Least One Portion of Your Ticket Reads.

"Via Canadian Pacific Rockies"

*Particulars from Canadian Pacific Ticket Agents, or W. B. Howard, District Passenger Agent, Toronto*

# WHAT KIND OF MEN SHOULD THESE GIRLS MARRY?

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8)

appreciate her talents; he is of the happy disposition that would prevent her from doing undue worrying, and at the same time he just needs the spur of her ambition and the direction of her consistency of purpose to make him successful. Between Girl No. 2 and Man No. 2 there would be the strongest kind of mutual attraction.

Girl No. 3 is of still a different type from Nos. 1 and 2. Like No. 1 she has energy, business ability and intelligence, but she has far more physical strength and vitality, and rather less self reliance. Man No. 3 on the other hand, has idealism, optimism, self reliance, but needs the co-operation of someone with her practical business ability. He is inclined to neglect his own interests in the pursuit of his ideals. She will teach him to give due consideration to his own interests. He is temperamentally somewhat changeable, in danger of switching from one interest in life to another, perhaps succeeding in a conspicuous way at times, yet failing to make a complete success of his life because of his lack of a consistent purpose throughout. She could appreciate his ideals, and yet being temperamentally conservative would tend to steady his purposes. She would hold him to a consistent life plan, and prevent him from limiting his real usefulness in the world by his excess of generosity.

### *Society and Religion*

OF course, there are other considerations in marriage besides those that relate to physical and mental characteristics. Social standing is one, and too great a difference in the society in which people have grown up may cause great lack of harmony even in people otherwise well mated. Religion is an important factor, for differences of religious belief and practice which may seem trifles in the moonlight may become mountains of separation in later life, and, therefore, I would never advise a Mohammedan to marry a Shintoist, nor even a Protestant to marry a Catholic. From the standpoint of future happiness any girl is wise to select a husband from her own social and religious circles if possible. No beliefs are more tenaciously held than religious beliefs, and in time of stress and trouble no practices are so tenaciously held to as those that relate to the religious beliefs that have been learned in childhood. Such is the very nature of man.

### *Success in Marriage*

MONEY, family, and companionship, these three are the considerations then in marriage.

Financial success demands the association of those who can complement each other; each strong where the other is weak; each supporting the other in one point, and looking to the other for support in another.

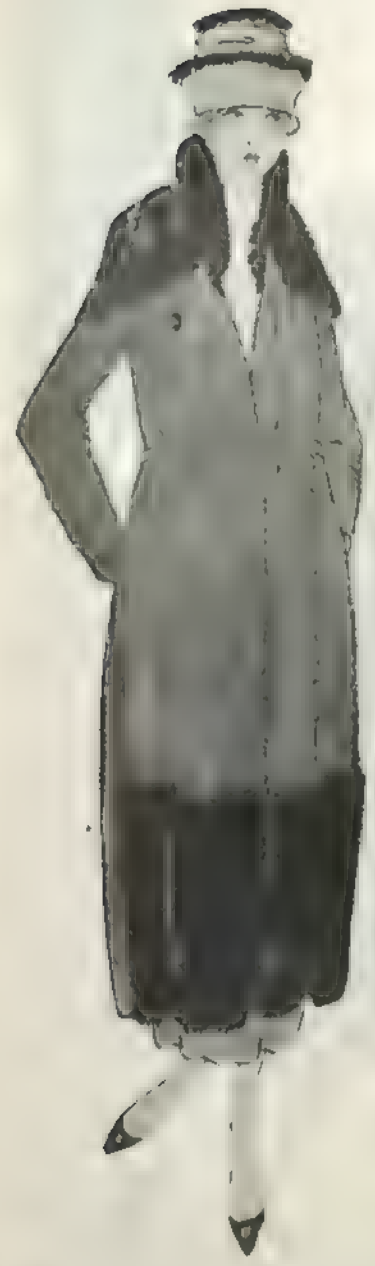
Family success, the best interests of children, demand again that parents complement each other, each parent offsetting the weaknesses of the other, that the children may be better balanced, more normal, which is to say on the whole, more efficient than either.

Companionship demands, in the first place, mutual attraction, which is strongest between those of opposite types, but at the same time a sufficient degree of common taste, belief, and interest to make harmony possible. Extreme fineness of texture cannot mate with extreme coarseness. The difference in taste would be too great. Neither should extreme fineness mate with extreme fineness—the constitutions of the children would suffer; they would be too sensitive to live in this rough world. Perfect harmony in companionship in marriage appears to be impossible of attainment. With strong mutual attraction come necessarily differences of disposition, mentality, habits and even physical requirements of temperature, air, food, sleep, exercise, which call for constant concessions on both sides; adaptations, all of which without intelligence and forbearance on the part of both parties, are bound to lead to discord and unhappiness. Yet if each will learn to admire the good points in the other rather than worry about the other's faults; if each will recognize the right of the other to be different; if each will learn to appreciate the existence in the other of just the qualities necessary for a really successful life partnership, and if each understands that the imitation of the virtues of the other will really mean progress toward perfection of character, then the occasions for discord will become of small account and the marriage will be an assured success from every standpoint.

# In and Around the Shops

## January is a month of Odds and Ends with Fur as the Outstanding Consideration

By MLLE. MARISE



AFTER one has seen the newest street things offered by the couturiers, one might say, remembering one's Kipling:

"There are nine and sixty ways
Of trimming suits these days,
And every single furry one is right."

Frocks, coats, wraps -all of them are collared to the ears with peltry; and if a coat and skirt manage to emerge from the designer without this wintry embellishment, the ultimate consumer demands a vest of fur before she will venture to appear in the costume. And there is an excellent reason for all this; coal is sixty dollars a ton in Paris.

Two important facts stand out in the fashions for winter which have just begun their career. The extraordinary display of peltry is one, and the juxtaposition of different materials is the other.

The first fashion spells extravagance; the second stands for economy. It is the latter in which the great majority of women should be more interested, but with that delightful inconsistency which makes the sex charming they pay more attention to the extravagant fashion and allow it to absorb the better part of their thoughts on dress.

The last savage instinct to exist in a woman is her desire for pieces of fur to adorn her person. There was once a time when peltry belonged to winter and was needed for protection, and this excuse was used by every woman who could filch money from the house-keeping allowance to buy a bit of fur to go about her neck; but this flimsy excuse has faded into the background since it has been the fashion to be as prolific with fur in hot weather as in cold.

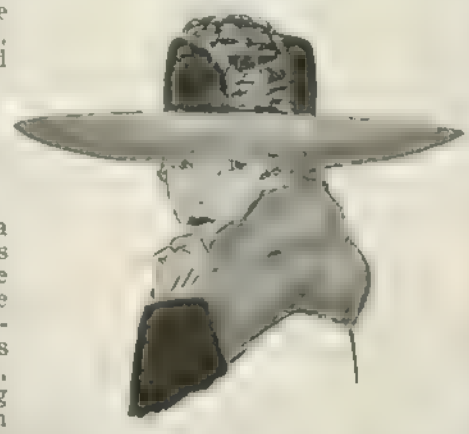
Much of the interest in clothes has been weakened, from an artistic point of view, by the refusal of women to regard the importance of dressing in a seasonable manner.

When summer had its clothes and winter produced those that belonged to itself, there was a sharp contrast in feminine apparel. The shops made money by it, the women were made comfortable about it, and they took to themselves something of the joyous changes of nature and presented the green leaf and the white snow as pleasing contrasts. Even so! Fur, fur, fur, is the rage of the moment.

There are swinging panels at the sides of skirts which are edged with fur; there are immense collars with wide, separate wristlets of fur used on blouses and coats; there are jackets which have fur peplums or a fur panel down the back; there are other coats that display waistcoats of peltry and, possibly, patch pockets which correspond with the hem on the skirt.

The milliners have made hats of fur in patchwork fashion. A turban of yellow will have brown spots on it; a flaring brim of sealskin will be attached to a crown of ermine which has a medallion of seal on top; a beehive hat of black velvet will have bands made from three kinds of fur running around the base of the crown to end in a lover's knot at the side.

The newest thing in the muff line shown in Canadian shops is a bag muff, an idea which will be quite popular this winter. The bag muff is small as compared with those carried the last few years, measuring but fourteen inches across and twelve and a half to the top. This over-night muff is lined and made into a bag with a casing for a cord, which is drawn up or left open as desired. Usually the bag is lined with white or Dolly Varden silk. In it is carried anything or everything a woman might desire to carry. Seal is very popular this season, but needless to say, velvet would be equally effective and not so expensive. A cloth cape of blue broadcloth, or of seal, is very charming and most fashionable this season.



WITH costumes in dark colors, the Parisienne is wearing a hat of some frivolous shade, and a soft rose is first in favor. These hats are made of velvet; the material is shirred on the brim, sometimes with long silk stitches which show plainly. The crowns are usually high and the trimming of the simplest, a mere band or bow of the same fabric. They are worn so far down on the head that they completely cover the eyebrows. Hats down and collars up is the order, and the effect is almost as concealing as a gas-mask.

Semi-dress hats are being made of metal brocade velvet and are very often trimmed with fur. A charming mode of varying the trimming on these hats is accomplished by veiling them with silk net, which is allowed to fall over the edge of the brim about an inch. Moleskin crowns are sometimes introduced with the metallic brims and the simple trimming consists of a large flower and leaves of silver or gold tissue.

Drooping hats are among the favorites at the recent showings, large slightly stiffened brims that are considerably wider at sides than back, with high collapsible crowns and a crushed band of satin ribbon of a contrasting color about the crown, holding in place a band of monkey fur or feather, such as goura or ostrich which is placed flat on the brim.

One hears a good deal about the Restaurant hat. It is usually large, for it is to be worn in the late afternoon and evening, and is appropriate for the theater, the restaurant, and in fact any semi-formal occasion. The one shown in the illustration on this page is quite effective. Of course, it may be worn with the true evening gown, but it is designed particularly for the semi-evening dress. Lace, feathers and velvet are used, and the wide brim is almost always transparent.

It is sometimes a difficult thing to express personality and individuality in the choice of gowns, for surroundings and prevailing modes are both to be considered; but the simple gown for evening wear at home gives unusual opportunity for this.

Particularly lovely is a quaint and charming frock in a soft French blue—that old-blue shade that suggests silver. An underslip of silver tinsel would brighten it, and a corsage bouquet of hand-made flowers might be carried out in bright purple silk and silver threads. If one wishes a more elaborate effect, all the outer edges might be picot-edged in silver thread.

The gown for home occasions is claiming a tremendous amount of interest in the realm of fashion, chiefly because informal entertaining will be in evidence more than ever this winter. Of course, there will still be numerous formal occasions, such as the night at the opera, the play or the stately dinner party, when the formal gown will make its distinguished appearance, but the greater part of hospitality's favors will undoubtedly be dispensed at home. These informal gowns have the satisfaction of being luxuriously comfortable and exquisitely artistic. They never fail to combine grace and practicability and certainly the most beautiful fabrics have been assigned to the creators of these indoor costumes. One of the best solutions to the problem of the frock which is to be worn when entertaining in the evening is the choice of a one-toned velvet, with chiffon or georgette and often a touch of fur. These models are as lovely as an afternoon tea-gown and as elaborate or as dignified as the formal evening gown. Yet the informal gown is neither of these. It is something between the two—a gown quite by itself, and it is interesting to note again that many of the loveliest designs are the simplest. A beautiful frock for just these occasions discussed is a creation of soft gray velvet with fichu and deep ruffled cuffs of pale gray chiffon; an underskirt of pleated chiffon peeps out between the coat-like front hems of the frock which flies loose as the wearer walks. Narrow bands of skunk trim this gown, and the contrast of the dark fur with the delicate material is very lovely.

Popular as home entertainments are to be, there will still be times when one must go out to more formal affairs. The gown for these occasions, too, should be as distinguished as it is simple. One such design is of a style which is appropriate for almost every evening occasion—dinner, play, or opera, —as velvet, which is its material, is being worn for all of these occasions. Vivid colors are never quite so good in a gown of this type as are the subdued shades.

A soft shade of petunia would be very lovely for the velvet of this gown, and the tulle sleeves should be in the same shade. The underbodice should be of silver, veiled in the tulle, and the narrow girdle, which seems to tie in front, would be lovely in silver cloth embroidered in tiny rhinestones.

Afternoon gowns are still being shown in velvet, for velvet is favored for almost any costume this year. There is a lovely shade of moss green that is especially smart and so rich in color that it does not need elaborate trimming. Fur is used a great deal, particularly in narrow bands. In fact, fur has almost entirely taken the place of embroideries.

COLORED beads are good for wear with the modern gowns—that is, when they are wisely worn and chosen with a view to the completion of a costume. They must not be thrown on at random, just because they are beads and because beads are considered smart. But if the gown be plain and drab and studiedly uninteresting, then flash over it a rope of brilliant beads suitable to your own particular aura, and you have something that speaks of individuality.

There is really something altogether wrong and abnormal about the woman who is not mad about lingerie. You can understand her not caring particularly about modern art or being indifferent to eurythmy or pistachio ice cream or vers libre, or any of the large movements of the day, but a woman whom lingerie leaves cold has something terribly and vitally wrong with her. The lingerie of this season is absolutely irresistible. Its varieties are endless. Each individual piece is indeed "a thing of beauty." The Canadian woman may while away many a minute in its consideration for the choice is endless.

Bags are bewildering in their profusion, and it is impossible to choose from among the piled-up mass of them a few that are really interesting and original in design. Upon examining them, there was one of gold-embroidered damask, done in an all-over pattern. It was lined with dark blue, heavy taffeta, and mounted on two oval rings. Its size was its chief charm, for it measured not more than eight inches from end to end, and where it met the rings it turned back in two points on either side, showing the blue lining. The stiffness of its materials made it perky and full of character.

One knitting bag actually looked new. It was from orange felt, and oval in shape. Each side was laid absolutely flat against the other side, and the two were held together with purple blanket stitches of wool. It had large oval rings at the top.

Blouses are a never-ending source of feminine joy, and seldom have there been more beautiful ones than now. Among the many designs shown was a black and white chiffon affair that had every poster point duly recognized and carried out. Its sleeves and underarm portions were black, while its panel front, with low and rounded neck, was white stitched with black silk floss around the edge.

All things considered, the odds and ends of fashion are alluring. For the patriot who gives most of her time to serious work, they prove a real relaxation.

# DISSOLVE IT IN YOUR MOUTH

That's the way to take the Peps treatment. Nothing can equal it for asthma. Mr. Fred Hinz of Saskatchewan Landing, Sask., says: "I suffered with asthma for years, and although I tried many remedies, Peps is the only remedy that has brought me relief from this distressing ailment."

The victory of Peps over asthma is due to the fact that Peps is a breathe-able remedy, and is therefore capable of reaching all the minute air passages which ordinary remedies, that go to the stomach, cannot reach.

This treatment is also the best for coughs, colds, catarrh, bronchitis, laryngitis and all other affections of the throat and lungs. All dealers or Peps Co., Toronto. 50c box, 3 for $1.25.

# PEPS



MILLER OFFICIAL BOY SCOUT UNIFORMS

The first Scout's uniform made in Canada bore the Miller Label This Label stands for quality and service, and is the reason why Miller Official Boy Scout Uniforms are used by over 95% of the Scouts in Canada

If you want to be correctly equipped ready for any emergency, see that your uniform bears the Miller Label.

Order from your local dealer or direct if he does not handle Miller Uniforms.

Write for our Scout booklet—it is full of useful information about Signalling, Scout rules, etc which every Scout should know

The Miller Mfg. Co., Limited,
44-46 York St., Toronto, Can.
Makers of Complete Official Equipment, Choir Gowns, Duck and All Specialty Clothing.



SAFEGUARD Your Children

KEEP a TYCOS FEVER THERMOMETER IN THE HOME
Taylor Instrument Companies
ROCHESTER N.Y.



## If Everywoman's World is Late

If Everywoman's World is not on time in getting to you—or perhaps is lost altogether—please remember the difficulties we are all up against through the exigencies of war. These stirring times are making demands upon all of us that make delays impossible to avoid. If your copy is delayed or lost let us know, and we shall look after you.

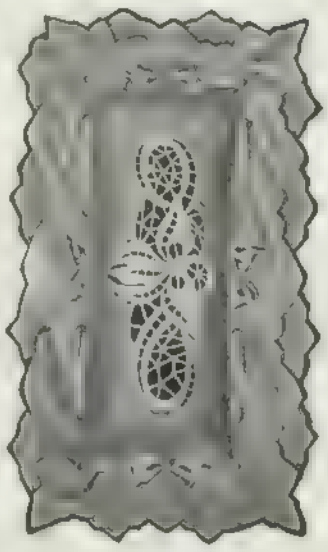


SHORTHAND IN 30 DAYS

Boyd Syllabic System—written with only nine characters No "positions" no "ruled lines"—no "shading"—no "word-signs"—no "cold notes" Speedy, practical system that can be learned in 30 days of home study, utilizing spare time. For full descriptive matter, free, address, Chicago Correspondence Schools, 900 Unity Building, Chicago, Ill.


# Embroideries and Knitting Designs

## ATTRACTIVE PASTIME FOR A WINTERS' EVENING



Home Pattern 14834. Pincushion to fit a form five by twelve inches. Fifteen cents.

The iris motif has been employed for the cutwork design of this pincushion. As there is nothing intricate about the detail of this design it is not difficult to obtain good results. To be mounted over a colored satin form.

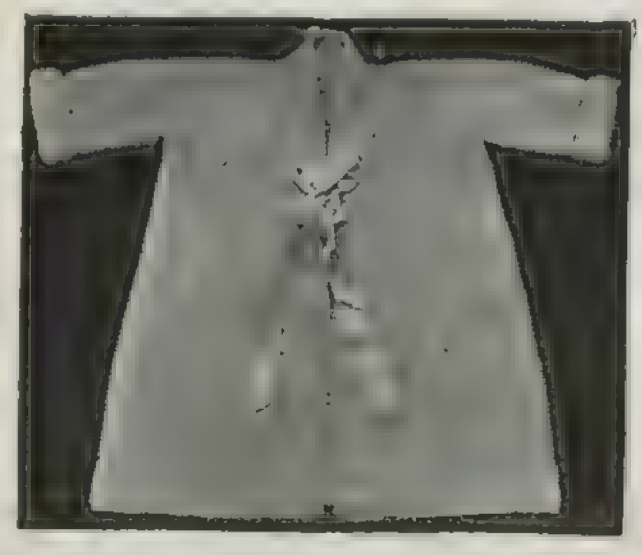
This bolster is of a most artistic shape. The monogram suggested is appropriate, but may be omitted, and lace stitches substituted.

SIMPLE embroideries are the favored trimming on dresses of silk and woolen materials. This embroidery, however, except on very elaborate gowns and coats, is not of such character as to require a great deal of work. An air of individuality may oftentimes be given to a dress or waist that would otherwise be rather commonplace, by running in a simple border or applying an embroidered motif or two.

These dress embroideries are entirely new in effect, and the encouraging thing about them is that they are so easy to do. The borders, composed chiefly of line are frequently executed in a plain running or darning stitch. When the satin stitch is used, no attempt is made at padding, nor are the stitches very closely laid; in fact, it is not a fault when the material shows between.

Darning, however, is the favorite stitch when there are large spaces to cover. It is surprising what beautiful results are obtained by just the simple darning stitch with the addition of a little of the solid or rather semi-solid work. The stitches are usually run horizontally, the design being emphasized by beginning the stitches, or ending them in the outline of the motif.

The lingerie design for the two smallest dresses is embroidered in raised satin stitch and eyelet work.



### Infants' Knitted Kimono

MATERIAL —5 Hanks White Saxony Wool, 2 Balls of Color. 2 Celluloid Knitting Needles No. 6, 1 Yard of Ribbon No. 7.

INSTRUCTIONS — Note: A rib is over and back or two rows.

BACK—With white cast on 90 stitches, knit plain until you have 26 ribs, then decrease 1 stitch at each end of needle every 5th rib until you have 60 stitches left on needle, now decrease 1 stitch at each end every other rib until you have 52 stitches left. Work 12 ribs on this length, slip 20 stitches off on a spare needle, bind off 12 stitches for the neck. On the remaining 20 stitches begin to knit the front of the garment.

FRONT -Work 4 ribs, then increase 1 stitch toward the neck every other rib until you have 30 stitches. Work 2 ribs on this length then cast on 6 stitches for underarm, now increase 1 stitch every 5th rib toward the underarm until you have 50 stitches on needle. Work on this length until front is as long as back on underarm seam. Bind off loosely. Work 2nd front to correspond.

### Ladies' Knitted Shoulder Comfort

MATERIAL—Columbia Zephyr Floss, 6 Balls White, 2 Celluloid Knitting Needles No. 7, 2 Celluloid Knitting Needles No. 3, 1½ Yards of Ribbon No. 5.

INSTRUCTIONS—With No. 3 needles cast on 60 stitches, knit 2, purl 2 for 50 rows, slip on to No. 7 needle, increase on every stitch by knitting the front and back of each stitch, having 120 stitches on needle, knit plain 180 ribs on this length, now decrease by knitting 2 stitches together, having again 60 stitches on needle, slip on to No. 3 needles, knit 2, purl 2 for 50 rows, bind off. Draw ribbon through to form a small collar.

# Smart Afternoon and House Frocks

## The Busy Woman will welcome Simplicity of Line and Economy of Design

1089—Ladies' Dress, sizes 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 54-inch material, with ½ yard 27-inch silk for collar. Charmeuse or taffeta may be adapted to this dress, which is cut on particularly smart lines, and closes at front underneath bib section. The two-gored skirt is cut with regulation waistline, and is plaited and gathered. Price, 15 cents.

Home Pattern 1068—Ladies' Long-Waisted Dress. Sizes 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires, 3½ yards 54-inch material, with ⅛ yard 36-inch contrasting goods. The pattern provides for two styles of pocket, and the full-length sleeves permit of shortening. Price, 15 cents.

Home Pattern 1091—Ladies' Dress. Sizes 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4 yards 44-inch material, with ⅜ yard 14-inch organdie for vest. The skirt completing this charming afternoon frock is a two-piece gathered model cut with slightly raised waistline. The embroidery design 14816 furnishes a very effective finish. Price, 15 cents.

Home Pattern 1066—Ladies' One-Piece Dress. One size—36 inches bust measure. Pattern requires 2¾ yards 54-inch material, with 2 yards 36-inch silk, and ⅛ yard 18-inch crepe. The collar may be omitted, and the sleeves are perforated for shorter length. This smart frock is an excellent model for the combining of two materials which fashion continues to favor so much. Price, 15 cents. Embroidery 14814, costs 15 cents.

Home Pattern 1080 — Ladies' Dress. Sizes 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 44-inch material, with ½ yard 36-inch contrasting goods. The use of the double belt and trimming straps is optional. The skirt is a six-gored model. This dress would make up attractively in blue serge and finsihed with a white satin collar. Price, 15 cents.

Home Pattern 1103—Ladies' Waist. Sizes 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 27-inch material, with 2¼ yards insertion. This is an extremely pretty waist, especially suitable for making up in the softer, fleecy materials. The collar ending in long revers crossing in front at the waist-line, particularly new and good looking. Price, 15 cents.

1102 — Misses' and Small Women's One-Piece Dress. Sizes 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires, 4½ yards 44-inch material, with ½ yard 32-inch contrasting goods. This dress although simple to the last degree is particularly smart looking, and is given a touch of individual style by the tabs on the skirt, and the way in which the cuff is finished. Price, 15 cents.

Home Pattern 1072 — Ladies' One-Piece House Dress. Sizes 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 require, 3¼ yards 54-inch material, with 2 yards 27-inch contrasting goods. This dress fulfills its purpose splendidly and is unusually easy to make. The front tabs may be omitted, and the sleeves full-length if desired. Price, 15 cents.

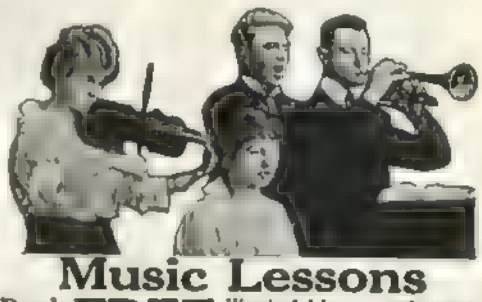
Home Pattern 1098—Ladies' Shirtwaist. Sizes 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch material, with ⅛ yard 36-inch contrasting goods for trimming. The sailor waist or modifications of it, such as this pattern, is always in demand, and is becoming to all types. Made of heavy china silk, nothing could be better for general wear. Price, 15 cents.

Home Pattern 1101 — Ladies' Apron. Sizes 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires, 4 yards 30-inch material, with 3 yards braid trimming. This apron is very simple, and will undoubtedly appeal to every housewife. It closes at back and is made with a three-piece skirt section. Price, 15 cents.

Home Pattern 1175.—Ladies' Slip-on Waist Sizes 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2⅛ yards 36-inch material The pattern provides for both full-length and short sleeves, and the use of the belt is optional. The hem stitching may be omitted. Price 15 cents.

1169. -- Ladies' Slip-on Waist. Sizes 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 36 or 40 inch material, with ⅛ yard 30-inch contrasting goods Three styles of collar are supplied, and each one is decidedly smart. Two types of turn-overs are given to finish the one-piece full-length sleeves which are perforated for shorter length. 15 cents.


*IN spite of the increase in the cost of Beef (the raw material of Bovril) there has been*

**NO INCREASE in the Price of BOVRIL during the War**

**Music Lessons**

**Book Sent FREE** Wonderful home-study music lessons under great American and European teachers given by the University Extension Method. The lessons are a marvel of simplicity and completeness. Anyone can learn at home. Endorsed by Paderewski and many other great authorities.

**Any Instrument or Voice**

Write, telling us the course you are interested in, age, how long you have taken lessons, if at all, etc., and we will send you our Free Book containing text and illustrations covering Lessons in PIANO (students' or teachers' courses) by the great Wm. H. Sherwood, HARMONY by Dr. Protheroe and Rosenbecker, VOICE COURSE (with aid of Phonograph) by Crampton, PUBLIC SCHOOL MUSIC by Frances E. Clark, VIOLIN, CORNET, MANDOLIN, GUITAR, BANJO, REED ORGAN, by equally eminent teachers

**Send NOW** for Free Book and learn how easily you can become a fine singer, or a skillful player. Write today for full particulars. Investigate without cost or obligation.

**University Extension Conservatory**
3711 Siegel-Myers Building Chicago, Ill.

**Have a Little Shop of Your Own**

At last the way has been made easy for you to establish yourself in business as a dressmaker or milliner, to be independent, to have a splendid income. For now, wherever you live, you can learn right at home in spare time by an entirely new method, every step of fashionable dressmaking and millinery.

Hundreds of women as a result of spare time study with the Woman's Institute are now established in business for themselves. You learn just exactly what to do—how to draft patterns, how to design and plan distinctive garments of every kind, how to make dresses, waists, skirts, suits, evening gowns, how to open and conduct a shop.

Or, if you wish to take up dressmaking and millinery simply for your own home needs, you can quickly learn by our method to make all your own and your children's clothes and hats and be better dressed for half what your clothes now cost you.

Mail this coupon or write today for handsome book. Please mark or state which subject interests you most.

**WOMAN'S INSTITUTE, Inc.**
**Dept. 6-A, Scranton, Pa.**

Please tell me how I can learn
☐ Dressmaking ☐ Millinery

Name_____

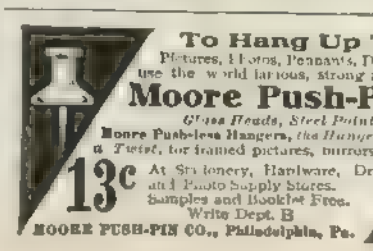
Address_____

**Beautifully Curly, Wavy Hair Like "Nature's Own"**

In three hours you can have just the prettiest curls and waves! And they remain a long time, when Liquid Silmerine is used before rolling the hair in curlers.

**Liquid Silmerine**

is perfectly harmless. Easily applied with brush. Hair is nice and fluffy when combed out. Silmerine is also a splendid dressing. Keeps hair fine and glossy. Directions with bottle. At your druggist's.



**To Hang Up Things**

Pictures, Flags, Pennants, Draperies, etc., use the world famous, strong and dainty

**Moore Push-Pins**

*Glass Heads, Steel Points.*

Moore Push-less Hangers, *the Hanger with a Twist*, for framed pictures, mirrors, etc.

**13c** At Stationery, Hardware, Drug and Photo Supply Stores. Samples and Booklet Free. Write Dept. B

MOORE PUSH-PIN CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

# Uncle Peter's Train of Cars Contest for Boys and Girls

As this issue of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD goes to press we are busy sorting out the qualified entries to the Christmas "Trainload of Cars Contest" we held for our boys and girls. When this task is completed, the answers will be sent on to Uncle Peter for the judging and awarding of the prizes.

There was such a last minute rush to send in entries before Christmas that we were quite swamped, but we hope to have the judging completed in time to announce the winners in next month's issue.

We shall write all the boys and girls who sent in qualified entries and advise them of the results just as soon as Uncle Peter makes the decisions. The winners will then receive their prizes promptly.

**On page 26 there is another big prize contest announced in which you should enter.**

## WIN A CHEVROLET CAR OR $750.00 CASH

Turn right now to "The Great Movie Mystery" on page 37 and see if you can solve it.

Two grand 1918 Motor Cars are the leading prizes for the senders of the best replies—a Chevrolet and a Ford—or their full cash value, $750.00 or $495.00, if the winners prefer the cash to the cars. There are besides dozens and dozens of other fine cash prizes ranging up to $100.00.

This interesting competition represents a marvellous opportunity for our friends and readers. You should send your answers today and try for one of these great prizes.

This is Roy McGrath, of Ottawa, Ont., winner of the first prize in our last contest. He asked for and received cash in place of his prize car, and now he is nearly $500.00 richer, as a result of entering one of our great contests. Read what he says:

### HE WON THE FORD CAR IN OUR LAST GREAT CONTEST

Roy C. McGrath, Ottawa, Ont.

"64 Laurier Ave. E.,
Ottawa, Ont.

Dear Sirs,—This being Thanksgiving Day, I can think of no more appropriate time in which to acknowledge and thank you for the delightful information which your letter contains, informing me that I have been awarded Special First Prize in "Percy's Puzzled!" Contest, of the Ford Touring Car.

Indeed this was entirely surprising and unexpected. I can find no expression of my thanks to the judges and the Continental Publishing Company for awarding me such a magnificent prize.

I wish to assure you that it shall be my earnest desire to do all in my power for such a splendid, wide-awake, up-to-the-minute magazine as EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, as it is a veritable pillar of inspiration and helpfulness to the people of Canada as a whole.

Again thanking you, I beg to remain,

Yours very sincerely,
**Roy C. McGrath,**
**Ottawa, Ont."**

# Battles of a Soldier Poet

## I.—The Boast That Failed

*By SGT. MATTHEW WAYMAN*

SO many men have told of their fights in France and Belgium, that I intend merely to pick out such incidents in my career as a soldier as will be interesting to sheltered people and perhaps make life a little more worth the living.

There is always a laugh in every tragedy, and the first story that I take from my diary tells of the most atrocious cruelty that leaves behind it a chuckle. We left England from Folkestone on the P.—— H.——. She had aboard about five hundred troops. Fast Torpedo Boat Destroyers escorted us and the Captain seemed to try to outrace them. The sea was rough and sickness made that treacherous two hour trip seem years in length. The crew were mostly Belgians, who calmly cooked their meals to the tune of many groans. As they tried to pass along the deck on the way to perform some task it was funny to see them straddle across the sprawling soldiers or fall with easy grace upon them each time the ship rolled.

A few of us who kept our sea legs curiously peered around the engine room and questioned the officers or tried our French on the Belgians. During these migrations, I succeeded in getting into conversation with one of the ship's officers. The following catechism took place.

"How long have you been on this ship?"

"Since the war broke out."

"How many trips have you made?"

"About seven hundred."

"I guess you have seen lots of subs."

"Nope, never heard of one. Don't believe they are as dangerous as men tell us," boasted the sailor.

"How far are we from Boulogne?"

"You'll see it soon. You can't mistake Boulogne, the docks are lined with ambulances."

At this point he strode off and I went on the upper deck and procured a salt shower bath from a kindly wave that happened to be passing. Then came the call, "Stand to." The troops lined the upper deck and we slid into the shielded harbor gazing at the many English signs that covered the fronts of the stores and hotels on the great promenade of Boulogne. Along the dock were motor ambulances with their huge red crosses painted on them and their number seemed unending. Along the river lay many fishing ships, which seemed to have reefed their sails somewhere in the dark ages and forgotten to wake from slumber. As I left the ship and went along the quay to mark the line where our troops were to line up, I saw the officer with a grin on his lips. I bade him good-bye and he remarked, "Hope to take you back, Sonny."

The hope came true but he was a different man. I did not speak to him when I next saw him, because I was lying on a stretcher and my wounds had rendered me incapable of doing anything but taking a mere casual interest in my surroundings. After the Canadian advance in the spring of 1917, there were so many Canadian casualties that other ships besides hospital boats were used to transport the wounded to English hospitals. The P—— H.—— loaded up with our boys, and I was amongst them. We left France bound for Southampton, but just as the port was sighted the ship turned, and when I again awoke we were back again in Le Havre. We started out again and the next time England was seen, something like a big shell hit the ship and everybody rushed about screaming. The boat was run ashore and while the crew were hurrying the cot cases into baskets which hung from cables that were attached to the masts and connected with another ship, I gazed at that officer with amazement as he worked like a demon, cheering the wounded and cursing the Germans in the same breath. He was the swiftest, calmest man I have ever beheld. Not one wounded man was lost and only two of the crew injured. And through the dullness of my sickly gaze I saw the small British Destroyers rush out to sea like leash hounds loosed from a den. They circled around and around with increasing speed until the sea for miles seemed to be a whirlpool. Then we heard a great explosion and it was explained to me that this circling method blinds the subs and when the whirlpool is completed the Britishers drop hundreds of pounds of gun cotton into the water. This goes to the middle of the maelstrom and the subs are blown to pieces by the explosion. I forgot the world after that and when morning came a pretty nurse said to me, "If it will set your mind at rest I will tell you that both of the U. Boats were blown up. But why do you laugh so much?" I was too sick to tell her that I was thinking of the boast that failed.

*Sgt. Matthew Wayman*

**SERGEANT MATT WAYMAN enlisted two years ago and proceeded overseas in the rank of Quarter-Master Sergeant. He gave up his rank in order to reach the firing line. He saw fighting at Somme and Vimy Areas. During the great Canadian advance last April, and May, he was twice wounded and after treatment in many hospitals was returned to Canada for further medical care. He was on the staff of Toronto Newspapers and his poems have gained wide circulation. These,—his best impressions—are written exclusively for, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD. This first article is tinged with the gruesome. But it is vivid, distinctly human, and withal, entertaining. In Sergt. Wayman's own words, he explains:**

**"I am writing the scenes of a soldier's life**
**The sadness, or the mirth;**
**It's truth or lies but if you're wise**
**You'll know what my songs are worth.**
**Singing of hopes, of fears, or strife**
**In prose and rhyme expressed,**
**Mingling with all the worst in life**
**And clinging to all that's best."**

### *The Night's Work*

FRANCE, March 20th, 1917;—Buried dead German spy and J— M— tonight. Wrote epitaphs for both. They lie between the lines near Neuville Ste. Vaast.

The Sergeant-Major sent for me and spoke as follows:

"Corporal, get half a dozen men and shift that Fritzie. Bury poor Jim too. You can rig up the crosses while you are in the old Stokes Gun Pit, before it gets dark. Nice little job, eh?"

Instructions in the front line are brief and imperative. The task was distasteful and made more so by the language of the six worthy members of the C.E.F. when I went to warn them for duty. The only pleasant feature to me lay in the writing of the epitaphs. I urged the boys to get busy with the biscuit boxes and black paint with which we were to make the crosses. These decorations may be seen to-day if shells and weather have not disturbed them.

Then came the black night and snowy rain. We seven boys waded along the front ditch until the communicating trench was reached, then we paused for rest. One said:

"We've got all night for this job, eh Corp?"

"Yep."

"Let's get down in here and have a smoke, then."

"Alright. Keep it low, and don't talk."

In the gun pit the silence was broken by whispers such as these, "Who got the Fritzie?"

"Cassy, I believe! He shot him as he was trying to get behind the V crater."

"Good for Cas. He always was lucky anyway."

"Won't waste much time on the Fritzie; eh, Corp?"

"No. Widen a shell hole. Let's get out. Doble will be here in a minute."

"Who is patrol sergeant?"

"Knibby."

"Better get along then, eh, Corp?"

"Yep, bury our boy first."

Out of the pit and along the trench went the boys. Not a word was spoken except by the Corporal who said, "Rotten dark, better keep closed up or we shall lose time Walk in single file."

Over the wet sand bags of the parados went that Indian file and all the while the shells screamed and the snow fell drab and chilly. They ploughed their way along the treacherous earth between the lines and seemed to feel their way instead of seeing. Behind them rang the harsh "rat tat" of a Vicars machine gun, around them ripped the "zipping" Mauser bullets. Overhead screamed the small shells and higher still the sizzling heavy shells rushed like engines of death carrying men to a long journey's end. "Them bullets whistle like wild birds," whispered one.

"Heavies are giving Fritzie plenty of iron rations," said another, and no one spoke of the death that lay near to them stark and ghastly, in the momentary light of German star shells. Silence again fell on the party while the shells screamed, and the snow fell. Picks and spades were found. Slowly back towards the support lines filed the men. The spot was marked by the corporal and digging started. After a while they rested in the new grave for cover. The German shells were aiming too closely. A little while and the explosions further in rear, to left or right, told them that the danger was passed for a while. Through my mind rang the query, "Who could write an epitaph that could tell of the sacrifices of these Canadian boys?" Presently came a whisper. "Say, Corp, ain't this deep enough, nearly six feet?"

"Yes, let's get back."

Slowly, and guardedly back towards the front line crawled, or jumped, the boys. They came to a stretcher and on the ground near it lay a grey blanketed form. A boy new to the work whispered, "I believe I knew him. Can I look?"

"Better not. Fritzie isn't sending up enough star shells to allow us to get our work done. I shall complain to the Kaiser about this. Come boys let us move."

The form was placed on the stretcher and the grim funeral procession retraced its way between the lines, while the Germans sent up a star shell as though in irony to show the way to the gaping grave. The party halted, placed their burden on the ground and all the while, no word spoken, shells whined, bullets whistled, and the melting snow fell upon them.

Two men leaped into the hole, four lowered their comrade, and he was reverently laid to rest. The two regained the top; spades worked fast and in a few minutes the white chalk like a funeral pall marked the spot. The cross was planted at the head and the boy's steel shrapnel helmet half hid the inscription: "He gave his life for Canada and Liberty."

The boys wiped their muddy hands on their clothing and waited until another star shell lighted up the air that they might take one last look at the place where a Canadian comrade lies in his sunless bed enriching the shattered soil of Pas De Calais. Then they hurried to the second task, while the shells screamed bullets whistled and the snow fell.

### *Quick Work*

"WHERE'S the Fritzie, Corp?"

"Over there; come on, lads."

"Shame to waste a blanket on him. He was a spy anyway."

"Never mind. He has paid the price. Get busy."

Once more the stretcher came down and a body was rolled onto it. Further in rear two shells had made a figure eight in the bosom of Mother Earth. The holes were half filled with water. The boys dug away the mound between these two holes and at last the grave looked like an oval pit. The body splashed into the bottom and strong hands quickly covered it. The same white chalk for a pall. The same sort of a rude cross, but as the boys looked at their last work they repeated the epitaph I had written, which might not look well in print.

The night's work was done, whispers passed amongst them as they made their way back to the dugout.

"Poor Jim. He soon got a napoo."

"Yep. I hope rations are up."

"Shut up, you fellows. Do you think the Fritzies are deaf?"

Then silence, broken only by the whine of shells, whistling of bullets and the flickering dreary snow.

# Utilizing Nature's Sweets

## The energy that the cold months call for is bountifully supplied by the sugar of the sun-dried fruits

"To sweeten or not to sweeten"—conserving our sugar supply has put another question in our daily rationing. The temporary shortage in manufactured sugar can be tided over with care and ingenuity on the part of Canadian housewives.

The sun-ripened, sun-dried fruits are great aids to enlist, both as sugar-savers and as health-givers. They are nearly three-quarters pure, nutritious sugar, are very rich in the most valuable mineral elements and have some vegetable fats and a small portion of protein.

As the greatest producer of energy, we need sugar perhaps more, in these strenuous days, than in times when we were not asked to conserve it. Raisins, dates, prunes and figs are therefore more valuable in to-day's diet than they ever were before.

Do women realize their value?

Realizing, can they utilize them?

These few recipes will assist materially.

### Raisin Bran Bread

ONE quart white flour, one quart toasted bran flakes, one and one-half teaspoons sugar, one and one-half teaspoons shortening, one teaspoon salt, four teaspoons baking powder, one pint milk or water, two cups seeded raisins.

Mix white flour, toasted bran flakes, sugar, salt and baking powder with the shortening; then add the milk or water. Just before putting into pans separate and add the raisins dredged with flour. Put the bread in a hot oven and bake about an hour and a quarter. This bread is particularly good for afternoon tea sandwiches. This recipe will make two small loaves. Time in preparation twenty minutes.

### Raisin Ginger Bread

ONE cup seeded raisins, one cup brown sugar, one cup baking molasses, one-half cup shortening, one cup boiling water, three cups flour, one teaspoon ginger (or to taste), one teaspoon cinnamon, one teaspoon baking soda.

Put sugar, molasses and shortening into bowl, mix well, add water and baking soda which has been dissolved in a little hot water; add ginger and cinnamon. Sift flour, add and beat well. Last add the well washed and dried raisins. Bake in Turk's head or brick pan, which has been lined with paper, in moderate oven forty minutes.

### Raisin Bread

THREE cups flour, one teaspoon salt, three scant teaspoons baking powder, one and one-half large spoons of sugar. Sift well together. One-half package seeded raisins, one and one-half cups milk. Bake fifty minutes. Will make one loaf of bread. Two tablespoons butter and one beaten egg may be worked in to make the bread richer.

### Prune Mold

ONE pound prunes, washed, soaked, stoned and halved, one and one-half pints cold water, one-quarter pound sugar, one lemon, juice and rind.

Simmer slowly for twenty-five minutes. Add one ounce of gelatin, previously dissolved in cold water. Pour into a mold and serve cold, with cream or custard. A few blanched almonds stuck into the top after the mold is turned out are an improvement.

### Galway Date Cake

A QUARTER pound oleomargarine, one and a quarter cups sugar, one quart flour, four teaspoons baking powder, half a pound of dates, three ounces candied peel, three eggs, and milk to moisten. Bake in a large loaf for about an hour. This recipe makes a delicious confection, especially for afternoon tea.

### Prune and Raisin Salad

STEAM well soaked prunes until tender, remove stones and fill cavities with chopped nuts and raisins. Cut some crisp celery into short straws, and arrange with the prunes on lettuce leaves. Serve with a cream mayonnaise and grate a little cheese over the top.

### Raisin Cookies

TWO eggs, one cup brown sugar, one-half cup flour, one teaspoon baking-powder, sifted with flour, one-half teaspoon cinnamon, one-half teaspoon allspice, one cup seeded raisins, mixed together with walnuts, citron and candied orange peel, four tablespoons chocolate.

Drop teaspoonful into pan and bake in moderate oven about ten to fifteen minutes.

### Raisin Scramble

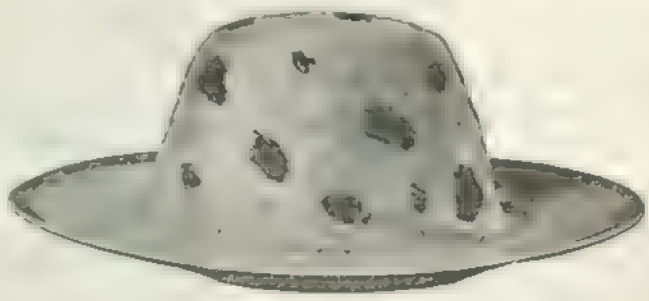
ONE cup chopped seeded raisins, one cup flour, one cup milk, two eggs, one teaspoon salt, one teaspoon baking powder, one teaspoon melted butter.

Sift flour, baking powder and salt into bowl; add milk, well beaten eggs and butter; beat well; add raisins. Have pan hot (an iron pan is best) put in one teaspoon olive oil or lard, pour in mixture and with fork stir or scramble same as scrambled eggs. Keep doing this until well cooked and nice and brown, but not hard. Pile on platter and serve with jelly sauce or fruit syrup. This makes a very good luncheon dish.

### Raisins and Bananas en Casserole

ONE cup seeded raisins, one cup stale bread-crumbs, four cups or six bananas, one-half teaspoon salt, two tablespoons sugar, one teaspoon butter or oleomargarine.

Brush casserole with butter, put half the bananas in bottom, cover with breadcrumbs and then with the raisins, which have been stewed and thickened (add salt to raisins) put the rest of the bananas on top and sprinkle with sugar. Cover, put in hot oven twenty minutes, reduce the heat and leave in twenty minutes longer. Serve warm as a meat substitute. Can also be served hot with plain boiled rice.



*Rice and Raisin Mold*

### Raisin Turnovers

ONE cup seeded raisins, two cups flour, two teaspoons baking powder, one teaspoon salt, two tablespoons shortening, one tablespoon butter, one-half cup granulated sugar, three-quarters cup milk.

Sift flour, salt and baking powder into bowl; add shortening and rub in very lightly with tips of fingers; add milk enough so it can be rolled out one-half inch thick; cut in four inch squares; brush with melted butter and put two tablespoons of raisins in each turnover in a three-cornered shape. Brush top with milk and sprinkle with sugar; bake in moderate oven thirty minutes, or until nice and brown.

*A Tempting Fruit Salad*

### Piquant Sandwiches

COMBINE one cup seeded raisins, two-thirds cup cold boiled ham, one-quarter cup sweet cucumber pickles and put through food chopper. Add one teaspoon lemon juice and mix with mayonnaise to spreading consistency.

### Coffee Cake

ONE tablespoon butter, one full cup sugar, two eggs, whites added last, one and one-half cups milk, three cups flour, measure before sifting, three teaspoons baking powder, one scant teaspoon nutmeg and cinnamon added to flour before sifting, one-quarter pound seeded raisins.

For top.—Four tablespoons sugar, one-quarter teaspoon cinnamon and nutmeg. Mix together and sprinkle on top; then place small bits of butter or oleomargarine on top of this. Bake forty minutes in slow oven.

*A Nutritious Raisin Loaf*

### Date Buns

ROLL light bread dough quite thin, spread it with soft butter or oleomargarine and chopped dates. Roll the dough up and cut into pieces half an inch thick, with a sharp knife. Lay in a greased pan, let them rise till light and bake in a moderately quick oven.

### Date Suet Pudding

CUT a pound of dates in small pieces and sprinkle with a scant cup of sugar. Chop six ounces of fresh beef suet and add to it three-quarters of a pound of bread crumbs, and mix with the dates. Add half a cup of milk to a well beaten egg and stir into it half a cup of flour sifted with a level teaspoonful of baking powder. Mix all ingredients well together, turn into a mold and steam three hours. Serve with lemon sauce.

### Raisin Pie

ONE cup seeded raisins, one cup water, one tablespoon cornstarch, one tablespoon sugar, one level teaspoon salt.

Wash the raisins, put in saucepan with cold water, bring slowly to a boil, add sugar, salt and corn starch which has been mixed with a little cold water; boil three minutes; pour into pie tin which has been lined with crust, while hot cover and bake.

### Raisin Cream

ONE scant cup cream, one-quarter cup seeded raisins, one egg, one-third cup sugar, one tablespoon butter, three tablespoons grapenuts.

Add sugar and egg to grapenuts and beat well. Add cream, butter and raisins and heat to scalding point, pour into sherbet cups, chill and serve with or without whipped cream. May be served in tart shells if preferred.

### Raisin Puffs

ONE cup seeded raisins, two cups stale breadcrumbs, one cup boiling milk, one-quarter cup sugar, one-half teaspoon salt, two eggs, one teaspoon butter.

Pour the boiling milk over breadcrumbs, when cold add sugar, salt and well beaten eggs. Wash, dry and chop the raisins, add and mix well. Brush four custard cups with melted butter, put in mixture; bake thirty minutes in moderate oven, turn out in sauce dish, serve with lemon sauce or fruit syrup.

### Raisin Dessert

TO one cup of chopped seeded raisins add one tablespoon of sugar, one teaspoon of flour mixed to a smooth paste with a little cold water, one teaspoon of grated lemon rind and one-half cup of water. Cook until thick and cool before using. Cut plain cake into oblongs and spread the raisin filling between two pieces of cake. Serve with lemon flavored custard sauce.

### Overseas Fudge

THREE cups granulated sugar, one cup milk, two squares bitter chocolate, one cup chopped raisins.

Boil until it makes a soft ball in water, add butter size of a walnut, pinch of salt, vanilla flavoring. Remove from stove and set in pan of cold water without disturbing. Let stand until cool, add raisins chopped, and beat until creamy, pour out into buttered pans.

### Raisins with Oatmeal

ONE cup seeded raisins, one cup oatmeal (or whole wheat) one teaspoon salt, three cups boiling water.

Put water on in top of double boiler, add the oatmeal slowly, boil rapidly until it thickens, add salt; put in bottom of boiler on back of stove overnight. In the morning add the well washed raisins.

### Raisin and Rice Mold

ONE cup seeded raisins, one cup rice, one and one-half teaspoon salt, one-half cup sugar, one teaspoonful butter.

Put rice in three quarts boiling water and boil hard for ten minutes. Drain, mix with raisins which have been washed and separated, and put in top of double boiler with one-half cup water and one teaspoon salt, Steam forty minutes. Mold in single large mold or cups. Turn out on individual dishes and serve with whipped cream.

### Raisin Cake

ONE-QUARTER cup butter or oleomargarine, one cup sugar, one-half cup milk, two and one-half teaspoons baking powder, two eggs, one-half teaspoon vanilla, one and three-quarters cups flour, one-half package chopped seeded raisins.

Cream butter and add sugar, gradually, add beaten eggs and milk. Add the flour sifted with baking powder, vanilla and raisins. Bake in layer tins about twenty to thirty minutes. Or this may be baked in deep tins as pound cake.

### Canada's War Cake

TWO cupfuls brown sugar, two cupfuls hot water, two tablespoons butter or oleomargarine, one package seeded raisins, one teaspoon salt, one teaspoon cinnamon, one-half teaspoon cloves or ginger.

Boil all these ingredients together for five minutes after they begin to bubble. When cold, add:

Three cups flour, one teaspoon baking soda dissolved in one teaspoon hot water.

Bake in two loaves for forty-five minutes in a slow oven. This cake is better at the end of a week or even longer. It "ripens" as does all fruit cake.

# The Friendship Circle Club

## Gives You These Magnificent Gifts Absolutely Free of Cost

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD is advertised by its loving friends. This magazine has become the strongest and best known periodical in Canada because its subscribers have gladly passed on to their friends the news of all the good things that are to be found each month in "Canada's Magazine for Canadian Women." They have shown and loaned their copies to friends and encouraged them to be regular subscribers too.

The Friendship Circle Club was formed for these good friends. The club has but one idea—to make money for its members. Membership is absolutely free of any expense whatsoever. Yet it brings to you the greatest opportunity that has ever been available in Canada to make money in your spare time.

### *Do You Need an Extra $5 to $10 per Week?*

Any woman or girl can easily add $10.00 to the weekly income, through the Friendship Circle Plan. Mark this—each week from 2,000 to 3,000 Canadian women send subscriptions to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD. Right around you—in your own neighborhood—among your own circle of friends subscriptions are expiring and readers want to send their renewals. Members of the Club act as our local correspondents, utilizing their spare time obtaining and forwarding these new and renewal subscriptions. This dignified, pleasant work offers remarkable profits. It requires only spare time and no previous experience.

*The Club's Emblem is this beautiful "Friendship Circle" Brooch. As soon as you join the Club and send one subscriber you will receive it Free.*

We send all supplies—everything necessary for your success If you can only spare the time to secure two subscriptions a day, your earnings would be $49.00 a month.

In these times when everyone's income is stretched to go round, isn't such a proposition worth your while enquiring into? You are sure to be successful acting for EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, because this magazine is necessary in every home. Its practical ideas, suggestions, household helps, and the entertainment it provides repay man fold the small investment that will bring it every month.

### *The Gifts Shown on This Page*

Through our ability to buy in large quantities direct from the manufacturers we are able from time to time to offer remarkably excellent premiums to our friends for securing a very small number of subscribers. Perhaps the lovely articles shown on this page will indicate to you how profitable it would be to be a club member and how very easily you may obtain almost anything you desire. These gifts are given in place of the cash commission and salary to which all members are entitled. Earn one of these beautiful rewards to-day.

Use this copy of your EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD as your sample and call on a few of your friends who do not take the magazine. Explain that $1.50 per year —less than 3c a week—will bring EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD to any home all postage paid for twelve whole months When you have secured the number of subscriptions required to earn the gift you want, send them to us and your reward will be promptly sent all postage paid.

## Lady's High Grade Knitted Sweater Coat

**Given for securing only 10 yearly subscribers at $1.00 each**

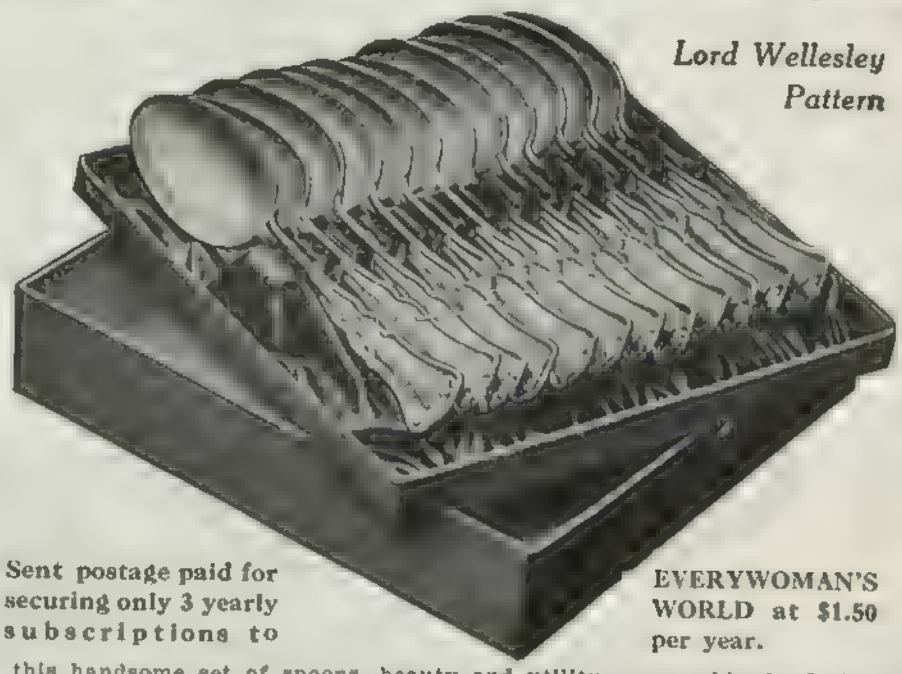
A fine Sweater Coat is the most useful and serviceable garment you could own and certainly no coat you could buy would have more style and character than the handsome one shown above.

This coat is finely knit of extra high grade wools, has deep sailor collar and wide belt in which are pleasant color contrasts. We can supply any color you may wish and guarantee to please you.

A coat of this grade would retail for at least $8.00. So it is an extra fine premium for securing only 10 subscribers.

## Beautiful Set of Wm. A. Rogers Tea Spoons

*Lord Wellesley Pattern*



**Sent postage paid for securing only 3 yearly subscriptions to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD at $1.50 per year.**

In this handsome set of spoons, beauty and utility are combined. It is one of the most generous rewards we have ever given. The "Lord Wellesley" pattern is the newest and most exquisite of Roger many beautiful designs. The bowl of each spoon is highly polished and the handles are French grey, giving a delightful contrast. You'll get both service and satisfaction from this fine set.

## THIS WORLD-FAMOUS ELECTRIC LIGHT

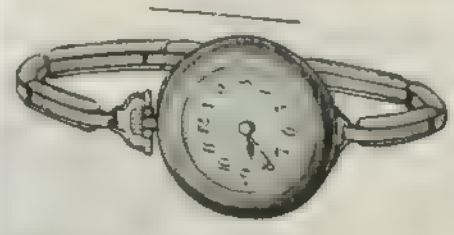
**sent postage paid for securing 3 subscriptions at $1.50 each**

"In every home, everywhere, this handy electric flash light is necessary. The famous Ever Ready Daylo has been so thoroughly advertised and its many uses are so well known that it needs no description here. This light is the long torch shape has high power lamp and high grade lens that projects the light a great distance."

**Write this very evening for information about the Club's great money making plan. Will start you making extra money at once.**

**10K Solid Gold Lavalliere and 15 inch Neck Chain. Given for securing only 3 subscriptions at $1.50 each.**

This is one of the most exquisite premiums we have ever offered and evidences the wonderful value of the rewards given to our subscription correspondents. The pendant is solid 10K gold, hand wrought in an exquisite genuine Florentine design. It has a genuine baroque pearl drop and is set with a beautiful brilliantly cut synthetic amethyst The chain is also solid gold 10K. in fine curb pattern, full 15 inches long, with safety fastener. A wonderful offer—given for securing only three new or renewal subscriptions.



**Beautiful Gold Filled Bracelet Watch. Sent postage paid for securing only 6 yearly subscriptions at $1.50 per year, each**

"This exquisite imported watch is genuine gold filled and warranted in every way to give satisfaction. It is very dainty in size, is stemwind and set and has a decorated porcelain dial. The bracelet is of the newest design, slips on easily and quickly and will fit snugly on any wrist. This is a rare opportunity to secure one of these fashionable watches quickly and easily."

Address: The Secretary, The Friendship Circle Club, Everywoman's World, Toronto, Canada

# The Making of a Duchess

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6)

in me and my possessions. It did not require much perspicacity to discern the design in her seemingly ingenuous frankness. In speaking of the Duke to me, she said:

"His marriage was a sublime mistake—he married for love, and realized boredom. His wife was the saintly daughter of a penniless baronet. She possessed all of the virtues and none of the graces, as somebody or other once said. After presenting him with an heir and two other boys, she died, satisfied that she had done all that could be expected of her. After all Turrets might have done as well had he married money in the first place. Unless he does now, and not less than forty thousand pounds per annum at that, he'll lose his estates. I tell him that in his second marriage, a man should retrieve the mistakes of his first."

Then again:

"Turrets is nearly forty. If he marries a young girl, he'll become her slave. A woman never acquires the proper humility until time forces her to take inventory of her charms."

Later:

"A man of consequence need not be a stickler for birth. It is the middle classes and the undistinguished, who fear to lose ground with their neighbors, who have to consider position."

A DAY'S hike had been planned for a certain Thursday. We were to take our luncheon with us, and were on this special occasion to be permitted to have a companion to be chosen by Doctor Brent herself. How it came about that the Duchess and I were paired off together, I do not know. Certainly, coupled according to our pedestrial ability, we were ill-matched.

The Duchess was delighted.

"My dear," said she, "I'm going to elope with you. I've got it planned beautifully. I smuggled through a letter to-day to Turrets. My motor, or rather the Duke's—we have only one between us—will meet us a bit beyond the cross-roads. Turrets is only thirty miles from here. We'll be there in time for luncheon. I haven't had a full-sized meal or a glass of ale in five weeks."

"Do you expect me to go in this get-up?" I inquired.

"Certainly. We'd never manage to get away in any other. At any rate, there'll be nobody but ourselves. Turrets is away on a fishing trip, and the boys are at school."

On Thursday, we came upon the motor at the designated spot. Looking about to make sure that we were undetected, we slipped quickly into the disguising dust-coats, caps, goggles, and veils which had been made ready for us, and climbed into the car which sped swiftly down the road past the unsuspecting Doctor Brent, herself.

Turrets-Brenham, as it is called, covers some twenty square miles and, unlike most of the neatly ordered estates of England, is made up of scattered farms and a straggling village. When I remarked that it seemed a pity that so much fertile land should not be giving its due returns, the Duchess told me that in the time of the seventeenth Duke (the present Duke's grandfather) there had been a severe outbreak of typhus fever due to the antiquated drainage system, which had driven many tenants from the land. The Duchy had been forced to raze many of the cottages and farms, and since then, through lack of funds, had been unable to rebuild to attract tenants.

Turrets Castle, itself, is a tremendous succession of turreted battlements. The Duchess informed me that owing to their financial straits, which had necessitated the reduction of their retinue of servants, she and the Duke and his family were obliged to limit their occupancy to one wing only. The motor stopped before this wing, and a footman in somewhat worn livery, ushered us into a cosy drawing-room where a cheery log-fire leaped up in greeting to us. The best of the room had been drawn to the centre. The corners appeared to have been neglected even by the common duster, and the draperies at the doors and windows were faded and bore ravages of moths.

The luncheon, however, of which we partook in a sunny dining-room nearby, was irreproachably prepared and served. The Duchess was a gourmet—she had dispensed with her parlor-maid sooner than her chef. Russian caviar, American creamed chicken, Indian curried rice, Italian chicory, and French mousse, not forgetting the English brewed ale, formed a delicious composite of cosmopolitan titbits.

When we had done, the Duchess blinked drowsily

"Will you find some way of amusing yourself, child, while I get forty winks? The Long Picture Gallery's in the East Wing. Thomas" (the footman) "will open it up for you. It wouldn't do to leave Turrets without seeing our Lawrences and our Lelys. The place is musty and damp; I hate it. Take a peep just to say that you've been there, then run over and see the Duke's chicken castles. You'll be interested, I know, in his Plymouth Rocks, or whatever you call them. Now, be off, before I gape in your face."

The portraits in the Long Gallery were wonderful, but the place smelled of dust, and the stone flags were dank, so that I was glad after a brief survey, to run out into the warmth and freshness of the afternoon. Thomas followed me into the pitiless sunshine which shone markedly upon the worn spots in his ridiculous livery.

The poultry housing, unlike anything else about Turrets, was modern in its construction and cleanliness. I was in the laying-house, bending over a splendid specimen of a White Wyandotte, when a voice at my side said:

"That is my prize lady. What do you think of her?"

I looked up into the patient eyes of the Duke. He took my hand.

"You must forgive my not being at the Castle to receive you, but the Mater wrote that it was to be luncheon strictly 'a deux,' so I consoled myself by going off for a morning's fishing until such time as I dared appear."

He took his basket and handed it to Thomas, together with his rod.

"Now, Miss Mallo, I am at your service. Will you let me show you about Turrets?"

I WAS hot with resentment at the Duchess's treachery concealed as it had been in half truth. I felt as if the hideous garments of the Brent design branded me with an ignoble stigma. I determined that the Duchess should be dragged into my misery.

"Gladly, Duke," I answered, "if you will stop back at the Castle for your mother."

"The mater's not much of a walker, you know," he suggested.

"Oh, yes, she is, since Doctor Brent's had her in charge."

Upon our entering the Castle, Thomas informed us that the Duchess was resting in the morning-room.

"Please take me there," I demanded.

As we approached the room, I heard voices, but when after knocking, I opened the door, the maid looked at me abashed and pointed to her mistress, to all aspects sound asleep upon the wicker couch.

My inclination was to shake her . . . but there was the maid. It has often amused me to think how these purveyors of our gross comfort decide our actions.

Clearly, there was nothing left to do, but to let the Duke show me about. Poor, patient man, he did his best, but my mood was ugly—ugly as the garments which enveloped me.

After a time, his magnanimity won me over. I extended my hand to him.

"I've been horrid, but even a woman less vain than I would balk at displaying these garments outside of a mad-house."

"So that's been the trouble," he laughed, with a note of relief.

"That, and—" I hesitated.

"You mean the mater." His face lengthened into gravity. "Miss Mallo, her friends, and I hope you count yourself one of them, have learned not to take her too seriously."

The Duke, I decided was not attempting to disarm me, but was conveying as best he could the hint that he was not privy to his mother's scheme. My constraint fell from me, and he and I spent a delightful hour by the drawing-room fire.

Then, realizing that we must be starting if we were to get back to Brent's in time for supper, I went to awaken the Duchess.

This time all was quiet at my approach, and I found the lady in a genuine slumber from which I encountered some difficulty in arousing her.

"Oh," she sighed, "you have brought me back to the grim reality of a return to Brent's. I was dreaming that I had

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 30)

*Strength*

*Life's greatest assets are Health and Strength and without these existence becomes intolerable.*

The Human Body, under the best of conditions, is a fragile structure, easily susceptible to climatic conditions, over-heating, exertion, mental and physical emotions. This subject requires constant attention if health and strength are to be continually maintained. The most sensible method of preserving health is to consume food which produces it. The food which produces health is that which contains Carbo-Hydrates, Proteins and Fats. COCOA is a palatable liquid food containing, when mixed with milk, all these necessary substances in a form that is not injurious to the weakest digestion. For the convalescent a most nourishing way to regain just the right kind of nourishment the body needs, drink Cocoa. For the best and quickest results drink Cowan's Perfection Cocoa.

COWAN'S COCOA—

"Perfection Brand" Purest and Best

*Remember, for the best and purest results order this brand.*

B-32

A DARLING GARMENT FOR YOUR DARLING BABY

Turnbull's "M" Bands are really a necessity for every infant from the date of its birth—not only do they make the little baby more comfortable but they save the mother a great deal of work and worry.

They are made from only the softest purest and cleanest Australian merino wool with linen tapes over the shoulders attached at the front and back to which the diaper is pinned. The wool keeps the baby nice, warm and comfy, holding the diaper firmly in place all the time no matter how active the baby may be.

Every mother we know of who has tried these Turnbull "M" Bands has become very enthusiastic and always comes back for more.

READ WHAT THESE MOTHERS SAY

"Streetsville, Ont., May 5th, 1916.—After using the 'M' Bands for over a month, I write to tell you that I have found them very fine indeed, and would not be without them at any price. Baby seems always comfortable in them."

"Indian Head, Sask., Feb. 14, 1917.—I am writing to tell you how pleased I am with the "M" Bands and I find them all you claim them to be. I also might say that since my baby has used them her back is always covered, and she is always comfortable. I would not like to be without them."

We can give you hundreds of other testimonials just as strong.

Remember we absolutely guarantee them and if you are not satisfied when you try them simply send them back to us and we will return your money.

Sold by the best dry goods shops or direct from us.

Write to-day giving age of baby.

The C. TURNBULL COMPANY of GALT Limited, - GALT, Ontario.

Runs by Water Works like Magic

This is the new "1900" Washer that does your washing for a few cents a week. All you have to do is connect it with any water faucet in your home—it starts and stops by simply turning the water on and off.

Sold at a price within reach of all. On a liberal trial offer.

We have a full line of Washing Machines of the newest and most improved types. Let us know whether you prefer a washer to operate by hand, engine power, water or electric motor, and we will send booklet descriptive of whichever kind you are interested in.

Better address me personally.

J. E. MORRIS, Manager

NINETEEN HUNDRED WASHER COMPANY

357 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

LIVE AGENTS We want live agents in every locality to look after subscriptions and renewals. Send for particulars.

Circulation Manager, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Toronto, Ontario

# Auto-Intoxication More Deadly Than Warfare

*By* WARREN WEBSTER

At a time when so many of our people have sons or relatives at the front, with all the concern and fear for their safety and welfare which such a condition is bound to engender, it is interesting that I find more or less comforting to examine into statistics and learn the exact mortality among the men who have been in active service in the real fighting, as compared with that of the people of Canada engaged in peaceful pursuits.

Dependable statistics show that for six months of the year 1916, the mortality percentage per thousand of the French Army in service was .012

During exactly the same period the mortality per thousand of residents of Canada was .0135.

It hardly seems conceivable, but these figures which are absolutely trustworthy, show a higher percentage of mortality among people of peaceful pursuits than those engaged and most actively engaged in warfare.

It may be truthfully claimed that many of these deaths in our country were of people advanced in years, which is true—

But if the average age at the time of death was available, it would doubtless be found that it bears a fair comparison with the average age in the Armies of France

The reason for this surprising showing is not far to seek—

The mortality in the Army is almost always caused by gun-shot or shell wound, because these men in their training are so actively drilled and exercised that their functions work perfectly and all food waste is naturally eliminated from the lower intestines.

Approximately ninety-five per cent. of the mortality in Canada, according to leading physicians and specialists, is caused directly or indirectly by accumulated food waste in the lower intestine, because of our sedentary pursuits and lack of physical hard work or daily exercise.

This accumulated waste contains the deadliest of poison, and our bloodflow absorbs this poison, distributes it throughout the system, woefully weakening it and lowering our resistance powers so that the disease to which we are most subject has full opportunity to develop and lay us low.

For our Country's highest interest, even a more significant phase of this Auto-Intoxication problem is that when it is present, long before you are really ill you are not more than fifty per cent. efficient—

Show me a man who, when bilious, "headachy" or with a disordered digestion can possibly have that bright, eager, confident outlook or steady nerve so essentially necessary to meet and solve successfully the problems of today—yet these are all infallible signs of mild Auto-Intoxication or accumulated waste—

And unless this accumulated waste is properly eliminated Auto-Intoxication progresses until we are really ill —the seriousness of which depends on the form which the illness takes

There are more laxative medicines (or physics) taken for this trouble than all other ills combined—but these only partially remove the trouble, are at best only temporary and if persisted in, require constantly increasing doses to have any effect at all.

There is, however, an entirely natural, rational way of keeping this waste out of the system entirely—a way which has been constantly growing in general use for the past twenty-five years until now over a million bright, clean, intelligent Americans who believe in Nature treatments are now practicing it—

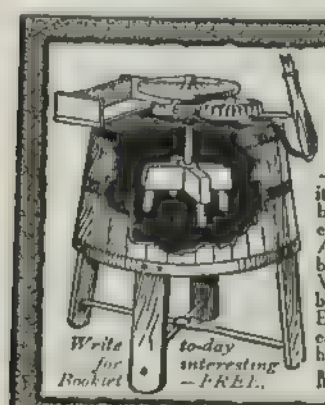
That way is an occasional Internal Bath with purified warm water by means of the J. B. L. Cascade.

And whenever, as in many, many cases, practicing Physicians have adopted this treatment, they are unanimous in their generous and unqualified praise of its effective results.

Chas. A. Tyrrell, M.D., of New York, over twenty-five years ago, restored his own health and strength by Internal Bathing after trying all other known resources without avail and has ever since that time specialized on his treatment, making it his life's study and work.

Much of this long and valuable experience and the practical cases which have come to his notice, are summed up in a little book, "The What, The Why, The Way of Internal Bathing," which he will be pleased to send free on request if you will address Dr Chas. A. Tyrrell, Room 441, 163 College St., Toronto, and mention having read this in Everywoman's World.

Inasmuch as the most noted Specialists including the great Professor Metchnikoff, are agreed that the absence of accumulated waste will positively assure better health greater strength and much greater efficiency to think and to work, it would certainly seem worth while at least to inform yourself on this subject by writing for the little gift book now, before it passes from your mind.

**Maxwell**

**"Home" Washer**

—the washer that not only washes the clothes mechanically, but does it better than they can be washed by hand. There's no "slumping" by the "Home" Washer light or heavy articles are cleaned with equal thoroughness. There's no tearing of delicate fabrics, either And it does the work in half the time! No more long-drawn-out, backbreaking washdays anywhere there's a Maxwell "Home" Washer; Just put the clothes in, and the rest is hardly work at all—because the "Home" Washer is so light, noiseless, and easy-running. Enclosed gears make it absolutely safe; "springs" make cover lift easily. Made of best quality cypress, handsomely finished. Runs by hand-power or water-motor. See it at your dealer's.

*Write to-day for interesting Booklet —FREE.*

MAXWELLS LIMITED Dept. K. St Marys, Ont. 34

**FREE**

**COMPLETE HOCKEY OUTFIT**

**BOYS**—Just think of owning a complete hockey outfit consisting of a pair of splendid, strong, polished steel hockey skates (all sizes), with puck stop, a good lively puck and a strong, well-made rock-elm hockey stick and a dandy pair of well padded hockey gloves with fingers and wrists protected by leather covered cane splints, or a dandy pair of hockey boots, extra-well stitched and reinforced. **With this splendid outfit you will be the best equipped player on the team,** and you can get the complete set without a cent of cost.

Just write us at once, a postcard will do, and by return mail we will send you a big free ten cent package of "Daintees" our new whipped-cream, candy-coated, breath perfume that everybody loves. With your sample package we will send you just 32 large packages of "Daintees" to introduce among your friends at only **10c.** each. It's easy. Open your free sample package and try "Daintees" yourself. Then ask your friends to try them. They will like them so much they will buy two or more packages at once. "Daintees" perfume the breath and leave a sweet and lasting flavor. They are irresistible. You will be all sold out in an hour.

Return our **$3.20** when the "Daintees" are sold and we will promptly send you the fine quality hockey skates, rubber puck and hockey stick and the dandy hockey gloves or hockey boots you can also receive without selling any more goods by showing your fine premiums to your friends and getting only four of them to sell our goods and earn our premiums as you did.

Hurry up boys. Write to-day before you forget the address. We arrange to stand payment of all charges on your outfit right to your door under our reimbursement system.

Address: **GOLD DOLLAR MANUFACTURING CO., DEPT. H. 4 TORONTO, ONT.** 178


# The Making of a Duchess

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29)

come home to stay. Where's Turrets?"

The Duke appeared within the doorway.

"I say, Jim," she pleaded, "you're going to drive us back, aren't you? Brennan is nothing better than a coachman. He drives a motor as if it were a balky horse. The ride here gave me 'mal de mer.'"

The Duke could not but smile as he caught the gleam in my eyes.

The Duchess was not yet done with her wiles. She had me seated by the Duke because, as she put it," Claude's luncheon has been too much for me after my abstemiousness at Brent's, and I've got to sleep it off, so if you don't mind, I'm going to hog the seat of the tonneau for a couch." And, no sooner had we started, than she assumed a clever semblance of sleep. Gradually, however, as we drove through the splendor of the late afternoon, the Duke and I forgot the occupant of the tonneau, and found ourselves telling each other many of those intimate things which, for some undefined reason, we never confide to those whom we have known longest. Through a silly song and dance, I had accomplished recognition in the world into which he had been born. My business was to be a humming-bird where he was an eagle .... yet we found ourselves akin. If only the Duchess had not taken a hand —

As we neared Brent's, the Duchess awoke with a suspiciously well-timed alacrity.

"You must let us off, Jim, it's as near as we dare go. And now," she groaned, "for a Brent supper—stewed prunes and cornstarch pap. By the way, Jim, do you think that the two stone I've lost is worth it?" She smoothed down her hips.

"You know that I liked you as you were, mater, but your dress-maker will probably be pleased." He patted her shoulder, gave her a dutiful peck, and held out his hand to me.

"I hope, Miss Mallo, you will come again to Turrets."

The Duchess clutched my arm.

"For heaven's sake, hurry. Here come a couple of the animated meal sacks down the road."

We scuttled off, and a moment later, the Duke sped by us. At the crossroads, we came upon Doctor Brent and her companion. Supper was ready upon our arrival, so that I was unable to get a word with the Duchess. She sat opposite to me, and regarded me with a mixture of mischief and satisfaction.

AFTER lights were out for the night, I stole to the Duchess's room and softly opened the door.

"Who's there?"

"I, Duchess."

I approached the bed where the Duchess cowered in an unlovely flannel nightie, and stood over her, grimly.

"Duchess," I said, "you are a manoeuvering old woman."

"S-sh," she whispered, "or that bogie Brent will get us. Don't you know that this is against the rules?"

"There are other things, Duchess, which fair-minded men and women consider against the rules."

"Oh, I say, Goldine Mallo, don't be a blighter."

"But —"

"S-sh. Do shut that transom, and come over here and sit on the bed. I want to talk to you."

"I can hear very well from here, Duchess."

"Do as I say, child. Ah, this is better. Give me your hand. Now, you Mallo doll, aside from the facts that you're as ridiculously pretty as a bit of French bisque, and that I've taken one of my absurd fancies to you, you're at head—you've proved it throughout your career —a shrewd woman of business; and I, too,—well, I suppose you know that I was a penniless, obscure curate's daughter when I met the late Duke. Now, I take it, that neither you nor I have any scruples of sentiment. You know that a title, and none better on the island, at that, is not to be despised, any more than your fifty thousand pounds per annum which I do not despise."

"Duchess," said I, "may I tell you a little story?"

"I'm a poor listener, but have your way."

"About eighteen years ago," I began, "there was a young girl playing ingenue parts in a second-rate stock company in the middle west of the States. She fell in love with the leading man of the company because he was the first man who had ever wooed her in what appeared to be an honorable way. She married him because she thought marriage meant a home and babies. She had never known a human creature she could call her own. A foundling, she had been, a slave in her childhood, and a bit of flotsam in her girlhood."

The Duchess patted my hand. I went on:

"Less than a month after her marriage, after the close of a stormy scene caused by her refusal to sign a contract with a manager of a particularly unsavory reputation, she left her husband who obtained a divorce upon her desertion. Later she read of his death. She was only nineteen at the time, but she had already tasted sufficient of the bitterness of life to make her as wary of its brews as any dowager.

She looked about her well, and decided that, henceforth, she would brew of her own vintage, or to put it plainly, if paradoxically, that she would accept nothing from life but what she could wrest from it. She had little talent for the things of the stage, but she possessed personal beauty, a cool head, and a capacity for work. There was but one thing she feared, dependence. Early and late, she worked to ward it off, preserving as best she could her beauty, and carefully cool in those situations in which women give their emotions the rein.

When, eventually, she became overnight, as it were, a luminary on Broadway, the critics spoke of her luck. But she and one astute manager knew better. For three years, he had watched her before he had taken her from the ranks."

"Go on," urged the Duchess, as I paused for breath.

"There is not much more to tell, Duchess. Despite the fact that she was soon earning more money than she had ever hoped to earn in all her life, she still awoke in the night with a horror of what dependence might bring her to. Yet, more than the dependence resultant from want of money, she dreaded the dependence resultant from love. Home, she determined, should be what she would make for herself."

"One, alone, cannot make home," said the Duchess softly.

"No," I answered, "she has come to realize that."

The Duchess leaned over and kissed me

"My dear child, after all, you have scruples of sentiment. I won't say that I like you any the less for them. However, sentiment and business can often be advantageously combined And now, if you'll leave me, I shall take my belated beauty sleep."

A week later, the Duchess's six weeks were up. I thought that I detected mischief in her eye as she bade me a farewell, but I was hurt that she made no mention of seeing me again.

Three days after that, I was returning from my morning's walk when at the very crossroads, where first the Duchess had accosted me, stood the Duke, patiently awaiting me.

He came forward with his customary deprecating manner.

"Miss Mallo, I hope that you will forgive my unconventionality, but you know, the rules of this infernal place did not permit of my asking beforehand whether this intention of mine would be agreeable to you. I have hidden my motor in a thicket farther down the road, and I hope that you will let me take you for a little spin."

"Did your mother send you, Duke?" I asked which was rather nasty, yet not entirely uncalled for, of me.

He smiled his patient smile.

"What would you do, if I should say 'yes?'" he asked.

"Simply walk on and finish my six miles."

"As a matter of fact, the mater did send me, but—" catching at my arm as I was about to go, "please, wait a minute until I can place the situation before you in its entirety. The mater sent me to fetch you back for luncheon. I have, however, no intention of doing so. I intend, with your consent, of course, to have luncheon with you myself at any woodland spot you may designate. To facilitate this, I have brought with me the luncheon. All that is needed, is the guest. Will you accept the part, Miss Mallo? I am anxious to discuss with you at length the respective merits of various plans for chicken runs."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 44)

# ARE YOU INTERESTED IN COAL CONSERVATION?

## The Real Cause of Much Waste lies in Defective Regulation of Temperature

WITH a general shortage of coal in Canada, the housekeeper is confronted by the necessity of finding ways and means of conserving it. There is the cry by many that furnaces are not properly constructed. Furnace manufacturers deny this. Again protests are many that the quality of the coal now being supplied is quite inferior. Much of this contention may be true, but it has been investigated and proven beyond doubt that the majority of householders waste coal through utter ignorance as to the proper degree of temperature to be maintained.

The temperature of living apartments, places of business, churches, schools, theatres, railroad coaches, and other public and private places of sojourn should never be allowed to rise above 70 degrees Fahrenheit. This is high enough even in hospitals, except where heat is used as a remedial agent, as in Turkish baths.

In establishing a temperature not to be exceeded indoors the comfortable point should not be taken as the standard. The comfortable point varies with the individual and has relation to the accustomed temperature—moderate, too high, or too low. A person habitually living in a temperature of 80 degrees feels chilly at 70 degrees; habituated to 70, he scarcely finds 65 uncomfortable. The young and those accustomed to being much in the open suffer greatly from hot rooms. Robust men properly fed and accustomed to an active outdoor life are not uncomfortable at a house temperature of 60. The comfortable point with them would be too low for the common living room.

The taste in temperatures of persons living constantly outdoors in a cold climate should no more be taken as a standard than should the preferences of chilly persons whose reaction to moderately healthful temperatures has been lowered by living in overheated rooms.

### *Waste of Health*

APART from the waste of coal caused by overheating, the waste of health is appalling. Space will not permit a detailed study of the matter. But if one reflects in regard to the common cold, the conclusion will be speedily arrived at that high degrees of temperature indoors are the cause, in nine cases out of ten. Dryness of atmosphere plays havoc with the average constitution.

The amount of moisture contained in the air is one of the chief factors to be considered in the heating of a dwelling during cold weather.

Cold air will not hold as much moisture as warm air, and when air becomes cold, therefore, it usually loses part of its moisture. The result is that during the winter we take air that has but a small amount of moisture, and by heating this air cause a change in it which is similar in its effect to a reduction in the amount of moisture. As cooling air reduces the amount of moisture it can contain, heating air has the opposite effect and increases the amount of moisture the air will take up. When we take winter air, therefore, and heat it for our dwellings the dryness of the air is increased unless moisture is added.

This dryness of the air causes irritation of the mucous membrane of the nose and throat and makes those breathing it more susceptible to colds. It will be found also that the dry air heated to 72°, 74°, or even 80° Fahrenheit will be less comfortable and will appear more chilly than a temperature of 66° or 68° when there is a greater degree of moisture in the air of the room. In a room in which the air is overheated and overdry the least movement of the air gives the sensation of drafts. If the moisture is increased and the temperature lowered the air will give the impression of balminess and the movements of the air, unless of considerable force, will cease to be noticed as drafts.

It is the experience of many individuals that overheated, dry air produces restlessness and nervousness, while, on the other hand, moderately heated air in which there is sufficient moisture to give an impression of balminess is restful and quieting in its effect.

When considering ways and means whereby coal may be used economically, look first to the quantity being consumed daily; then look to the temperature of the house. They will correspond, without a doubt, but it lies in your power to keep the amount used down to the average—keep the temperature at the proper degree.

# Fighting Trim for Stay at Homes

THE soldier in the trenches has been trained until he is physically fit—the Government has seen to that. The soldier now in training is being developed to the highest point of physical efficiency—the Government is seeing to that.

But what are we, the seven and a half millions of stay-at-homes, doing? Every one of us needs health training. We need to be efficient to fight the enemy from the home trenches—to fight famine, want, disease and self; enemies more deadly, more to be dreaded than those to be met on the battle-field.

Health and a little care spell youth. Once, women were old at forty-five or fifty, but nowadays there are no old folks; we are learning that health and care are the elixir of life, but we have not yet learned that the care must be begun when health and youth are ours, that we must not wait until they are disappearing and then frantically clutch at restorers and quick-result dopes.

One of the best preservatives of health is exercise. In these days of easy transportation, of swift trains, automobiles and street cars, people are beginning to lose their powers of pedestrianism, and with that loss goes much of the joy of living. Who does not know the sheer delight of a brisk walk over crisp snow, in the tingling winter air. How it brings the blood to your cheek and the vigor to your frame! And with what an appetite you attack your next meal.

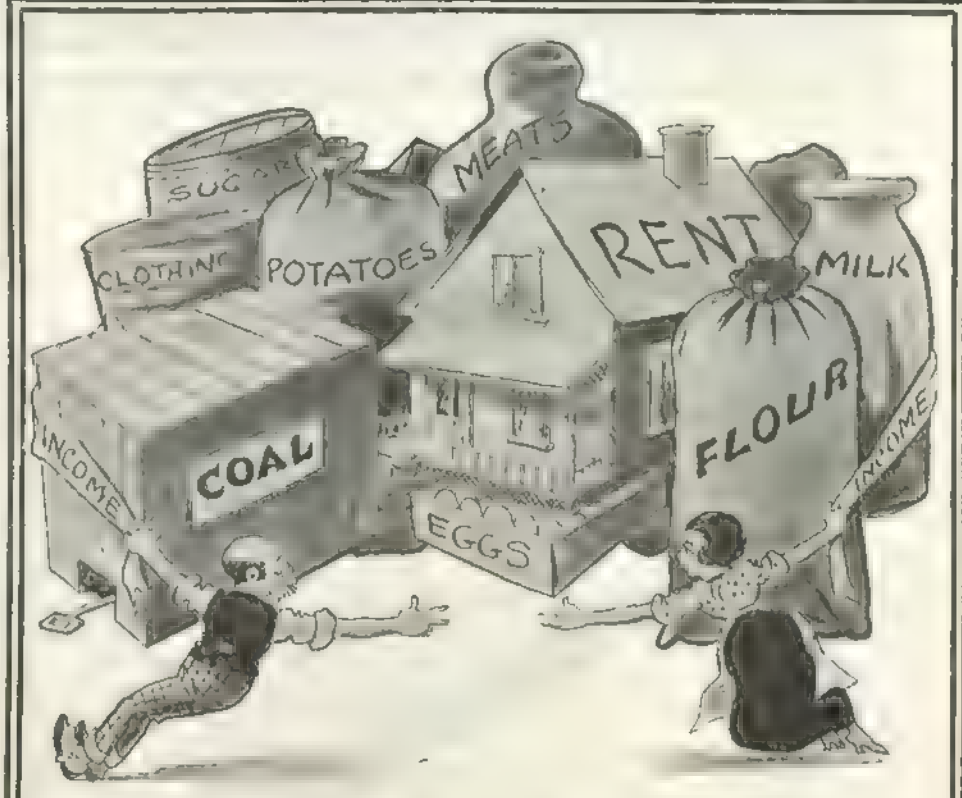
Keep in the open air as much as possible. There is no tonic that the doctor can administer that will do as much good as that which wise old Mother Nature offers for our use, and she makes no charge for the prescription. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, even when there is organic disease, a large improvement can be achieved by right living, daily bathing, correct diet, exercise, and fresh air. "Be sober and temperate and you will be healthy," wrote wise old Benjamin Franklin and his words hold good to-day.

In conclusion, when you walk, see that you are properly clothed for the exercise. Wear a short skirt, which will not impede your movements, and stout low-heeled shoes. Do not attempt to do too much at first. With practice, power will come and before long you will find yourself thinking of a five-mile walk on good roads as a mere trifle.

We stay-at-homes owe it to our country and to ourselves to become as physically fit as it is possible for us to be. The clerk from store and office, and often the boy from the farm, is flat-chested, round-shouldered and short of breath before enlisting. But three months in the training camp makes a new man of him. He has muscles like rubber bands; his heart is a dynamo of energy and his brain clear and alert. In short, he is a competent fighting man. He is in fighting trim.

And are we stay-at-homes to fall behind him? Are we to allow the precious gift of health to be lost to us for want of a litle care and determination?—unpleasant at first, maybe, but growing less so with every hour of exercise and attention to diet and training? Shall we be slackers in the great battle against the powers of disease and physical weakness? No, a thousand times, no!

Are we doing our bit? Are we in fighting trim?


*Stretched to the limit—To make both ends meet*

# HOW CAN I HELP?

How many earnest women have turned that thought over and over in their minds during the past few months?

How many find themselves with living expenses climbing beyond the limits of a "salary as usual"?

The war has enforced many economies. It has opened to women many new channels of earning money. It has dignified women's work in factory, shop and farm. For that work is now an essential part in the world's struggle for freedom.

Yet, while not **every** woman has been able to answer the question which comes up regularly with each month's onslaught of bills from grocer, butcher, clothier, landlord and the coal baron, **every** woman may, with ease, make a sum of money each month that will not only meet the growing expenses but leave a goodly sum to spare.

## *Your Spare Time will Bring You a Steady Income of from $15.00 to $100.00 Each Month*

That is a bold statement but it is not by any means a guess on our part. More than 5,000 women each year take advantage of our plan and earn sums regularly ranging up to $100.00 a month and higher in a great many cases. No previous experience of any kind is necessary. You make no investment. We supply everything necessary for your success.

If you would like to occupy your spare time with work that is of national importance, because of its educational nature; if you would like to earn a good substantial cheque each month to add to the family income, if you really want to help, we will show you how.

## MAIL THIS COUPON TO-NIGHT!

Agency Dept., EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD,
101 Continental Building, Toronto:

Please show me "how I can help" in my spare time by giving me full particulars of your monthly salary plan for local subscription correspondents.

NAME .. .....

ADDRESS. . . . . .

# CROWN BRAND CORN PURE SYRUP

has all the sweetness of the Golden Corn from which it is made.

Try it!

## Children Love It!

A wholesome spread for a piece of Bread. "Crown" Syrup is a pure, delicious Table Syrup—much less expensive than butter.

Fine for homemade Candy.

**All grocers sell it in 2, 5, 10 and 20 lb. tins and 3 lb. "Perfect Seal" Glass Jars.**

*Write for free Cook Book*

THE CANADA STARCH CO. LIMITED, MONTREAL.

# TWO MAGNIFICENT MOTOR CARS

## OR THEIR FULL VALUE IN CASH

## To Be Given Away By Everywoman's World

### A RARE OPPORTUNITY FOR OUR FRIENDS AND READERS

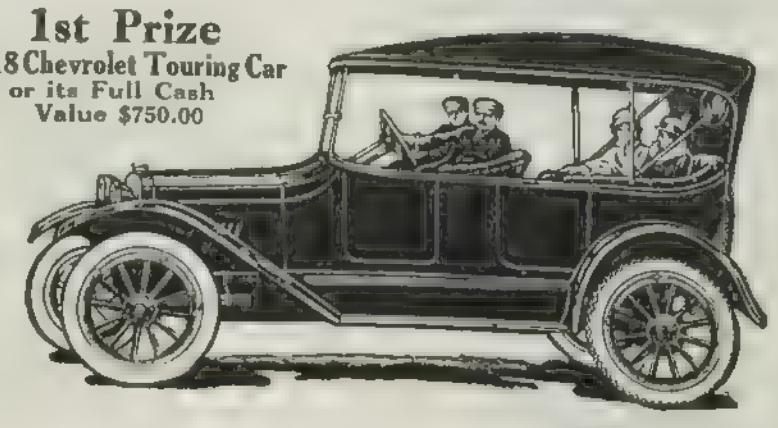
On page 37 of this issue appears "The Great Movie Mystery," the most interesting, fascinating problem you've ever tried to solve. For clever puzzlers it offers a wonderful opportunity.

More than $1600.00 in prizes are to be awarded and they include a new 1918 Chevrolet Touring Car, a 1918 Ford Touring Car, and dozens of fine cash prizes ranging from $1.00 to $100.00 each.

Even if you do not contemplate driving a car, do not let that deter you from trying for one of these marvelous prizes, because should you win either first or second prizes and desire the cash in its place, the cash value of the car will be promptly given to you. Four winners of motor cars previously awarded by EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD have, at their own requests, received cash prizes of the same value as the cars they won, and this fair plan will be followed in the present great contest.

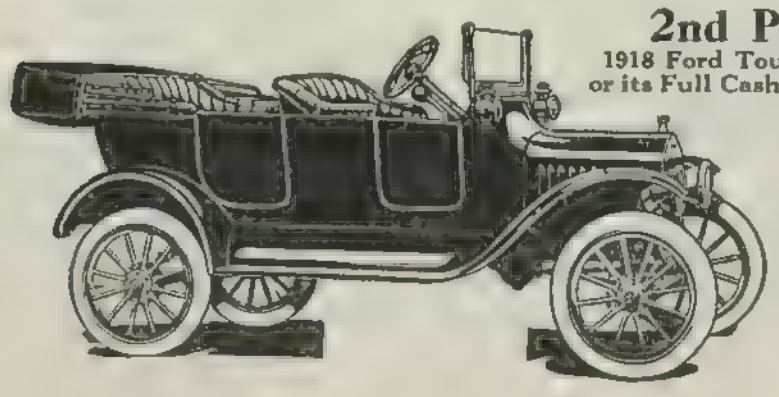
### 1st Prize

**1918 Chevrolet Touring Car or its Full Cash Value $750.00**



### 2nd Prize

**1918 Ford Touring Car or its Full Cash Value $495**



As the announcement of the competition frankly states, we conduct these great competitions to further advertise and introduce EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD. Through them, Canada's greatest magazine is introduced to many more Canadian readers, and makes many more warm friends.

The fine prizes that are awarded, have brought gladness and increased opportunity to many. In a recent contest, the winner of a Ford Car, Mr W F Geddes, of Guelph, Ont., asked for the cash value of his prize, and used the money ($550.00) to pay his way through college. The education enabled him, at the beginning of the war, to obtain a commission in Canada's great army, and he is now "Somewhere in France." Another first prize winner established himself in a successful business with his prize money. Still another, just recently, got married and furnished his home with the aid of the $500.00 prize he won in our last contest.

Hundreds upon hundreds of people, quite unknown to us, have won great prizes during the last few years, through entering EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD competitions. Their names and addresses will gladly be sent to you if you wish.

Make up your mind to share in this great prize distribution. Send your solution of the mystery to-day.

**Turn to page 37 now. You can Win one of these fine Cars**

# Infant Welfare Work in War Time

## In These Days of General Economy, the Geatest Measure is the Protection of Our Children

*By MONA E. CLARK*

THREE years of the great world-war are over, and the fourth is well begun. We Canadians have learned the meaning of sacrifice and courage; of saying good-bye to splendid boys, and of greeting worn-out men with the same brave smile. We have found our hearts; but have we learned that the heart must work hand-in-hand with the brain? Are we doing all that a young and vigorous warring people can do, to minimize the terrible results of war?

Twenty years hence, Canada will need a mighty race of men and women. She will need everyone of the Babies of To-day—the most valuable asset of our state. Now, what is Canada doing t safeguard this source of wealth, what i she doing in comparison with other countries? Since we have no Federal Bureau of Child Welfare, it has been necessary to make use of the excellent report of Dr. Grace L. Meigs, of the United States Children's Bureau, to obtain certain facts regarding the different roads which other nations have travelled, in their search for Better Babies.

Every country overtaken by war in 1914, has done a vast work in the protection of infancy and maternity. Strange to say, the nations hardest pressed,—France and Belgium—have done the most.

England is watching its birth rate and infant death rate, with as great concern as its casualty rate. Due chiefly to measures passed in the House, for the welfare of babies and mothers, the Infant Mortality rate for 1916, was 91 per 1,000 births, the lowest for any year of the war. Lord Rhondda, President of the Local Government Board, declared, in the spring of this year, that the lives of 1,000 babies can be saved each week, by the still greater efforts which are being made. With this splendid goal in view, the Motherland has much to be proud of.

With the far-sighted alacrity that characterizes the French race, Paris, within five months of the declaration of war, had made public provision for its babies, before, at, and after birth.

In Belgium, such strenuous efforts have been made to save both mothers and children, that conditions are now slightly better than in normal times. In the face of the terrible conditions existing there, this is probably the most encouraging triumph that Infant Welfare work has made.

Dr. Langstein, director of the movement for the protection of infancy in Germany, says, "It is just as important a patriotic task, to serve children who need care, as to serve the soldiers in the field."

Even Austria, a country slow to move, has had to close many of its institutions since the war, because mothers, by reason of Government grants, are able to remain at home with their children.

Our American ally has not fallen behind, and in fact, has gone so far as to institute government investigations in various cities, to learn why their infant death rates are so high, why certain diseases are so prevalent, and what are the best methods to be followed in improving conditions. So intense is the interest in the welfare of children, that a nation-wide association has been formed, through whose efforts the death rates in certain localities have been reduced 50 per cent.

### *Canada's Part*

CANADA has done something for the cause too, probably even more than the meagre vital statistics given us, would indicate. Montreal has established a splendid system of milk distribution; Ottawa has a staff of visiting nurses working under the supervision of the local Board of Health; Winnipeg and Calgary are doing excellent work. Hamilton has gone even further, and is a striking example of the results that could be effected if the whole of Canada were roused to action. This city has formed an association for Better Babies, which is maintained by private support and which last summer induced the Provincial Board of Health, to make a survey of the Hamilton babies, such as has been made by the Federal Bureau at Washington.

But with the larger cities, Child Welfare work ends. We have no Federal Bureau, and only one or two Provincial Governments—the Ontario Board of Health being a very potent factor—are interested, in the movement. In Ontario alone, 1 in every 10 children dies before reaching its first birthday. This rate, for a young country, is high, particularly so when every life is a necessity, as in these times.

Certain definite measures must be taken, if Child Welfare work is to have any far-reaching effects in the Dominion of Canada.

1. The law providing for the registration of births, should be enforced, that a basis may be laid for the formation of intelligent plans.

2. The establishment of the system of MOTHERS' PENSIONS throughout the country, should be recognized as the prime factor in keeping together the mother and her child.

3. Public Health nursing for prospective and nursing mothers and for children before and during school years, should be extended to the smaller towns, and to the rural and isolated districts.

4. The training of voluntary nurses, to take the places of our public health doctors and nurses now at the front, should be regarded as an absolute necessity.

5. Child Welfare activities should strive for correlation, since success results only through united effort.

In conclusion, let Canada show an increased solicitude for the lives and welfare of its children.

## Babyhood

**What is the little one thinking about?**
**Very wonderful things, no doubt;**
**Unwritten history!**
**Unfathomed mystery!**
**Yet he laughs and cries and eats and drinks,**
**And chuckles and crows, and nods and winks,**
**As if his head were as full of kinks**
**And curious riddles as any sphinx!**

**—J. G. Holland.**

# Will Gold Dust dissolve the grease?

Yes! And to discover how *quickly* Gold Dust dissolves the grease make this test. Take a batch of dishes—greasy ones. Wash them with Gold Dust, following the simple directions on the package.

See if Gold Dust doesn't remove the grease with surprising quickness. See if you don't save time.

Try *one* package of Gold Dust. See if you don't find it a superior cleaner for all dirt that you can't brush up or sweep off.

But look closely that it is Gold Dust you *really* get. It is for sale everywhere in large and small packages.

**GOLD DUST**

***The Busy Cleaner***

Made in Canada

THE N.K. FAIRBANK COMPANY
LIMITED, MONTREAL

*The danger time!*

is when you say, "I can use benzine, naphtha or gasoline because *I* will be careful."

***Don't do it—***

# CARBONA Cleaning Fluid

—will clean perfectly, without injury to the most delicate fabric or color,

—and Carbona

***—cannot explode***

It is safe to use day or night.

Guaranteed not to contain Benzine, Naphtha, Gasoline or other inflammable or explosive substance.

15c.—25c.—50c.—$1.00 bottles. At all druggists

Carbona Products Co., 302 West 26th Street, New York, U.S.

# DOMINION EXPRESS MONEY ORDERS

*There is no better way to pay your out-of-town accounts.*

*Get them in all Dominion Express offices and Canadian Pacific Railway stations.*

*$5.00 costs 3 cents.*

The End *of a* Perfect Day

There is nothing like a brisk day's sport on the ice rink or the bob-sleds to develop rosy-cheeked, clear-eyed youngsters.

There is nothing like "Vaseline" Camphor Ice for protecting them against chapping from cold winter winds.

Vaseline
Trade Mark
Camphor Ice

A little "Vaseline" Camphor Ice applied before going out and after coming in keeps hands and lips soft, smooth and healthy. Good for boys and girls—and grown ups too—the simple, natural skin protection against the hurts of frost and winter. No one who is fond of winter sports should be without it.

Write for new illustrated booklet. Free on request.

Insist on "Vaseline" Camphor Ice. Put up in tubes and boxes. Chemists and Department Stores everywhere.

Chesebrough Manufacturing Co.
(Consolidated)
1880 Chabot Ave. Montreal



MILLER
CHOIR GOWNS

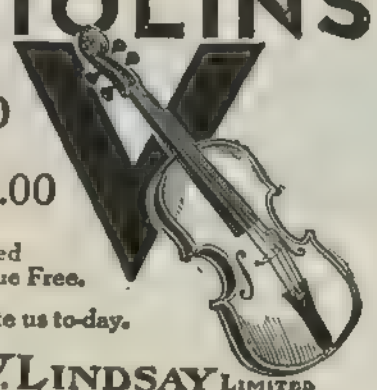
Miller Choir Gowns impart to church service a most desirable uniformity—with a special dignity and sincerity that is most impressive.

Write to-day for full particulars and samples.

THE MILLER MFG., CO., Ltd.
Suite 5, 44 York St.
Toronto



VIOLINS



From $3.50 to $400.00

Illustrated Catalogue Free.

Write us to-day.

C. W. LINDSAY LIMITED
189 SPARKS ST.
OTTAWA CANADA


# In the Realm of Books

## What's What in the Newest Literature

### *The Amateur Diplomat*

By HUGH S. EAYRS AND T. R. COSTAIN.
Hodder & Stoughton.
Price, $1.25.

"THE Amateur Diplomat" is the story of a young Canadian, Don Fenton, in the Balkans in August 1914. He cannot get to England to enlist, but he wants to do his bit. He chooses the thing nearest and seeing the importance of Ironia, a Balkan country, becoming one of the Allies, he works to that end. But the "white passion of statesmanship" soon involves him with the red one of love, the lady of his desire being no less than Princess Olga, heiress to the throne of Ironia. How Fenton secures Ironia to the Allies and Olga to himself after her renunciation of her murdered father's crown, is woven into a most thrilling story of intrigue and adventure. The authors are two young Canadians who have long had a distinct following in Canada, and their story pulsates with interest from the first page to the last. The "Amateur Diplomat" is about the breeziest and most exciting romance of love and politics that has appeared since Canada has been at war.

### *More Letters from Billy*

By the Author of "A Sunny Subaltern."
McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart.
Price, $1.00.

THOSE who have read the author's former volume, "A Sunny Subaltern: Billy's Letters from Flanders," will need no persuasion to invest in its sequel, "More Letters from Billy." This latest instalment of breezy epistles from the frank, stout-hearted Canadian boy, whom so many of us have learned to know and like, is equipped with a short preface written by "Billy's Mother" thanking the readers of the earlier work for their kindness and appreciation. The letters themselves are natural and spontaneous, boyishly expressed and full of the "slang of the army," but they tell a tale of patient and uncomplaining endurance that it would be well for many of our stay-at-homes to read and ponder over.

### *The Shell*

By A. C. STEWART.
William Briggs.

IN this little volume of verse dedicated to "the chivalrous sons of Canada: to the native born and his foster brother, and to the boy who from the battlefield of Vimy wrote his mother that he had borne himself like a Canadian," Mr. Stewart has gathered together some two dozen songs, the majority of which concern themselves with various phases of the war. In the short prefatory note which Mr. Stewart has affixed to the booklet, he claims no "attention on any basis save its fragmentary consonance with the wreckage of the great war." While not pretending to any great artistry, these verses have a gallant swing and movement about them which makes them easy reading. They should be popular.

### *How Could You, Jean?*

By ELEANOR HOYT BRAINERD.
Musson Book Co., Limited.
Price, $1.35.

IN Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd's own inimitable style she has told the story of a "cook lady" who became metamorphosed, in the process of which she became attached, permanently to one Teddy Burton, a genial—oh, well, why unravel the tale? It is one well worth the reading.

### *More Power to You*

By BRUCE BARTON.
The Century Co.
Price, $1.00.

MR. BARTON, the well-known editor and author, expresses his belief, through "More Power to You," that one of the greatest forces for righteousness is nothing more or less than the once maligned business, and he backs this belief up by weighty arguments. The book constitutes wise advice to young women and men who would "make good."

### *The Next-of-Kin*

By NELLIE L. MCCLUNG.
Thomas Allen.
Price, $1.25.

IT has only to be announced that Nellie L. McClung has written another book, to assure a wide reading. Whatever may be said in favor of, or contrary to, Mrs. McClung's style, her ideas are always good and wholesome. The stories and sketches in "The Next of Kin" give a remarkably clear and interesting revelation of public feeling in typical towns and country communities throughout Canada; show with telling effect how Canadian women and men are doing their bit to win the war, and outline their plans for safer and better social organization hereafter.

*Mr. HUGH S. EAYRS, who, with Mr. T. R. Costain, has written "The Amateur Diplomat" —a gripping tale of love and war.*

### *Sudden Jim*

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND.
Musson Book Co., Limited.
Price, $1.35.

SUDDEN JIM merited his title. He found himself called upon to manage a factory turned over to him by his father. He was new to the business world and it to him. Through sheer necessity he developed his own business methods, which became so unusual, so sudden that they kept his friends and enemies in constant state of uncertainty and expectation. Later he proved how sudden his love was. The story is a trifle unusual, and most entertaining.

### *Crumps*

By LOUIS KEENE.
Thomas Allen.
Price, $1.25.

CAPTAIN LOUIS KEENE, the Canadian soldier-artist, describes with breezy freshness the training and fighting of the Canadian army and the light-hearted courage with which they have mocked death on the Ypres salient. The vividness of his descriptions is reinforced by a series of striking sketches that give a graphic impression of life in the trenches, dug-outs and machine-gun emplacements of the Western Front.

### LET US SERVE YOU

**FOR the convenience of our readers we will be glad to purchase for them, from the publishers, all such books as we may review.**

**A post office money order enclosed with instructions—name of book and publisher—covering price of book and postage is all that will be required. There will be no extra charge for the service.**

**Address orders to the Review Editor, Everywoman's World, Toronto, Canada.**

### *On the Fringe of the Great Fight*

By COL. GEO. G. NASMITH, C.M.G.
McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart.
Price, $1.50.

COL. NASMITH'S narrative constitutes quite a remarkable book. Its gravity is lightened by humor and its technicality supported by thrilling war tales. The writer is a member of the Medical Health Staff of the City of Toronto. He went to England with the First Contingent as adviser in sanitation, and an expert on water purification; later, in France he had charge of the Canadian Mobile Laboratory. His work was carried on for eighteen months, always just in touch—"on the fringe of the firing line"—and his book is packed with description and information of an unusual character. It gives the reader an insight into what goes on behind the lines, and the means employed to maintain the health and efficiency of the British and Canadian soldiers in the field. In recognition of his services Col. Nasmith was decorated by the King as a C.M.G.

### *The First Canadians in France*

By F. MCKELVEY BELL.
McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart.
Price, $1.35

MR. F. MCKELVEY BELL, in his Chronicle of Military Hospital work in the war zone, "The First Canadians in France," has given us an interesting and readable account of the establishment of the first Canadian hospital in France and the happenings attendant thereon. He has much praise for the heroism and self-sacrifice of the Army Medical Corps. Of the Canadian nurses he says:

"No adequate description can be given of the trained nurse at the front. She is one of the marvels of the war. Patient, industrious, cheerful, self-sacrificing and brave, she has robbed war of much of its horrors. She has made the wounded soldier feel that a sister's care, a mother's love and a clever woman's skill follow him wherever he goes. Her smile has cheered his lagging day; her gentle touch has soothed his pain and the warm sympathy of her kindly heart has made the foreign land a home. Under stress of work and nervous strain, ever forgetful of self, always thoughtful of others, no truer or nobler band of gentle women ever left the shores of Canada."

### *Stokes' Wonder Book of Fairy Tales*

Musson Book Co., Limited.
Price, $2.00.

WITH the best of the old fairy tales, and the newest of the new, a most alluring combination has been effected. The illustrations by Florence Choate and Elizabeth Curtis are charming. The whole is attractively gotten up. The book has been made "treasureable" in every sense. Best of all, the type has been chosen with great care and is so large and clear that it offers no strain to little readers' eyes.

### *Verses of Idle Hours*

By O. CHESTER BRODHAY.
Frederick C. Browne.
Price, $1.00.

SIMPLE, unaffected little stories in verse—wholly free from reference to the war—restful and refreshing. Only one poem—"The Invisible Army" is weirdly suggestive of the havoc being wrought in Europe. The book is beautifully bound in blue and gold, and is a welcome addition to any library.

### *The Eyes of the Army and Navy*

By LIEUT. A. H. MUNDAY, R.N.
Musson Book Co., Limited
Price, $1.50.

THIS is a comprehensive though simple text book of aerial navigation in all its branches. Lieut. Munday, who has won his laurels with the R. N. A. S. was, prior to the war, a young Toronto newspaper man. Following service on the Western front in which he was wounded, he was invalided back to Canada on leave, during which period he compiled this book. Altogether apart from its excellent technique which makes it invaluable to the student, it is replete with interest for the lay reader.

(Continued on Page 39)

# THE IMPORTANCE OF MOUTH HYGIENE

## Unsanitary Mouth Conditions Causes More Physical Deterioration Than is Produced by Alcohol

THE influence of dental diseases upon the general health, because of the unsanitary conditions which dental diseases produce in the mouth, is much more disastrous than has been generally understood, though their effects are becoming more clear with increasing knowledge. There has long been a disposition to regard the mouth and its condition as of no consequence in its relation to health, instead of looking upon it as the gateway of nutrition; the avenue through which must pass all food upon which the nourishment of the body and the maintenance of health depends. Pure food laws are right and should be enforced, but a clean mouth is an equally important factor in the conservation of the national health.

Regarding the importance of mouth hygiene, Dr. Wm. Osler says:

"There is not any one single thing more important in the whole range of hygiene, than the hygiene of the mouth. If I were asked to say whether more physical deterioration was produced by alcohol or by defective teeth, I should unhesitatingly say defective teeth."

Dr. Wm. Hunter, of London, makes this statement regarding the effects of unsanitary mouths:

"I desire to point out how common a cause of disease it is, how grave are its effects, how constantly it is overlooked and what remarkably beneficial effects can be got from its removal."

CONCERNING the influence of such conditions upon the nose, throat and lungs, Dr. Wadsworth says:

"From the hygienic standpoint the secretions of the mouth constitute the chief, if not the only source of respiratory infections, and the infectious material is transferred from one person to another, in some cases through the air, as from sneezing or coughing, and to an even more serious extent by personal contact, or by the use in common of the various accessories of life."

As it is the child who is most susceptible to decay of the teeth, with consequent unclean mouth, so it is the child who is the greatest sufferer, especially as it affects his growth and development.

Concerning its effect in relation to infectious disease, Dr. Henry C. Langworthy says:

"A foul mouth and decaying teeth, particularly in children, decidedly increase the chances of catching such contagious diseases as scarlet fever, diphtheria, measles and tuberculosis. A clean mouth will do much to prevent tubercle bacilli from gaining a foothold in the body."

In brief, dental diseases of whatever nature, always mean an unclean and unhealthy mouth. But they mean more than this, and this is the important thing to be remembered; they are the cause of other and more serious conditions, such as digestive disorders, anaemia, malnutrition, septic poisoning, neuralgia, etc., and predisposition to such other diseases as diphtheria, tuberculosis, and pneumonia, as well as the infectious diseases of childhood, of which there are several.

# The Magpie's Nest

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10)

to stay and see the babies? Maddie will absolutely howl the roof down if she finds you've been and gone."

"All right, if you can stand me a little longer." She smiled at that; he put his hat down. "They ought to be back soon." Madeline was an imp and a darling, and he was more than fond of her. That she reciprocated with enthusiasm was evident when a moment later her nurse brought her in, bright-eyed and strong, with flying curls, fresh from a walk.

"O, Nicky," she screamed in a delighted treble, hurling herself at his legs, "tackling low," as he put it "Here is me. What've you dot for me."

"Little pig," he said, tossing her to his shoulder. "Got a kiss—tied with a pin-ribbon. Hello, sonny; how's tricks? Grace's boy, who was two years older than Madeline, came forward more gravely, but even so rather boisterous. They swarmed over him, ruffling his bright hair, going through his pockets—and getting their hands gently slapped for it, whereat Madeline pouted and looked at him with a roguish side-glance. Mrs. Sturtevant, watching him carry Madeline on one strong arm to a sofa, was silent, her face singularly immobile. She had always been a trifle afraid to classify her emotions when she saw him with her children—another man's children—in his arms.

"You spoil them, Nick," she said at last, still a little sharply.

"Get out—I spank them more than you do," he retorted, with some truth. "You spoil 'em; you simply send them out of your sight when they misbehave—and then they go on misbehaving where you can't see them. Maddie, isn't your mummy a naughty girl?"

"I love my mummy," said Madeline, with sudden grave loyalty. "I am a naughty girl. Yesterday—I stealed a little cake." She looked so pensively proud of her own wickedness that even Mrs. Sturtevant laughed.

"Then," said Carter, "I shall have to bring you a little cake, so you won't need to steal one. Now I must go." Madeline threatened tears, but was pacified with promises of an early return.

"You won't stay to dinner?" said Mrs. Sturtevant.

"I've an engagement for dinner," answered Carter, and hoped later that it might happen to be true.

Mrs. Sturtevant shrugged her slim shoulders. "Very well. Au 'voir."

He was gone. Maddie came and climbed up on her lap, unnoticed, and presently put her arms about her mother's neck. "Mummy sick?" she asked sorrowfully. Mrs. Sturtevant started.

"Yes, dear," she said, as if with an effort. "Mummy's head aches. Run away to nursie."

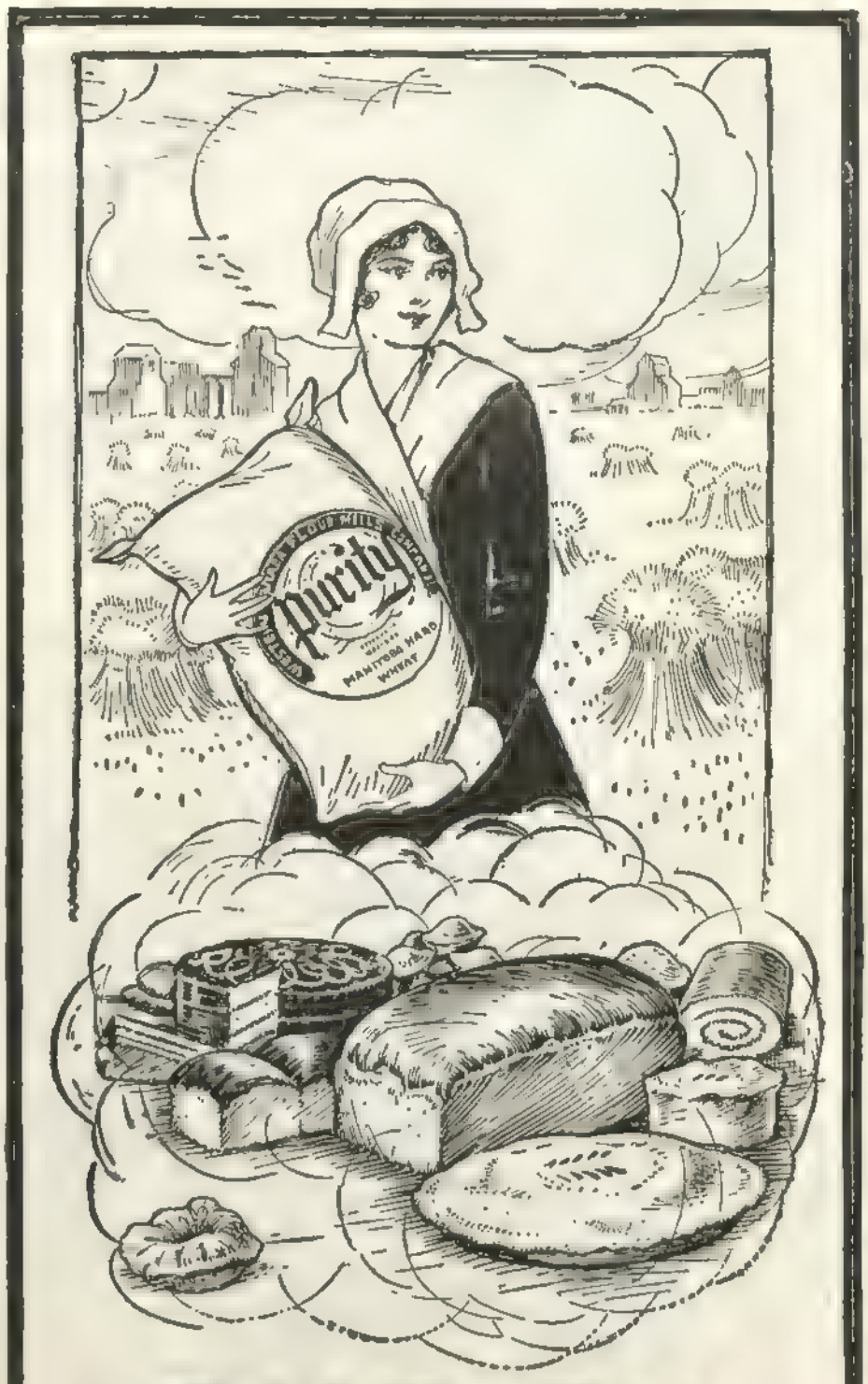
So, left quite alone, she sat very straight and still, trying to question herself closely, looking at her own heart, out of a certain natural pride in her honesty with herself. How long had she cared for Nick like this? But she could not positively remember; not even when she had been aware of it first, for it seemed to her now that she must have cared for him longer than she had known. Only, having always had herself schooled to exquisite restraint, she kept her emotions far below the surface—it was a family tradition with her people, the Camberwells, to be "sensible"—and aided by her sense of possession of him, which another family tradition, that of loyalty, insensibly translated by her into a secure personal ownership, ignorance had not been difficult. Jealousy had been needed to shock the truth to the surface. Once he had been reported engaged to another woman—a false report, but before she knew it false she had hated that other woman utterly. And then she knew, though very slowly had she acknowledged it.

But he would never know. Unless he sought the knowledge. She set her teeth on that; pretty, rather sharp-looking, small teeth.

There was something hopeless about not even being able to remember when it had begun. It made the end look equally uncertain.

She went to the old, dim, gilt-framed mirror at the far end of the drawing-room, and studied herself for a long time, and turned away with a bitter pride in the fact that nothing in her face betrayed her. And a wistful wonder—was that face not fair? Other men had thought so. There is no woman who is not beautiful to her own eye in the light of the one man's praise; nor one who is not despoiled of all the usufruct of beauty if he prove blind.

In the meantime, her cousin was ringing Hope's doorbell—or at least, her landlady's doorbell—in a pitiable state of incertitude as to what he should say if he found Hope at home. By the time the door opened he quite hoped she would not be at home.


PURITY FLOUR

the Efficient Flour

The real baking foundation for white, even-textured bread; delicious, dainty cakes and light, flaky, mouth-melting pastry. High in food values and distinctively pleasing to the taste.

SPECIAL

The Purity Flour Cook Book

the latest publication on modern kitchen practice; a 180-page de luxe, general purpose, kitchen encyclopedia, carrying between its covers reliable and tried recipes for all manner of dishes for the ordinary meals, as well as economical instructions for the preparation of dainty desserts and delicious confections for special occasions.

Mailed postpaid on receipt of 20 cents.

WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS COMPANY, LIMITED

TORONTO • WINNIPEG

281

NORTHERN ONTARIO

A vast new land of promise and freedom now open for settlement at 50c an acre in some districts—in others Free.

Thousands of farmers are responding to the call. Here, right at the door of Southern Ontario a home awaits you.

For information as to terms, regulations and railway rates to settlers, write to

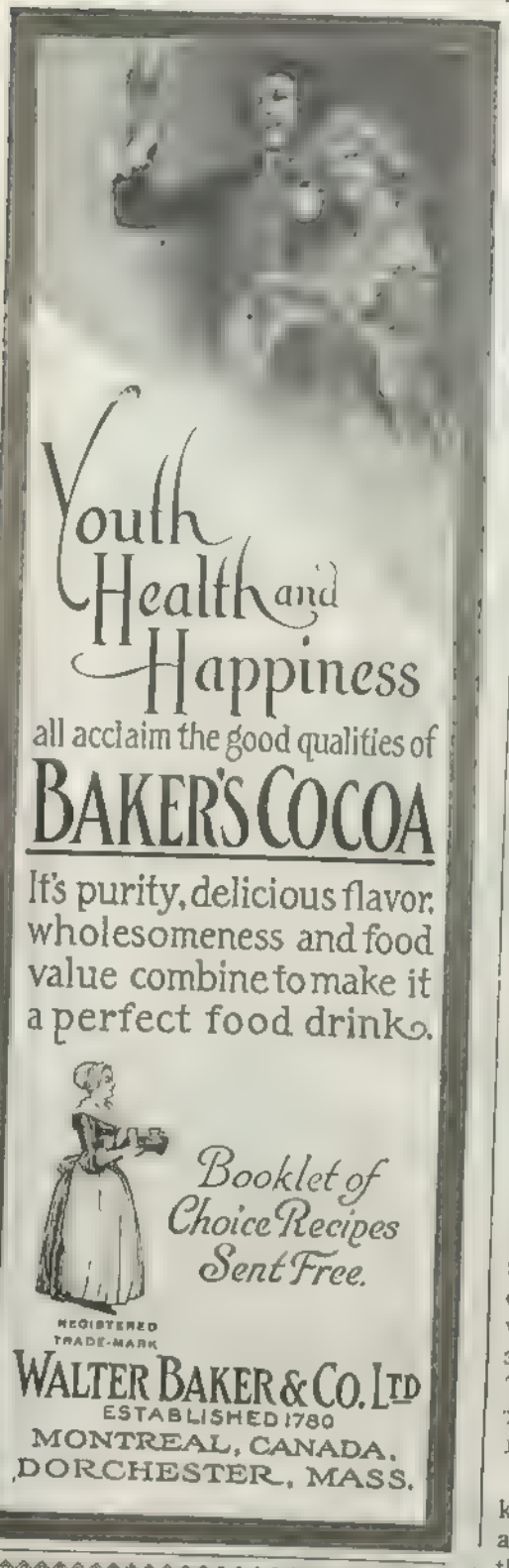
H. A. MACDONELL,
Director of Colonization,
Parliament Buildings,
Toronto, Canada.
Hon. G. HOWARD FERGUSON,
Minister of Lands, Forests and Mines.

*Your Spare Time*

can be made just as profitable. Mrs. W. J. May, Merlin, Ont., earned **$104.50**, since Aug. 1916 with our plan, she does it all in her spare time. Our plan is still open to a few more women and if you would like to turn your spare time to really profitable use, write for full particulars to

Everywoman's World

Continental Building, - Toronto


Youth Health and Happiness
all acclaim the good qualities of
BAKER'S COCOA
It's purity, delicious flavor, wholesomeness and food value combine to make it a perfect food drink.
Booklet of Choice Recipes Sent Free.
REGISTERED TRADE-MARK
WALTER BAKER & CO. LTD
ESTABLISHED 1780
MONTREAL, CANADA.
DORCHESTER, MASS.

**Cough Nearly Gone in 24 Hours**

**That's the usual experience with this home-made remedy. Costs little—try it.**

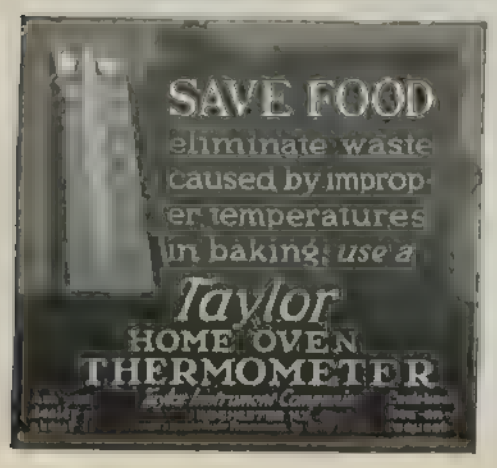
Anyone who tries this pleasant tasting home-made cough syrup, will quickly understand why it is used in more homes in the United States and Canada than any other cough remedy. The way it takes hold of an obstinate cough, giving immediate relief, will make you regret that you never tried it before. It is a truly dependable cough remedy that should be kept handy in every home, to use at the first sign of a cough during the night or day time.

Any druggist can supply you with 2½ ounces of Pinex (50 cents worth). Pour this into a 16-oz. bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. The total cost is about 55 cents and you have 16 ounces of the most effective remedy you ever used.

The quick, lasting relief you get from this excellent cough syrup will really surprise you. It promptly heals the inflamed membranes that line the throat and air passages, stops the annoying throat tickle, loosens the phlegm, and soon your cough stops entirely. Splendid for bronchitis, croup, whooping-cough and bronchial asthma.

Pinex is a highly concentrated compound of Norway pine extract, and is famous the world over for its healing effect on the membranes.

To avoid disappointment ask for "2½ ounces of Pinex" with full directions and don't accept anything else. A guarantee of absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded goes with this preparation. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.




# Canadian Mothers

## As Their Khaki-Clad Sons Overseas See Them

WHEN God saw that the world He had made needed mothering He did not try to fill the need by domesticating an angel from the Shining Camp. He made a woman. And, perfectly or imperfectly, according to her lights (and her opportunities) she has gone on mothering the world ever since.

Right here some pessimistic person may remind himself—and me, that she made trouble at the start by stirring things up and has gone on stirring things up ever since, but in return we ask: "What would this old world be to-day without her?"

Do we seem boastful? Let us explain our extra enthusiasm. One of our nurses who went overseas two years ago was allowed to come home at Christmas to rest up, and, incidentally, display the decoration pinned on her breast by King George,—the decoration won by her own fortitude and bravery. The things she told us of our boys broke our hearts with mingled pain and pride.

"And back of these splendid fellows are their splendid mothers," she exclaimed, sitting there in the fire-lighted living-room of the old manse,—the home of her childhood and girlhood, the home from which she went forth to a life of danger, and what, perhaps, is harder to face, unceasing grind, work and care—with a few of us clustered about her.

"I only wish they could know—the mothers—how high a place they hold in the hearts of those big boys of theirs. One incident made a lasting impression on me. It was after the battle of —— and I had a score of these same boys under my immediate care. It was good to note how cleanly of habit and of speech they were. Their poor bodies were more or less maimed, torn, and shattered, but their spirits seemed to hold fast to indomitable daring, wholesomeness and youth. Even the horrors of war failed to age them. They were just boys, and, as boys will, when far away, they talked of home and of Beth and Bill as the days wore on.

"Do you know, almost everyone of them had a way of saying when thanking us nurses for any special kindness, from dressing a wound to helping write a love letter. 'I wish you knew my mother.' 'Indeed, I'd love to know her!' We'd answer back in all sincerity, and the bond was formed.

"One day there was quite a discussion among the convalescents. It grew so warm I was called in as a sort of arbitrator. 'He says,' explained a Nova Scotian pointing a shaky finger of the one hand left to him at a much bandaged young Frenchman, 'the mothers of his country are the best in the world, and we know better. Canadian mothers are the cream! Three cheers for Canadian mothers, God bless them.'

"'Lie right down, both of you,' I told them sternly. 'Do you want to waste all the work we've had getting you as well as you are?' The Frenchman subsided with dispatch, too chivalrous to disobey a woman, but my Nova Scotian persisted:

"'Tell him how fine they are,' he pleaded of me boyishly. 'Other mothers may be all right, but ours—ours,' his voice was shaky, 'have a something about 'em no other mothers have.'

"When men are weak of body emotion breaks them easily. A mere boy on the right began to whimper, down the line someone strangled a sob. 'Stow it!' growled a lad from Hamilton, Ont. 'Nough's a feast of all that sentiment.'

"It grew very still in the ward, and by and by, I slipped away. From the door I looked back. The Frenchman had reached over near enough to touch the other's empty sleeve. 'Comrade mine,' he was saying earnestly, 'I know ze Canadienne mammas are grand; by ze sons they send us I know.' The argument was ended for good.'

"Our mothers have a something about 'em no other mothers have!" The tribute straight from one lad's heart makes an echo in the hearts of all. "Canadian mothers, God bless them!"

### *Don't Ridicule Children*

IT is Stephen Leacock, I think, who defines the school teacher who cannot laugh at the absurd answers given to his questions by pupils as "a person past redemption." He, or she, is certainly an individual who should not be teaching the young idea how to shoot. Think of the fun missed! and the wisdom—none of your acquired, cut and dried article, but the fresh, spontaneous kind found only in children!

"They are the joy of my life those daring, darling youngsters who throw scraps of outrageous information at one as carelessly as they throw a ball in the playground," was how one teacher put it, dimpling as she spoke. "Think of my prize pupil, the daughter of an eminent divine, ending up her composition—a glowing pen picture of the red man in his native state—with the embarrassing assertion:

"But gone is his greatness and his glory,—the poor North American Indian has got civilized and converted."

You begin on the examination papers listlessly. Stupid enough some of them—but wait. On a sudden you wake up, and you wake up laughing. How can you help it when in response to "Define the first person singular," you see in the bold characters of a certain boy? "Eve, she had no clothes to wear and no other women to talk to, or about." And from some sweet faced girl who has chosen the gruesome subject of Capital Punishment: "It can't be nice to hang a man. They have a kinder way in the States—elocution." No satire intended, just the statement of a fact.

Oh, they are funny little mortals these school children! The other day we had a visitor who read a chapter aloud, and then questioned the pupils concerning its contents. He was a very solemn man, and the youngsters were solemn too, until he happened to put the query: "What is meant by a Job's Comforter?" to a lad who had been paying scant attention. "Please sir," came the answer with an engaging smile, "it's a thing for fooling babies that don't know no better." Then everyone, including the visitor gave way to mirth.

No wonder anyone too much of a stick to grudge such delicious efforts a laugh of pure enjoyment, untouched by ridicule, is, to quote Stephen Leacock, "A person past redemption."

### *A Protest Against "Don'ts"*

UNLESS you have lived when young in the country or country-town you will not be familiar with the pastime of "hanging on bob-sleighs," but when we tell you that it is exciting, exhilarating, and dangerous you will at once realize its popularity. No sooner is school out than there is a wild rush for the street, a wilder scramble for the sleigh with its big horses tossing their heads at all the clamor, making the bells which circle their necks sing the maddest gladdest song you ever heard;

*"Come along! they sing, with a jing a-ling, a-ling,*
*"Come along! come along! come along!"*

And with shout and laughter the invitation is accepted. The kindly driver might be the pied piper so tumultuously do the children follow him and his music. It is great fun, there is no denying it. When I took six year-old Paul "back home" on a visit last winter he caught the sleigh riding fever first thing. His heart was bold, but alas! his legs were short. He was in a wreck most of the time, and fearing a serious injury we forbade him to attempt any more of it. He showed signs of rebellion, but we stood firm. "I don't mind getting hurted," he pleaded. We told him he was our little boy, and we loved him too much to allow him to run into danger. "Bertie Brown hangs on sleighs, and he's awful young," he argued. "Poor Bertie is an orphan," we said gently, "he has no kind mamma or papa to see that he doesn't run into danger. You wouldn't like to be an orphan, would you?" A speculative look flashed into his brown eyes, he was evidently measuring up the advantages of a career free from "don'ts." "I wouldn't mind one bit being an orphan for awhile," he answered with the candor (and conviction) of the six-year old.

### *A Statesman's Opinion*

*SIR GEORGE FOSTER said, "You are certainly publishing a fine magazine for Canadian homes." Thanks, Sir George! 125,000 Canadian women agree with you and more and more are seeing the light every day. By the way, don't forget to drop a card asking us to renew your subscription when it expires.*

### The New Year

*God takes our yesterdays dim and old*
*Touched with sorrow and sinning,*
*And gives to us*
*With a grace untold*
*The year's soft dew*
*And the dawn of gold,*
*Gives us the fresh beginning.*

*By JEAN BLEWETT*

## Laura Secord

**I search the pages of our history over**
**For a courageous one, whose name shall stand**
**For staunchest patriot and for truest lover,**
**And prove the same by deed done for the Land.**
**My heart beats high, for 'tis a woman bears it,**
**You'll find it, marble carved, on Laura Secord's grave,**
**And every true Canadian woman shares it,—**
**The right to stand for what is grand and brave.**

**Jean Blewett.**

## Peculiarities of Little Folks as Viewed by Mothers

# The Great Movie Mystery!

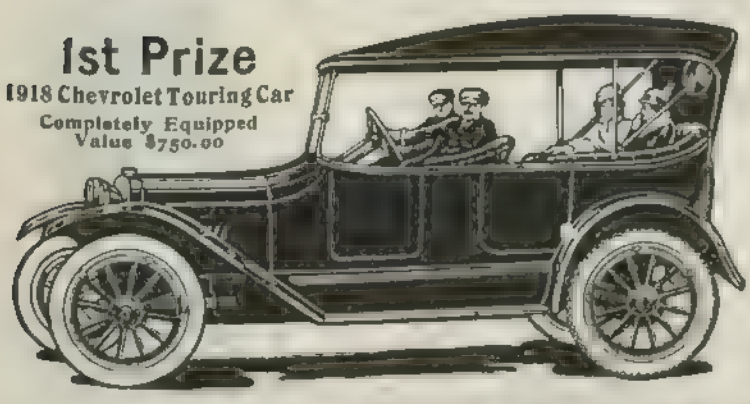
"THEY'RE COMING SOON."
WHO ARE THEY?
1. I PARCK MY FORD
2. A FOUND A GLASS BRIK
3. MAKER A CUTER GIRL
4. A BAD HEART
5. WET A SATIN RAT
6. ROAM OR DIE
7. FUN MUST DRAIN
8. A LETS BEN CHEW
9. NEVER LYE BABY
10. I PREACH ALL CHIN
"THEY'RE ALL GREAT MOVIE STARS!"
"I'VE GOT NO. 1!"
?
?
"I KNOW NO 2 HE'S GREAT!"
"I'VE GOT NO. 10. IT IS CHARLIE CHAPLIN!"
"SURE — SHE'S A CANADIAN!"

**Here's a Problem that Kept an Entire Audience Puzzled a Whole Evening. Can You Solve It?**

IT'S so interesting that you will get an hour's stimulating mental exercise from it and no end of amusement. You see the owner of this particular Movie Theatre was very proud of the excellent character of the plays he produced and each night would flash on the screen the names of the famous players who would soon be appearing in his pictures. But on this particular night the operator, wanting to play a little joke on his audience, took the names of the players and so mixed up the letters in each name that they spelt out the funny sentences you see above. Time and time again this film was flashed on the screen only to be demanded back. Many of the audience are still trying to solve the mysterious names. Can you help them? If you are not familiar with the names of the best known moving picture actors and actresses the list below may help you.

# Two Magnificent 1918 Motor Cars
## and $373.00 in CASH PRIZES for Best Replies

**1st Prize**
**1918 Chevrolet Touring Car**
Completely Equipped
Value $750.00



**1st Prize—1918 Chevrolet Touring Car, Value $750.**
**2nd Prize—1918 Ford Touring Car, Value $490.**
3rd Prize, $100.00 Cash; 4th Prize, $75.00; 5th Prize, $50.00; 6th Prize, $25.00; 7th Prize, $20.00; 8th Prize, $15.00; 9th Prize, $10.00; 10th Prize, $10.00; 11th Prize, $10.00; 12th Prize, $10.00; 13th Prize, $5.00; 14th Prize, $5.00; 15th Prize, $5.00; 16th Prize, $5.00; 17th Prize, $5.00; 18th Prize, $5.00; 19th Prize, $3.00; 20th Prize, $3.00; 21st Prize, $3.00; 22nd Prize, $3.00; 23rd Prize, $3.00; 24th Prize, $3.00; and 25 extra Cash Prizes of $1.00 each.

**Prize List**

**2nd Prize**
**1918 Ford Touring Car**
Value $490.00

## CAN YOU NAME THE MOST POPULAR MOVIE STARS

PROBABLY you know the names of most of the famous players but just to refresh your memory we mention below the names of a few of the most popular players.

Charlie Chaplin, Hazel Dawn, Francis X Bushman, Beverly Bayne, Francis Ford, Grace Cunard, Marguerite Clark, Clara Kimball Young, Fannie Ward, Max Linder, Dustin Farnum, Alice Brady, Theda Bara, Wilton Lackaye, Douglas Fairbanks, Blanche Sweet, Julia Sanderson Marie Doro, Pauline Frederick, Robert Warwick, Anita Stewart, Olga Petrova, Norma Talmage, Lou Tellegen, George Beban, Annette Kellerman, Mary Pickford, Lillian Walker, Mabel Normand, Pearl White.

All the puzzle names can be re-arranged to spell out the correct names of one of the great stars. So study your pencil, put on your thinking cap and when you think you have the right names, send your solution promptly to us.

## WHY WE ARE AWARDING THESE MAGNIFICENT PRIZES

This great contest is being conducted by the Continental Publishing Co., Limited, one of the largest and best known publishing houses in Canada. That is your guarantee that the prizes will be awarded with absolute fairness and squareness to you and every other contestant.

Frankly, it is intended to further introduce EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Canada's Great Home Magazine. You may enter and win one of the fine Motor Cars or the $100.00 cash prize whether you are a subscriber to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD or not, and moreover you will neither be asked nor expected to take the magazine or send a single penny of your money in order to compete. **Here's the idea:**

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD is so popular everywhere that it now has the vast circulation of over 125,000 copies a month; but our motto is "EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD in Every Woman's Home." We want all Canadian women to become better acquainted with Canada's great home magazine, knowing that when they are they will be glad to have it every month. Therefore, when we acknowledge your entry to this contest and you know your standing for the prizes, we shall send you **without cost** a special copy of the very latest issue and a review of many of the fine stories, fashions, house-keeping and money-making features, soon to appear. Then in order to qualify your entry to be sent on for the judging and awarding of the grand prizes, you will be asked to assist us in carrying on this big introduction plan by showing your sample copy to just four of your friends or neighbors who will appreciate this really worth while **All-Canadian** magazine and want it to come to them every month. You will see from this sample and in a few minutes of your spare time and we will even send sample copies for you to leave with each of your friends if you would like to have them.

### RULES FOR SENDING YOUR ENTRY

1. Write on one side of the paper only. Your solutions of the names should appear on one sheet with your full name (stating Mr., Mrs. or Miss) and address in the upper right hand corner. Use a separate sheet of paper if you wish to write any letter.

2. Employees of this company and their relatives are absolutely debarred from competing.

3. Boys and girls under 12 years of age will not be allowed to compete.

4. Three independent judges, having no connection with the firm, will judge the qualified entries and award the prizes according to the number of points gained on each entry, the answer gaining 100 points, which is the maximum, being first prize. Points will be awarded for the correct solution of each of the names from No. 1 to No. 9 inclusive (No. 10 being given as a "Key") will not count 20 points will be given for [illegible] to take the magazine or sending [illegible] for fulfilling the condition of the contest. The contest will close at 5 p.m., May 30th, immediately after which the prizes will be awarded. The names and addresses of the judges will be published in due course and contestants must agree to abide by the judges decisions.

5. Contestants may send as many as three sets of answers to the puzzle, but only one set may be awarded a prize.

6. In the event of different members of a family competing only one prize will be awarded in any one household or family. Address your reply to

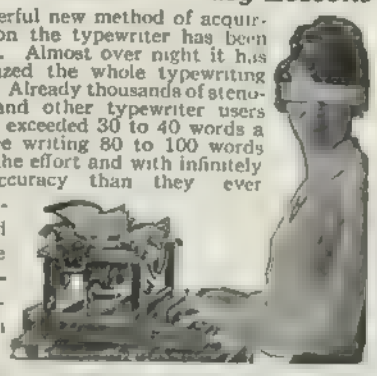
**Movie Contest Editor, Everywoman's World, Continental Publishing Co., Ltd., 1 Continental Bldg., Toronto, Ont.**

# Typewrite the New Way

## 80 to 100 Words a Minute Guaranteed!

### Learn at Home—10 Easy Lessons

A wonderful new method of acquiring skill on the typewriter has been discovered. Almost over night it has revolutionized the whole typewriting situation. Already thousands of stenographers and other typewriter users who never exceeded 30 to 40 words a minute, are writing 80 to 100 words with half the effort and with infinitely greater accuracy than they ever could before, and they're earning salaries increased in proportion.



NOTHING ELSE LIKE IT

Don't confuse this new way in typewriting with any system of the past. There has never been anything like it before. It is as different from the old touch system as day is from night. Special Gymnastic Finger-Training Exercises bring results in **days** that ordinary methods will not produce in **months**. It is the greatest step in typewriting since the typewriter itself was invented—already its success has become nation-wide.

DOUBLES AND TREBLES SALARIES

Among the thousands of operators who have taken up this system are hundreds of graduates of business colleges and special typewriting courses—many were so-called touch writers—yet there has not been a single one who hasn't **doubled** or **trebled** his or her speed and accuracy, and the salaries have been increased from $8 to $15 a week (their former pay) to $25, $30 and even $40 weekly. And the new way is **amazingly easy** for anyone—there are only 10 lessons and they can be quickly learned at home.

NEW CATALOG FREE

We cannot attempt here to fully describe this new method. But we have prepared a catalog which tells all about it in complete detail, which is **free** to those interested. It is a big 32-page catalog, brimful of eye-opening ideas and valuable information. It explains how this unique new method will quickly make your fingers **strong and dextrous**, bring them under **perfect control**, make them **extremely rapid** in their movements—how in a few short weeks you can transform your typewriting and make it **easy, accurate and amazingly speedy**—all this and much more is told in detail. No instruction book ever written, no matter what it cost, ever told so plainly the real WHY and HOW of expert typewriting.

If you are ambitious to get ahead—if you want to make your work easier—if you want to put more money in your pay-envelope—get our catalog at once. It will be a revelation to you as to the speed and salary that is possible to typists. Mail postal or letter NOW, before you forget. Address **The Tulloss School, 5741 College Hill, Springfield, Ohio.**

**Vapo Cresolene**

(ESTABLISHED 1879)

**The Inhalation Treatment for Whooping-Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Colds, Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs.**

Simple, safe and effective, avoiding internal drugs.

Vaporized Cresolene relieves the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and Spasmodic Croup at once. It nips the common cold before it has a chance of developing into something worse, and experience shows that **a neglected cold is a dangerous cold.**

Mrs. Ballington Booth says: **"No family, where there are young children, should be without this lamp."**

The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inhaled with every breath, makes breathing easy and relieves the congestion, assuring restful nights.

It is called a **boon** by Asthma sufferers.

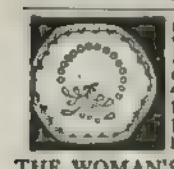
For the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles, and as an aid in the treatment of Diphtheria, Cresolene is valuable on account of its powerful germicidal qualities.

**It is a protection to those exposed.** Cresolene's best recommendation is its 38 years of successful use.

**Sold by Druggists. Send for descriptive booklet.** Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, composed of slippery elm bark, licorice, sugar and Cresolene. They can't harm you. Of your druggist or from us, 10c. in stamps.

**THE VAPO CRESOLENE CO., 62 Cortlandt St., N.Y. or Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Can.**





**5 Piece Table Set 15c.**

**A Lovely Table Set,** Eyelet design consisting of one Centerpiece with 4 Doilies to match, on Fine Quality, Natural Bleached Art Linen, all for 15c. **Extra Bargain** to introduce our latest catalog of exclusive designs.

**THE WOMAN'S SUPPLY CO., Reg. Dept. N., 747 St. Catherine St. West, Montreal, Que.**



**ELLIOTT Business College**

**Yonge and Charles Streets, Toronto**

**Points with pride to its long list of successful Students. Great demand for our Graduates. Enter now.**

**Write for Catalogue, W. J. ELLIOTT, Principal.**


# Girls in the World of Finance

## The Business World's Extremity is Woman's Opportunity

*By ELIZABETH CLARE*

FROM the first application by a girl, for admission to the banking profession, matrimony has been the nigger in the wood-pile, which has made banking officials dubious about admitting the feasibility of allowing women to occupy responsible positions.

But while in the past, this considerations has restricted advancement for women, and has dampened the enthusiasm of the powers that be, it cannot assume the same importance in the future. The number of young widows and bachelor girls seeking some form of intelligent occupation, displaces the most telling argument against fair promotion in this profession.

The splendid response which the men of our Canadian banks, bondhouses and insurance business have made to the Empire's call has depleted the staffs of such organizations from fifty to seventy-five per cent. The attitude of these institutions, under very difficult conditions, has been wholly admirable. They have encouraged the enlistment of their men and have enrolled in their places inexperienced girls, and boys under military age. Many of the banks have not enough senior officers to place one at the head of each branch.

Moreover, the volume of business in the banks is increasing and the handling of each successive war-loan is a serious problem. It really needs the services of more experienced men than the banks are in a position to provide.

The real progress of women in banking life will depend, in the last analysis, on the attitude which they themselves assume. The girl who enters a bank because it has required of her no specialized training and is therefore to be regarded as an immediate source of pin money, will not climb far on either the promotion list or the pay-roll.

Neither will the maiden who is thrilled momentarily by the idea of "releasing a man for service overseas." Nothing is more essential these days than that women should recognize the necessity for doing just this thing—but they must realize that the responsibilities they are assuming are not to be measured by whims and passing enthusiasms. They call for steady, trustworthy service as long as the need for such relief-work exists.

But for the girl with ambition, with a good education, a training that has instilled in her the capacity for concentration and for assimilating ideas, a field is opening in the financial world that cannot be gauged at this juncture.

Reliability, steadiness, the ability to learn and retain the knowledge of a vast amount of detail, and a clear, logical head for the tenets of good business practice—these are the essentials that will enable her to fill competently the positions of accountant, or even to be manager of a deposit branch bank. It does look, today, as though, contrary to the expectation of any banker in the country, a few years ago, there would very shortly be a real place, a worth-while place, for women in the banking world. Given the opening, it will depend, first, last and always, on each girl's own ability to conscientiously qualify herself for this new field.

Women have, to some extent, filled acceptably the vacancies left by the men who have enlisted, but according to the assistant general manager of one of our largest banks, they are still viewed in the light of an experiment. So far, the tryout has proven successful and has filled the need of the moment, which has not involved anything more radical than the placing of girls in the more or less minor posts such as those of collection clerks, savings ledgers and of a few tellers.

### *The Possibilities in View*

IT is still a matter of debate as to whether women on the whole have realized the true significance of banking opportunities. It is generally conceded by most authorities that a qualified woman is eligible for almost any position in a bank.

Already, girls have risen to be teller - accountants—that is, girl tellers have assumed many of the duties hitherto assigned to the accountant and the rest—the supervisory parts, especially—have reverted to the managers. But the general manager of one of our largest banks, says that girls have attained to much more important posts, already, than the average accountancy.

In fact, one bank which has a large number of city branches has been, considering the possibilities of a new policy which would confine that portion of their business relative to loans, to four or five of their branches judiciously allocated throughout the city and do only a deposit business in the remaining branches. If such a policy were pursued, there is absolutely no reason why a woman, technically efficient, should not be competent to manage one of the latter branches.

In order to attain such a degree of efficiency, the student in banking will find no speedier aid to the necessary office experience, than the banking course offered by Queen's University.

This college provides correspondence tuition in the Fellow's course and the Shaw Correspondence School takes charge of the Associate's Course, each maintaining a staff of recognized experts.

It is not generally anticipated by banking authorities that returned soldiers are going to be attracted by the apparently inactive life of the banker. But in any case, should time show such a prediction to be incorrect, the steady, logical development of the banking business augurs well for the permanency of its female staff.

### One Notable Success

**A GIRL of twenty-two, recently graduated from the University, was paying a pleasantly indolent visit to Boston. She had just managed to forget that lecture hours and examinations had ever enslaved the aspiring Bachelor of Arts, when along came an imperative but non-committal wire from her grandfather, the vice-president of one of Canada's large financial institutions.**

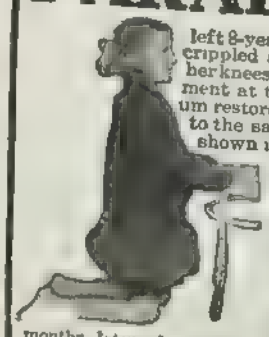
**Before she had fairly caught her breath after her arrival at home, the girl found herself understudying the Teller at Head Office, for he had signed up and would join the colors in a month.**

**By the time he left, this girl who had never viewed any but the customer side of a banking house, was a trustworthy teller. Application, dependability and the best of her mind for her problems—these were the reasons of her success.**

**Other girls have joined her, and the vice-president of the company, known as one of the country's most conservative financial men, declares unreservedly that business offers no better field for women than banking.**

**This authority states that he has found girls to be more reliable, more thorough and more patient than the boys that had previously filled all junior posts, and looks for the not distant day when women will be found in many positions of responsibility in Canada's financial institutions.**

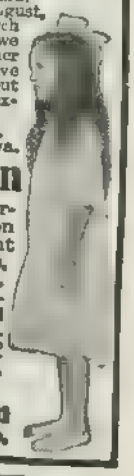

# INFANTILE PARALYSIS



left 8-year-old Evlyn Olson so crippled she had to crawl on her knees. Five months' treatment at the McLain Sanitarium restored her feet and limbs to the satisfactory condition shown in the lower picture. Her mother has this to say:

"We feel it our duty to recommend your Sanitarium. Evlyn was stricken with Infantile Paralysis in August, 1915. March 1, 1916, we carried her to you. Five months later she could walk without crutches or braces. Words cannot express our thanks.

MR. and MRS. JOHN OLSON,
R. D. No. 7, Grinnell, Iowa.



## For Crippled Children

The McLain Sanitarium is a thoroughly equipped private Institution devoted exclusively to the treatment of Club Feet, Infantile Paralysis, Spinal Diseases and Curvature, Hip Disease, Wry Neck, etc., especially as found in children and young adults. Our book, "Deformities and Paralysis," also "Book of References," sent **free on request.** Write for it today.

**The McLain Orthopedic Sanitarium**
**978 Aubert Avenue St. Louis, Mo.**



# AGAIN WE SAY THROW AWAY YOUR TRUSS

## Rupture Completely Cured—Sound and Well

From the trenches of Europe comes a letter written by Private John Carter, whose home address is No. 2 Shaw View, Fluxton, telling of his complete cure of rupture from wearing the Brooks Appliance.

April 18th, 1915.

C. E. Brooks,

Dear Sir:

I received your letter by first post this morning. I beg to thank you for your Appliance which was instrumental in the way it cured me of my rupture. I have now been in Kitchener's army seven months, and I have gone through all the training, and I have never felt anything and not had the slightest trouble. I remember when I passed the doctor he remarked "There is nothing wrong with you, young man, you are in the best condition," and he sounded me all over, and I again thank you for the same, and I give my consent to use my letter as a testimonial to anyone, as I have been cured. Hoping you and your firm much success.

Yours truly,

Private John Carter

And under almost the same date, the mother of a soldier writes

2, Orchard Road,
Richmond, Surrey.
April 11th, 1915.

Mr. C. E. Brooks,

Dear Sir:

A line to thank you for what your Appliance has done for my son. After wearing it from December to the following September I can say he is quite cured and is now serving his country in France at his own trade, a shoeing smith. You can make what use you like of these, my thanks.

I am, yours,

Mrs. E. Whittle

(Mrs. E. Whittle.)

The wonderful Brooks Rupture Appliance is made at Marshall, Mich., U. S. A., and will be

## SENT ON TRIAL

to any rupture sufferer anywhere in the world to prove its merits, as a Retainer and Cure for Rupture.

The soft automatic cushion is the secret of this scientific invention. No harness, no springs, no hard pads, no "medicine," no misleading promises.

It is to be hoped that readers of this paper will take advantage of this opportunity to cure themselves of this most painful and distressing affliction. Just fill out and mail the coupon.

**FREE INFORMATION COUPON**

**C. E. BROOKS,**
**229C State Street, Marshall, Mich.**

Please send me by mail in plain wrapper your illustrated book and full information about your Appliance for the cure of rupture.

Name . . .

Address . . . . . .

City Province

## In The Realm of Books

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

*A Hillside Christmas*
By ETHEL PENMAN HOPE.
McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart.

MRS. HOPE'S little pamphlet, "A Hillside Christmas," is daintily bound in grey paper, with a Christmas vignette upon the cover. It is a simple story of a war-time Christmas spent by one of the many mothers left at home, who face with aching hearts the suspense and uncertainty which are, perhaps, as hard to fight against as the more material sufferings of the men at the front. "Neighbour Goode's" troubles are sympathetically portrayed and the booklet ends with the tale of how the Christmas message came to her, bringing with it hope and comfort. The many mothers whose sons are at the front should read this tale with interest.

*The Book of Holidays*
By J. W. MCSPADDEN.
Thos. Y. Crowell Co.
Price, $1.25.

WHAT is a holiday? As a matter of common practice, it is simply a day knocked off from work—accepted with careless gratitude and utilized with very little thought as to what it stands for. In "The Book of Holidays," Mr. J. Walker McSpadden sets forth for us in chatty and interesting fashion the what and why of these days. He tells of New Year's Day and of the nations that have celebrated it and the manner of that celebration; of Lincoln's Birthday, dear to every American heart; of St. Valentine's Day, and of the good Bishop, the patron of lovers. These and many more he commemorates in simple story-telling form. The book contains a fund of useful information for every citizen and will appeal to older as well as to younger readers. Appropriate poems are quoted for each holiday and there are numerous illustrations. As the author says in his Preface, much of this material, while formerly available, was in widely scattered sources. To bring it into the covers of one volume is therefore a public service. This is a book that may be profitably added to any reading shelf.

*The New Joan*
By KATHERINE HALE.
McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart.

ADMIRERS of Katherine Hale's poetry will find in this little booklet, "The New Joan" with its artistic cover of crimson and gold, no decline from the level of her former work. There are some dozen poems included in the present volume, of which the well known "Grey Knitting" is one, although it now forms a part of the title poem, under the heading, "On the Battlefield." Most of the others deal with women's work—in the home, on the land and elsewhere—though there is a Christmas Song for soldiers. In her brief foreword, Katherine Hale says, "These songs are bound in crimson for that is the color of courage; and in gold which signifies the strength and joy of life which is work."

*Poems*
By ALFRED GORDON
Musson Book Co., Limited.

MR. ALFRED GORDON in these poems shows a sense of style rare in so young a man, but his verse is conspicuously lacking in warmth and humanity. Mr. Gordon, as acknowledged in his brief preface, is strongly influenced by that school of modern criticism of which Arthur Ransome and Arthur Symonds are the leaders, but the mannerism of his work is that of an earlier and more artificial school. In the two fine odes which appear on pages 4 and 8 of this volume respectively, however, he shows a mastery over "the stately march, the long resounding line," not often found in our modern poets. If Mr. Gordon can import into his future work a little more of the "veined humanity" which the present volume lacks, he has a promising future before him.

*Other Books Received*

Inspirations and Ideals—By Grenville Kreisler—Funk & Wagnals Co. Price, $1.00.

Songs From a Young Man's Land—By Clive Phillips-Wolley—Thomas Allen. Price, $1.50.

The Heart's Kingdom—Maria Thompson Daviess—Reilly & Britton. Price, $1.35.

The Mask—Florence Irwin—McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart. Price, $1.40.

America At War—Prof. W. F. Osborne—Musson Book Co., Limited. Price, $1.25.

# NERVOUS HEADACHE

Miss Evelena M. Risser, Dublin Shore, Lunenburg, N.S., writes:—"I suffered from severe headaches for two years. In fact, I had headaches day and night. My appetite was very poor and I frequently had pains in the back. After using a few boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food the headaches disappeared, appetite improved and I gained in health and strength. I am very thankful for the benefit obtained from the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, for I am well again after two years of misery."

The object of pain seems to be to give warning that something is wrong in the human system. For this reason, when you have a headache, for instance, you should honestly seek for the cause.

Headache is not a disease in itself, but rather a symptom. If you find other indications that the nervous system is exhausted—if you are restless, nervous, sleepless and irritable—you may rightly suppose that to be the cause of the headache.

The headache warns you that with neglect of the nervous system you later expect nervous prostration, locomotor ataxia, or some form of paralysis. Wisdom suggests the use of such treatment as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to build up the system, and thereby remove the cause of the headache, as well as prevent more serious troubles.

The use of headache powders is not only a dangerous practice, but the shock to the system of drugs which are so powerful and poisonous as to immediately stop pain is most harmful. The relief is merely temporary, and with this danger signal removed the disease which caused the headache continues to develop until results are serious. The moral is, when you have headaches or pain of any kind look for the cause and remove it.

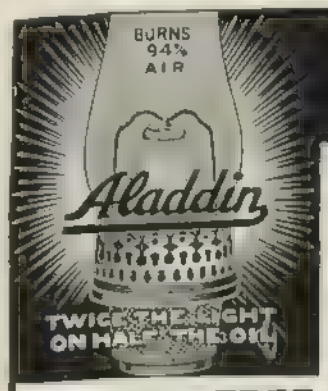
Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is not intended as a mere relief for headache. It cures by supplying the ingredients from which nature rebuilds and revitalizes the wasted nerve cells. Some patience is required for this reconstructive process, but the results are wonderfully satisfying, because they are both thorough and lasting.

If you would be freed from headaches, as was the writer of the letter quoted above, put Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to the test. Working, as it does, hand in hand with Nature, it can no more fail than can other of Nature's laws.

50 cents a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

# Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

Dr. Chase's Recipe Book, 1,000 selected recipes, sent free if you mention this paper.




Get One FREE

# New COAL OIL Light Beats Electric or Gasoline

## 10 Days FREE—Send No Money

We don't ask you to pay us a cent until you have used this wonderful modern white light in your own home ten days, then you may return it at our expense if not perfectly satisfied. We want to prove to you that it makes an ordinary oil lamp look like a candle; beats electric, gasoline or acetylene. Passed by Insurance Underwriters. Children handle easily. Tests by Government and 35 leading Universities show that the new ALADDIN

**BURNS 70 HOURS ON ONE GALLON**

common coal oil, no odor, smoke or noise, simple, clean, won't explode. Over three million people already enjoying this powerful, white, steady light, nearest to sunlight. Won Gold Medal at Panama Exposition. Greatest invention of the age. Guaranteed.

$1000 Reward will be given to the person who shows us an oil lamp equal to the new Aladdin in every way (details of offer given in our circular). We want one user in each locality to whom we can refer customers. To that person we have a special introductory offer to make, under which one lamp is given free. Write quick for our 10 Day Free Trial Offer and learn how to get one free, all charges prepaid.

Yours FREE — Yours FREE

MANTLE LAMP COMPANY, 200 Aladdin Building, MONTREAL
Largest Coal Oil Mantle Lamp House in the World

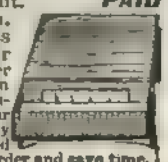
## Men With Rigs or Autos Make $100 to $300 Per Month

Our trial delivery plan makes it easy. No previous experience necessary. Practically every farm home and small town home will buy after trying. One farmer who had never sold anything in his life before writes: "I sold 51 the first seven days." Christensen says "Have never seen an article that sells so easily." Norring, Ia., says "92% of homes visited bought." Phillipe says "Every customer becomes a friend and booster." Kemerling says, "No flowery talk necessary. Sells itself." Thousands who are coining money endorse the ALADDIN just as strongly. NO MONEY REQUIRED. We furnish stock to get started. Sample sent prepaid for 10 days' free trial and given absolutely without cost when you become a distributor. Ask for our distributor's plan. State occupation, age, whether you have rig or auto; whether you can work spare time or steady; when can start; townships most convenient for you to work in.

# 130-Egg Incubator and Brooder Both For $15.75

If ordered together we send both machines for only $15.75 and we pay all freight and duty charges to any R. R. station in Canada. We have branch warehouses in Winnipeg, Man. and Toronto, Ont. Orders shipped from nearest warehouse to your R. R. station. Hot water, double walls, dead-air space between, double glass doors, copper tanks and boilers, self-regulating. Nursery under egg tray. Especially adapted to Canadian climate. Incubator and Brooder shipped complete with thermometers, lamps, egg testers—ready to use when you get them. Ten year guarantee—30 days trial. Incubators finished in natural colors showing the high grade California Redwood lumber used—not painted to cover inferior material. If you will compare our machines with others, we feel sure of your order. Don't buy until you do this—you'll save money—it pays to investigate before you buy. Remember our price of $15.75 is for **both** Incubator and Brooder and covers freight and duty charges. Send for FREE catalog today, or send in your order and save time.

FREIGHT AND DUTY PAID



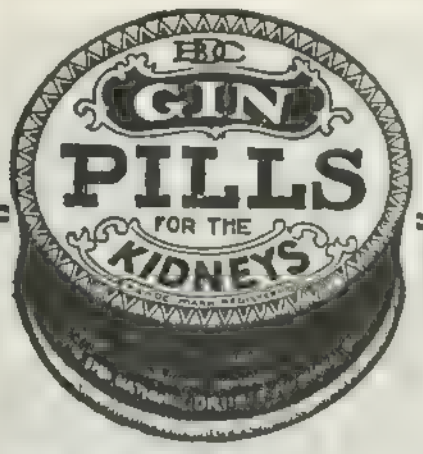
Write us today. Don't delay. WISCONSIN INCUBATOR CO., Box 210 Racine, Wis., U. S. A.

# Wrinkles

Thousands have successfully used this formula to remove traces of age, illness or worry: 1 oz. of pure

**Powdered SAXOLITE**

dissolved in ½ pt. witch hazel; use as a face wash. The effect is almost magical. Deepest wrinkles, crow's feet, as well as finest lines, completely and quickly vanish. Face becomes firm, smooth, fresh, and you look years younger. No harm to tenderest skin. Get genuine Saxolite (powdered) at any drug store.




## Prospector Tramps 60 Miles To Save Chum's Life

*Gin Pills succeed in restoring Kidney action, averting tragedy in Mining Camp.*

A letter received from Sid Castleman, prospecting in the Larder Lake district in Northern Ontario tells a gripping story of tragic suffering, with no doctor within reach. Read this letter, and learn how health was brought back by Gin Pills

# Gin Pills FOR THE KIDNEYS

Larder Lake, Ont.

I am writing to thank you and tell you the good your GIN PILLS did for me. I had been suffering for some time with my Kidneys and I was constantly passing water, which was very scanty some days as many as thirty times, and each time the pain was something awful, and no rest at night. I began to feel quite worn out. I had heard of your GIN PILLS and decided to give them a trial at once. I sent my chum out to get them (about 60 miles), and I can possibly inform you that in less than 6 hours I felt relief. In two days the pain had left me altogether. I took out half a box, and today I feel as well as ever I did, and my Kidneys are acting quite naturally. Again thanking you for the Pills some of which I always take when I go prospecting.

SID CASTLEMAN.

**Gin Pills cure Backache, from which so many women suffer, Inflammation of the Bladder and of the Ureter, Stone, Gravel, Brick Dust deposits, and all other derangements of the Kidneys, Bladder and Urinary system.**

**SAMPLE FREE** If you write to

**National Drug & Chemical Company of Canada Limited.**
Toronto, Canada
or to U. S. Address, Na-Dru-Co., Inc,
202 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

50c a box or 6 boxes for $2.50

AT ALL DEALERS
Money refunded if you are not satisfied.

# FREE

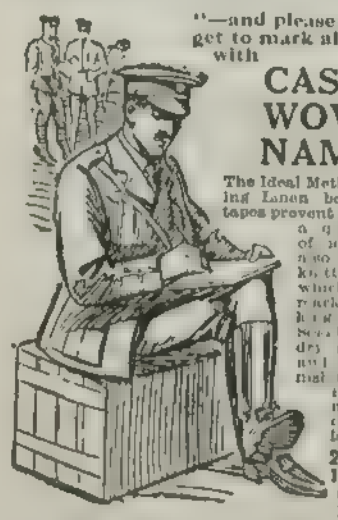
**FAIRY PALACE DOLL HOUSE, 3 BEAUTIFUL DOLL SETS, RING AND "PRINCESS PAT" DOLL**

Just think girls! We will give you all these grand presents absolutely without cost. First The Big Beautiful Fairy Palace Doll House, so big and roomy that it will hold a whole family of dolls—then a real Wash Set consisting of wash tub, wash board, wringer, iron and stand, big clothes basket, clothes line and a little case full of dolly clothes pegs; then you get a five piece Talking Set, Cutlery Bakeboard, rolling pin potato masher, mixing bowl and loaf, the beautiful big doll carriage you see above, last, but one as can be with its fine parasol and bright metal fittings and a lovely gold finish ringset with real sparkling stones. Last but not least, every girl can get the lovely big "Princess Pat" dressed doll—over 18 inches high. It's a "made-in-Canada" beauty, with unbreakable head, and she is dressed completely from head to foot, real shoes, underwear, dress and hat.

GIRLS—Write to-day and we will send you **Free** a big sample package of Fairy Berries, the lovely new Cream Candy Coated Health Perfume. We want you to try them and learn how delicious they are. With your sample we will send just 32 handsome big packages to introduce among your friends at only 10c each. That is easy. Open your sample package and ask everyone to try a Fairy Berry. Everyone just loves them—they perfume the breath, purify the mouth and leave a delightful lasting fragrance. Everyone takes a package or two at once, so you will sell them all very quickly. Then return our money, $3.20, and we will promptly send you the big doll house, complete wash set, baking set, doll carriage and ring just as you see them, and the lovely big "Princess Pat" doll you can also receive for simply showing your grand presents among your friends and getting only three of them to sell Fairy Berries and earn our lovely premiums as you did.

Write to-day girls. We arrange to stand payment of all delivery charges on your presents and if you can't sell all the Pendants we will take them back and give you presents for what you do sell.

**Address THE FAIRY BERRY COMPANY, DEPT. B. 4 TORONTO, ONT. 18B**



"—and please don't forget to mark all my linen with

## CASH'S WOVEN NAMES

The Ideal Method of Marking Linen because these tapes prevent loss and are a great boon to users of plain cotton, linen and knitted garments which cannot be marked with marking ink.

Sold by all leading dry goods stores and fancy goods and furnishing stores. Price for any name not exceeding 24 letters.

24 doz. $4.00
12 doz. 2.25
6 doz. 1.50
3 doz. 1.00

Style sheets may be obtained from

**J. & J. CASH, LIMITED**
24 Wellington St. West, TORONTO
or 301 St. James St., MONTREAL

## AFTER SICKNESS OR OPERATION

*every cell and fibre of the body demands pure blood, but drugs, extracts and alcoholic mixtures are useless.*

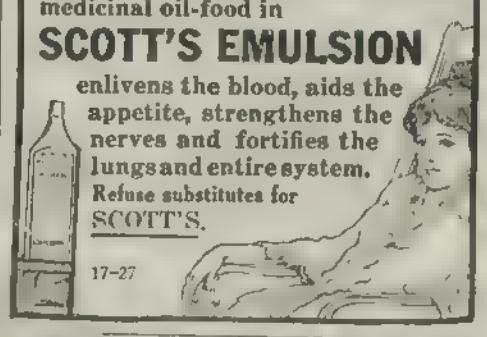
**Nourishment and sunshine are nature's blood makers and the rich medicinal oil-food in**

**SCOTT'S EMULSION**

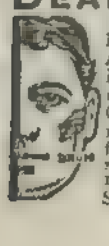
**enlivens the blood, aids the appetite, strengthens the nerves and fortifies the lungs and entire system.**

**Refuse substitutes for SCOTT'S.**

17-27



## DEAFNESS IS MISERY



I know because I was Deaf and had Head Noises for over 30 years. My invisible Anti-septic Ear Drums restored my hearing and stopped Head Noises, and will do it for you. They are Tiny Megaphones. Cannot be seen when worn. Easy to put in, easy to take out. Are "Unseen Comforts." Inexpensive. Write for Booklet and my sworn statement of how I recovered my hearing. A. O. LEONARD
Suite 202, 150 5th Ave., N.Y. City

15 cents **VOLPEEK**

MENDS POTS & PANS

Mends Graniteware, Tin, Iron, Aluminum, etc., in two minutes. Will not burn. A mender for use. From your dealer or us, postpaid
Vol-Peek Co., P.O. Box 2024, Montreal

# The Canadian Nursing Sister

## And the Cheer She Radiates in Holiday Season Abroad

*By MILDRED LOW*

THE Canadian Nursing Sister is a distinctly interesting type. One knows not just what point of view she may present when she comes back to a well-earned and generally all-too-brief rest at home. But whatever differences we may notice in one from another in their way of looking at things, they are all alike endowed with one special quality—a graceful modesty with regard to the work they have been doing.

"I'm sick unto death of having everybody talk to me as though I were a hero and a martyr," remarked one sprightly wearer of the natty blue uniform that proclaims the overseas nurse.

She had just returned to Canada after a period of two and a half years in the hospitals abroad, and, of course, was being made much of and asked a thousand questions on the subject of her work. Most enthusiastic she was, too, and full of information that was eagerly seized upon by her numerous listeners. Yet she indignantly disclaimed any special credit for her share.

"Heroes and martyrs indeed! Why, we are not the ones that deserve those names. Keep them for the men. They are magnificent! We nurses have a grand time. We don't work a bit harder than we did at home—except now and again—and we have heaps of fun when we are off duty. And think of all we have seen and the interesting experiences we have had!

"I'm sure nobody ever called me a hero when I was nursing here at home or down in New York—a lot of cranky old chronics, most of them with nothing at all the matter with them. And that was a great deal harder. The men are perfectly fine to nurse—all just splendid; as jolly and lively as can be, and, of course, apart from the wounds, they are all in the best of health, so most of them feel all right as soon as they get fixed up in hospital, and the wounds heal very quickly.

"Of course," added this typical specimen of her class, with that characteristic idea of self-effacement, "I have been awfully lucky, as I have been in France altogether for the last two years, and it is much nicer there than in England, where you get more of the long tedious cases. I expect to be placed in an English hospital when I go back, as I must take my turn there and give some of the others a chance. All the girls want to get to France."

### *Work of the V. A. D.'s*

THEY do not all speak quite so cheerfully, as all have not the happy faculty of seeing and remembering only the brightest side, but are haunted by the memories of ghastly sights and dreadful sounds that have been all too frequent in their experience. Perhaps this is more the case with the V. A. D. nurses, who have not been innured by previous years among the sick to distressing scenes, and are unable to steel their hearts, even for their own good, against the piteous appeal presented by many of these poor "fragments from France."

The V. A. D.'S from Canada have done splendid work. It is over a year since the first lot was sent across, and in all about a hundred are now serving abroad in the capacity of nurses. By the term V. A. D. is properly understood a qualified member of a Voluntary Aid Detachment, St. John Ambulance Association and Nursing Brigade, though it is frequently used for any volunteer worker, while various interpretations have been put upon the strange letters by the uninitiated, from the "Very Attractive Damsels" of the gallant old general, to the "Virgins Almost Desperate" of the spiteful and jealous slacker.

In one group of ten of these certificated though amateur nurses, all did well that they passed their first month of probation most satisfactorily, and when their six months term was ended, they were taken on again for another six months, except one who came home to fulfil a very pressing engagement, and one of long standing. Several of the others were sent to France, to their great delight.

The holiday season spent far from home is not without its compensations. One of the V. A. D.'s writing home after last Christmas gave a vivid account of the gaiety and merriment that prevailed during the happy season. Such a glowing description of decorations, dinners and dances, of programmes and presents and right good-will, made one feel that the old-fashioned Yule-tide must have returned in full force in that particular spot, with such things as care and pain and sorrow unknown.

"Don't the nurses have a good time!" someone remarks with evident jealousy—and again it comes from the thoughtless slacker. For if you look the letter over carefully and read between the lines, the fun was all prepared for the men. There was no special good time for the nurses, except such as they found in arranging the details of the celebration, in putting up the decorations, in providing the items for the programme, in serving the dinners, in dancing with cripples, and in submitting cheerfully to the penalty imposed at Christmas time by the sacred plant of old.

### *And Mistletoe!*

"FOR there's mistletoe everywhere," she says, "and one is always getting caught—no good protesting!"

The men, you see, feel justified in claiming such a privilege, for hasn't it been offered them repeatedly since the war began.

"We don't want to lose you,
But we think you ought to go!"

was the constant cry in the music-halls and theatres and the gramophones continually echoed the sentiment. And there was distinctly attached a promise of a kiss on their return. So somebody has to make good, and sometimes—at Christmas—it falls to the lot of the nursing sister, like many another little loving task she has to fulfil.

Oh, yes, it is a gay time a nurse has at a military hospital at Christmas, though if you follow this letter carefully you will find there is no mention of her turkey and plum-pudding dinner. There was none! What cold comfort she got was in reality eaten hurriedly off the corner of a kitchen table, that she might get back quickly to her patients and do her best to make them feel that they had had a truly Merry Christmas.

As for her own letters and presents, she was much too busy to open them, though the thought of all who had remembered her and the pleasure in store for her when she could give her messages her attention kept a glow in her heart for days. And as for the celebration of the day itself, she did enjoy it immensely, even though she was tired, and cried herself to sleep for homesickness and the pain in her weary limbs.

Yet they will all tell you they have jolly times. Which is just what I started out to say—the outstanding characteristic of a nursing sister is her wonderful capacity for disclaiming any credit for what she is doing. But somehow, we at home find it not hard to guess at something of the pain and discomfort that lies behind the cheery accounts of their lives, and we shall go on thinking that they are quite entitled to be regarded in the light of heroines.

# Bunny-Club Competition for October

THERE were a lot of answers to Uncle Peter's Bunny Club Competition for October, and a great many of the answers were very nearly right. There were not many who got it just exactly right, though in most cases the attempts were very good. The six winners are as follows:—Master James MacDougall, North Bay; Master Robert Heaps, Moose Jaw; Master G. M. Bowers, Chapeau, P.Q.; Miss Christine Taylor, Campbellton, N.B.; Miss Margaret Duff, Langley Fort, B.C., and Master Paul Grant, Heathdale, Alta.

Uncle Peter's Competition for January: There will be six prizes given for the best six letters telling Uncle Peter "Why we celebrated Christmas."

Letters must not be more than one hundred words in length, and prizes will be awarded according to age and merit. All letters must reach Uncle Peter by the tenth day of February.

New Bunnies wishing to join the Bunny Club should enclose five cents to cover postages. A pretty badge is sent to each new member. Be sure to give your age and full address.

# The Clock and The Pillar Box

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7)

"Father! Father!"

"All right, my lad," Mr. Bannister answered—rather feebly, because not quite sure of it yet.

"Thank God! . . . I heard something strike the house . . . by the doorway, it sounded. Not hurt!—sure you're not hurt? . . . Mother's alright I believe . . . God, if I had eyes. . . . but scared almost to death of course . . . I'm going back to her. . . . What about the stables?"

"The stables?" his father repeated dully . . .

"Most of these bombs are incendiary. Can you get out for a look? . . . God, if I had my eyes!"

"That's all right, sonny," said Bannister who had been picking himself up heavily. "The College keeps up the insurance."

"But the horses?"

"Oh, ay," muttered Mr. Bannister, steadying himself. I'll run out and see."

He made his way to the front door, groping at the wall of the passage, swaying as he went. Twilight had scarcely fallen, but the yard shone in another light and a strange one. It came from the south east corner where the door of a deserted building—it contained three empty loose boxes—had burst into a blaze.

"Nowhere near the stables." Mr. Bannister decided. . . . "Fire Brigade will be round presently and get the horses out" . . . a kind of paralysis held him. The fire showed the pavement, where the bomb had fallen, standing on edge like a ring of grave-stones. He cast a glance, out of dim remembered habits, up at the stable-clock.

There was no clock. The cupola stood there seemingly undamaged, but the clock had gone. This puzzled and annoyed him. Numbed in all his body, scarcely capable of locomotion, he yet found himself wondering impatiently why no one came to help, why no one seemed in any hurry. This had prompted him to glance up at the clock. . . . His gaze fell next on the entrance of the garage . . . Horrex was there, stooping low with his back turned to the flame, apparently examining a tire of his silly ambulance car, just as if nothing had happened; yes, positively treating the light as if it had been turned on to help the examination! . . . Was everybody mad, then? . . . Why was nothing doing? What had taken the police? The fire brigade? Even the postman was late on his round, for some mysterious reason. . . .

As a matter of fact, the bomb had dropped less than three minutes ago, and the postman was barely due.

MR. BANNISTER found himself staring at the pillar-box. . . . A glancing shard had struck the edge of the case, wrenching it back, so that the small iron flap-door hung open, dangling by one hinge, exposing the letters to view. . . . Mr. Bannister's brain began to work anew, and now his muscles worked with it. Yet it was still as in a dream that he stepped to the box, caught up the pile of letters, abstracted the long legal-looking one which Horrex had posted. He crammed the rest back into place, and was turning to steal indoors with his prize when a cry smote on his ears.

"Help here—somebody! Bannister if that's you—O in mercy!"

It was Horrex's voice. Mr. Bannister opened a door on the left, a little way down the passage, flung the letter into the darkness of the front parlor and stepped forth again—calmly to all appearance.

"What's the matter?" he hailed, and at that moment a couple of policemen ran into the yard, followed by the postman.

"It's my Jim, here . . . He's alive, but broken to pieces . . . And I can't lift him —my arm's broken, I think."

"Steady!" said the policeman, who wore the stripes of a sergeant. "We'll get him out from under this car, gently as we can, and then ring up an ambulance. . . . Here, Webster, hand me your lantern while I have a look: and then run and ring up the fire brigade and ambulance, for your life. That fire yonder may be mischievous in another five minutes."

"Ambulance?" shouted Horrex, fairly beside himself and frantic. "Ain't this an ambulance staring ye in the face? Lift him in—Oh, my boy! my boy!—Lift him in and run him over to Guy's."

"All very well," said the sergeant, looking up from his inspection. His face was serious; his tone official but not unkindly. "But who's to drive? . . . Webster can't. I can, a bit, but it's out of the question, my leaving till that fire's got under. There don't seem anybody about . . . Are you the lad's father, sir?"

"I am," said Horrex, and then with a sob, "Leastways I was."

"He's alive, sir . . . broken about a bit; but breathing and none so thickly, either. If there was anyone to drive ye—But, as it is, we'd best fetch up the regular ambulance. Constable—"

"Stay a moment," rung in Horrex. "My mechanic's at home having supper—and my left arm here is as you see it. But lift my boy in and I'll drive my Jim to Guy's one-handed, I will."

"No, you won't," said Mr. Bannister, stepping forward. "I don't know the crank and clutches and what-nots of these damned contraptions. But I see the half-bakeds that can steer 'em apparently; and by God, Horrex I can drive—or could, once on a time, eh? Lift the lad in, Sergeant. . . . And you, Horrex, slip in beside me and tell me about the breaks and clutches. I'll do the steering, and don't you interfere. Keep your sound arm to nurse your hurt one."

"You will?" asked Horrex, eyeing him wanly.

"Why the devil not?" retorted Mr. Bannister.

"Boss," stammered Horrex, "You're an——"

"No I'm not," Mr. Bannister cut in. "I'm three parts a criminal, if you want to know . . . there, give me your sound hand and climb alongside. Now, if the others can lift the boy in? and—hullo! here's the postman! . . . Give a swig on that forra'd crank, my son, and fire the cattle up . . . Ready? . . . Then hey—to go!"

Mr. Bannister being unhandy, the ambulance started with a wild forward leap, as a colt bounds from bridle. But he, who in days gone by could work a tandem through a Derby crowd, was not to be fooled by a piece of clockwork that an errand boy could drive . . . In ten seconds he had the feel of the brute's mouth (as he put it) and the van after taking a fine round, for all the world as though it were approaching a nobleman's portico, fetched its nose straight, opened out, and shot through the archway like an arrow.

"Sorry to shake you up like that," he found time to growl to Horrex. "'Fraid it hurt your arm a bit. . . . But everything must have a beginning you know."

Outside, the police herded back a gathering crowd to give the van passage: and, beyond, the road was fairly clear, the asphalt smooth. The City had long since discharged its traffic centrifugally. But Mr. Bannister was in a mood to have welcomed difficulties of steerage. The engine purred beneath his feet like a wild beast that knew its master; and for a master again he knew himself.

ABOUT three weeks later, a little before sunset, Mr. Horrex—discharged from hospital but still carrying his left arm in a splint—walked home to Quocunque Livery; where his housekeeper, duly forewarned, had supper ready for him. He did not make straight for his own door, however; but having paused at the entrance for a survey of the enceinte, walked slowly across to Mr. Bannister, who stood smoking a pipe in his doorway, much as he had stood on the evening of the explosion.

"Good evening," said Horrex.

"Good evening, Horrex," said Mr. Bannister. "Glad to see you about again. How's Jim?" The enquiry was pitched in a hearty key: yet Mr. Bannister's face wore a shade of weariness.

"Mending—mending steadily, thank the Lord. Those doctors 'll make a man of him yet. We were in time, thanks to you."

Upstairs, Dick's typewriter ran on ticking.

"They'll never make a man of mine again," said Mr. Bannister gloomily.

Horrex was for changing the subject. "New glass everywhere, I see," said he with a glance around—"and the pavement relaid—new stable door—yes, and upon my word, there's the old clock back in place and working? How the dickens have you managed it, in the time?"

"College sent down its Bursar," answered Mr. Bannister, shortly and yet somewhat shiftily. "But I don't mind telling you a funny thing about that clock. It was hale and hearty all the time. Some darned sparrow had built in the works, and when it fell and shook out the nest, I'll be shot if the affair didn't start working again, there on the pavement. The firemen found it there, making up for lost time."

"You don't say!" said Horrex. "Well, it's no more wonderful than other things. . . . What's that beside you in the doorpost?"

"Just a souvenir," Mr. Bannister answered. "A bit of the blamed thing struck and sucked itself into the post, here, not three inches from where I was standing just as I'm standing now. Just take a hold on it and try to pull it out. . . . You can't! No, nor anyone else. I'm just going to let it bide there—as I say—for a souvenir."

"But—but I don't understand," said Horrex, looking around him helplessly. . . . "One would say the old place hadn't changed at all, or only for the better. And the clock's going. . . . Did you say they sent the Bursar down?"

"They did, and he hustled things slip-shape."

"Well, that's queer," Horrex mused aloud. "I wrote him a letter—in point of fact I'd posted it that very evening, asking him to come down and survey. . . . Never an answer did I get, though maybe it was overlooked and is waiting for me." Horrex was turning to go.

"No, it isn't," confessed Bannister with an effort. "Look here, Horrex, I've been meaning to get it off my chest. . . . I'm a rotten hand at business as you pretty well know . . . but somehow thieving is not in my line—and—well, I'm glad to get it over. That blessed pillar-box, when I came to look about, was knocked all askew, and the door hanging. I well as the saying goes, the temptation was too much for me. . . . I picked it out, and, what's more, I opened it. What's more I kept it back and wrote one of my own in its place. . . . You see, there was the door of the loose boxes blazing and I counted on the insurance money to tide me over. That's all. Now you have it, and can call me what you like!"

Horrex stepped back to the edge of the kerb, stared at his old master and broke into a laugh—yes into a laugh long and hearty.

"Boss," said he, "I remember well what was in that letter, but you ain't the only criminal as has suppressed part of this correspondence. You may remember being extra sharp that evening, and my picking a letter out of the heap and pocketing it? . . . well, it was your letter, addressed to you and stamped . . . I'm wearing the same coat as I wore that evening. My left arm is not serviceable yet: but if you'll pick it out from the left pocket here, you can read what belongs to you."

Mr. Bannister obeyed, drew from out Horrex's left pocket a pile of letters, found one stamped and addressed "Mr. Bannister, Quocunque Livery, E.C., broke the seal and read:

"Mr. Bannister, Sir,—

"It was my hopes in the old days that, some time, my son Jim might grow up and share as partner with yours in carrying on the business. Now, Sir, that all is wrong and I hear your brave lad practising all day to be a clerk, and all for having served his Country, it aches my heart. I write this to say that I can't give up my opinions as to the future lying with motor traffic, if the same could hold good and your son take over writing work with a view to partnering mine, it would still be an honor to

"Yours respectfully,

"P. H. HORREX."

"And, father," said Dick, when he heard the news, "if it prospers, we'll put a set of chimes into that clock. Turn again, Whittington—that sort of thing—You can't think how friendly it sounds to a blind man, just hearing something every fifteen minutes. . . . But the difficulty will be to find chauffeurs in these times."

"Well, you may try me for a stop-gap," said Mr. Bannister. "I rather like driving motors. They're easy enough to suit a man at my time of life."

*A READER tells us that during the past ten months she has saved an average of $10.00 to $15.00 a month following the advice on food values, cooking and the recipe page in EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD. She figured, therefore, that her investment of $1.50 on a year's subscription has paid her a minimum profit (at $10.00 a month of $118.50.*

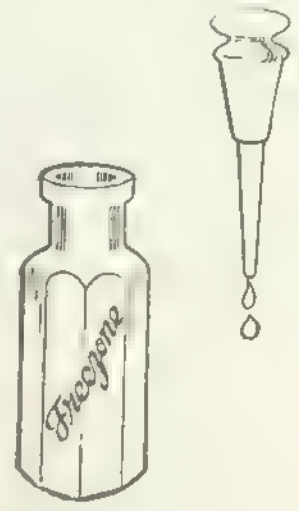
*Of course, there is just as much and more in EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD for you too. May we receive your renewal now if last year's subscription has expired?*

---

*There seems to be no doubt that the five wise virgins, were they living today, would all be subscribers to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD*


## YOU'LL LAUGH! DOESN'T HURT TO LIFT CORNS OUT

Magic! Costs few cents! Just drop a little Freezone on that touchy corn, instantly it stops aching, then you lift the bothersome corn off with the fingers. Truly! No humbug!




Try Freezone! Your druggist sells a tiny bottle for a few cents, sufficient to rid your feet of every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and calluses, without one particle of pain, soreness or irritation. Freezone is the mysterious ether discovery of a noted Cincinnati genius. Great!

DUSTBANE
SANITARY
SWEEPING COMPOUND
DUSTBANE
DUSTBANE MFG. CO. Ltd
OTTAWA CANADA
KILLS DUST
Keeps your home clean and healthy. No dust, no germs can exist where Dustbane is regularly used.
If you are a Dustbane user you know all these things already! If not get a can from your dealer's to-day and find out how good it is!

**Battalion Souvenir**

gives you the crest of "his" battalion on a handsome felt hanger 11 x 15 in. in rich colors in art process resembles hand-painting, with a metal top and hanger and a calendar pad for 1918

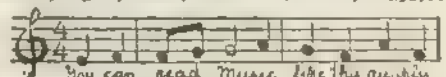
Sold by book, drug and novelty stores everywhere. If you cannot secure it send us 25c, the number of his battalion or unit, and we will mail you one post paid.

PUGH SPECIALTY COMPANY LIMITED
36 Clifford Street, - Toronto, Can.

**MUSIC Taught FREE** In Your Home

By the Oldest and Most Reliable School of Music in America—Established 1895

Piano, Organ, Violin, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo, etc.




Beginners or advanced players. One lesson weekly. Illustrations make everything plain. Only expense about 2c per day to cover cost of postage and music used. Write for FREE booklet which explains everything in full. AMERICAN SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Dept. 4 Lakeside Bldg., CHICAGO

**$1.00 an hour for your spare time**

You can earn this looking after renewals and new subscriptions to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD in your own neighborhood. Write for our monthly salary and commission plan.

Continental Publishing Co. Ltd., Toronto

# POSSESS THE POWER OF ALADDIN

**Compared to the power which Thomas A. Edison offers you, Aladdin's was limited; since if you own a New Edison a group of the world's greatest artists is constantly at your service. A mere twist of the wrist and presto! right there in the room peals forth the voice of Rappold, Case, Matzenauer, Middleton, Chalmers, or any other of our Metropolitan stars. It is exactly as though the singer were there in the flesh. No human ear can detect the slightest shade of difference between the living artist's interpretation and that of**

## The NEW EDISON

*"The Phonograph with a Soul"*

**It is one thing to make so strong a claim; it is another to prove it. We *have* proved it, not once but over fifteen hundred times. More than two million people have witnessed our famous tone tests.**

**Picture a concert hall filled with critical music lovers. One of our Metropolitan stars, Marie Rappold, for example, begins to sing. Her brilliant soprano voice soars through the building. Now watch the audience. Note that sudden stir. Each face depicts wonderment - astonishment — bewilderment. What miracle is this! The singer's lips have ceased to move. And yet the beautiful aria continues. Surely Rappold is still singing. She *must* be. Every lingering overtone, every subtle shade of color is there. But her lips are motionless. It is incredible.**

**The explanation is simple. The New Edison which stands beside her is playing one of Rappold's records. Madam Rappold begins to sing with the record. When she stops, the record continues. And so complete and perfect is the Re-Creation that the listeners refuse to credit the evidence of their senses. Such is the Edison tone test.**

**With the lights lowered to hide the singer's lips, not one of the two million or more who have attended these recitals could detect when the artist ceased and the instrument sang alone.**

**Thirty great artists have figured in these tests. Invariably the result was the same. Over a thousand unprejudiced newspaper critics have united in this assertion.**

**Call at the nearest licensed Edison merchant's and receive a demonstration. He advertises in your local paper. Perhaps, too, you'd like to see our literature. A postcard brings our musical magazine, "Along Broadway," the brochure, "Music's Re-Creation," and the booklet, "What the Critics Say."**

**THOMAS A. EDISON, INC., Orange, N. J.**

## Girls—we want your spare time

WE HAVE a plan by which you can earn from $15.00 to $25.00 pin money. An hour or two of your spare time every day by our plan will do it. A card will bring full information.

WRITE TO
**EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD**
Continental Bldg., Toronto

## BRING YOUR SKIN TROUBLES
**TO US—CONFIDENTIALLY**

Among skin troubles, facial blemishes are especially embarrassing. There is no limit to what some sufferers would pay to be cured, yet our charges are fixed at a reasonable rate and all patients pay alike. Examination and Consultation FREE. Those out of town can fill in our enquiry blank which gives us a complete survey of the case. We send our preparations, carriage paid, to all parts of Canada, with full instructions for home use. We treat successfully Pimples, Blackheads, Eczema, Undue Redness, Patches, and all non-infectious skin diseases.

*Princess Complexion Purifier, $1.50; Princess Skin Food, $1.50; Hiscott Hair Rejuvenator, $1.00; Princess Nerve Tonic and Blood Builder, $1.00; Goitre Cure, $2.00*

**SUPERFLUOUS HAIR PERMANENTLY REMOVED** from face, neck and arms, by Electrolysis, the only reliable and permanent method.

WRITE FOR BOOKLET W.
**HISCOTT INSTITUTE, 61E College St., TORONTO**

## Lifting The Shroud

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17)

ing ill-smelling drain at her front door she would say—

"Well, I'll plant a few creepers and set some bright colored flowers to grow over it and then we shan't know it is there."

Because she would know it was there all the time, and she would not be able to sleep o' nights until she had satisfied herself that every corner had been washed and scrubbed and cemented until there was no possibility of any germ of dirt or disease wriggling through into her perfumed and sanitized home.

And that's what you have to do now, you mothers and wives and sisters of Canada—you've just got to take broom and mop, pail and soap and get to work to clean things up, and what is more you've got to set to work in a cheerful spirit, and without any tendency to give way to depression or morbidity—for these two latter will kill effectually at the outset any good you may hope to achieve. Only a bright, brave, sanguine heart; only clear, steady, and even laughing eyes for you know we women can often laugh when our irrelevant hearts are breaking if thereby we can hearten our men will be able to accomplish successfully the work that lies waiting at our feet.

Just here I would like to quote a paragraph from the writings of a woman prominent in this campaign against social diseases:

"It is well that women have determined to know the sores of our social system," says Louise Creighton in her book, "The Social Disease and how to Fight it," "and no longer ask to be shielded from knowledge however painful it may be. But they need to remember that so long as we are in the flesh, subjects concerning the flesh have their own particular perils, and even an unwholesome attraction of their own. Those who want to work for purity must be careful of the purity of their own souls. There is some truth in the old idea that the very ignorance of evil possessed by a good woman often had a purifying effect upon the men who came in contact with her. We must beware lest unashamed assertion, lest speech which has lost all reserve, destroy the power, which women should wish to preserve, of making an atmosphere of purity. When knowledge takes the place of ignorance, and frank speaking the place of silence, it will be the way in which women use their knowledge, the way in which they touch subjects on which formerly they were silent, that will make for purity. To do this, to have an unconscious influence upon the men with whom they come in contact, they must keep their own thoughts pure. In the claim to know everything, to go everywhere, to read everything, to go to every doubtful play and discuss it freely afterwards, women may often produce such confusion in their own minds that their own vision of what is right may grow obscure and their power to help others to see straight and think clean thoughts may be lost."

This I think describes very plainly the attitude in which women should enter upon this present campaign. It is obvious that everything depends upon the way it is handled and thought of at the outset, lest more harm than good may result from our efforts. The same writer goes on to say:

"As we learn something of the sin and evil in the world and the misery and disease that follow in its track, it is difficult at first not to be overwhelmed with horror and despair. But women must bring a new spirit of hope into the long struggle against social evils, to dwell on the evil till we learn to disbelieve in the good, will make us useless in the struggle."

Perhaps this seems a long preamble before going into actual statistics to be divulged at a later date, but it seems to me that some preparation is necessary before entering upon that is perforce a subject of some length and complexity. It very much depends upon the spirit.

# Miss Johnson's Ellen

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5)

she was rich yet she was greedy, and she never gave.

Ellen was not lacking in dignity and to Evelyn only, was she an abject slave. It was as though she had been given a wonderful flower, in whose beauty and perfume she took her highest delight, whose preservation was her sacred charge. "I must have water," said the flower, and Ellen got it. "I must have light. . . . I must have shade. . . ." Ellen found no task too heavy to procure it. Throughout the community she commanded respect; she was universally popular. Although she was still called "Miss Johnson's Ellen," there was more than one young man who would have felt honored had she consented to share his name. It was only in Evelyn's eyes that her status never changed; that she, was nothing but the menial, the waif, the uneducated atom plucked from a London Home.

But Ellen did not worry. To quote Miss Johnson, she had "a fine mind. She can forget more things than you can remember," boasted the spinster with one of her acid smiles, and the group of people laughed uneasily and felt sorry for Ellen. But Miss Johnson had told them a truth so big, they could not grasp it. Ellen's ability to forget was the secret of her great happiness. She forgot all the unpleasant things and remembered the other ones. She had forgotten the morning when unable to express her joy in Canada, in her new home, her gloriously expanded life, unable to express this in routine, she burst into a loud shrill song. . . . "Work, for the night is coming," she carrolled suiting her actions to her words. Suddenly Evelyn appeared in the kitchen doorway. "What are you doing?" she demanded.

"Please, miss," faltered Ellen, "I'm praising God."

"Be good enough to praise him in the barn," returned the older girl. "I dislike any kind of noise."

No one ever presumed to correct Evelyn, and least of all, Miss Johnson. She never corrected any body. She just flayed them with her bitter sarcasm, but she sometimes looked at her niece in an enquiring sort of way, as though asking, "How far will you go, I wonder?" That was the look on her face when Ellen came downstairs after preparing the spare room, and the look she wore pretty consistently throughout the whole of Evelyn's visit.

Toby's coming threw the house into a merry turmoil. He seemed to fill up every nook and corner of it with his wholesome gaiety and buoyant spirits.

He insisted the first night of his arrival upon helping Ellen wash the dishes while Miss Johnson was busy in the garden and Evelyn was busy on the verandah with a book. He talked more than he helped, but Ellen liked it. She looked at him as she looked at Evelyn, with an enveloping radiance shining from her eyes.

"There, now, that's all, thank you," she said. "You just run along and I will come in a minute. Miss Evelyn is all alone on the verandah." Although Toby had never been "Master Toby," Evelyn had always been "Miss Evelyn."

Toby lingered.

"What are you going to do?" he asked.

"Set bread."

"Set bread? That's not important. Besides, you are ungrammatical. You should say "seat bread." After you have done it, then it is set. Come on, Ellen!"

She laughed and shook her head.

Then he began to tease her. He held things up so high that she could not reach them and the ones she could, he whipped away just as she was about to grasp them. Finally, Ellen stood quite still.

"Come on, like a good girl," Toby insisted. "Seat yourself on the verandah and let the bread stand. I want you—"

She made a swift pass, touched him and left a dab of flour on his nose. Before she could escape, he caught her tightly around the waist and held her to him. She struggled and the color flamed into her cheeks. Her heart beat very fast and he could feel its thumping.

Suddenly all the laughter died in his eyes, and he looked at Ellen as though seeing something strange about her, something he never knew existed. A growing amazement possessed him, an extraordinary sense of embarrassment. "Ellen," he stammered. "Why, Ellen . . ." He released her and walked rapidly from the kitchen.

AND Ellen stood in the middle of the floor staring after him, her hand clutching at her throat, trouble in her warm, brown eyes. "Oh, dear," she whispered. "Oh, dear me. . . ."

Miss Johnson approached the preoccupied young man who was trampling the flower beds and remarked,

"We took considerable pains to make broad paths through the garden, this year, Granville. Of course, if you prefer to crush the nasturtiums, forgive my mentioning it. Oh, by the way, Evelyn expects you to go motoring with her. She is waiting."

Toby was not an ideal companion on that drive. He was plainly abstracted, and made no attempt to amuse Evelyn Magrath, a fact which she soon began to resent. "I suppose we are both bored, here," she said aloud. "After all, Maplehurst has not much to offer. It was all right when we were children, but now—" she broke off to ask, "I say, Toby, have you noticed Ellen?"

"How do you mean?"

"Well, that's the hard thing to put into words. She has changed . . . she has an air of complacency as though she owned the farm. She presumes and Aunt Frances spoils her." Toby smiled at the idea of Miss Johnson spoiling any one, and Evelyn went on.

"She'll find it difficult to get rid of Ellen, mark my words."

"Does she want to get rid of her?" asked Toby, quickly.

"Oh, I don't know that she does this minute, but these arrangements don't last forever. I must confess that Ellen has got on my nerves. She hasn't a thought outside the stupid farm."

"Fortunately for us, that thought includes our comfort," remarked Toby.

"Mere material man," sighed Evelyn and changed the subject.

Evelyn seemed to "expect" a good many things of him during the next few days and when she did not, Miss Johnson devised some grotesque means for his amusement. "You and Evelyn had better take your lunch and motor over to the Grange, to-day," she would suggest, "Ellen was up at five this morning getting it ready." Or they must take their tea and see the cascade by moonlight, or some other silly thing at an equally silly hour.

"Can't Ellen come,too?" Toby asked at last. "It seems as though she had all the bother of getting us ready and none of the fun."

"Oh, mercy, no," Miss Johnson cried. "In the first place three in Evelyn's car would be a crowd, and then Ellen has too much work to do. She's used to taking bother, anyhow."

But Ellen vowed nothing was a bother. She was an "Irritating optimist," according to Evelyn. She held a glorious faith in the Big Scheme of Things and knew that they all worked for the best. If it rained she was thankful because she could turn out the pantry cupboard; if the sun poured down a gruelling heat, she was thankful because she could bleach some linen or wash the blankets. "A person like that lacks sympathy," said Evelyn, "don't you think so?"

"On the contrary," replied Toby. "I think she gives the best kind."

He was disappointed that Ellen's manner with him after that night in the kitchen was perfectly natural and unstrained. He would have been glad to find that she could not meet his glance without a blush; he would have been glad to know that she sought him, shyly, or better, that she avoided him. He saw her clearly for the first time, her beauty, her selflessness, her splendid poise and generosity of character; and he wondered with an emotion far deeper than curiosity if she could see any difference in him. It was as though he were constantly looking for a sign. But Ellen did not give him one. She was just the same.

It was Evelyn who changed, who became restless, irritable, almost as caustic in her speech as her aunt, and especially toward Ellen. Finally, Toby protested.

"I say, Eve," he said one afternoon when he had been "expected" to drive with her, "what can a clumsy fellow do to help?"

"Oh, I'm all right, thanks," she answered shortly.

"But you are not—that's just it. You are all wrong."

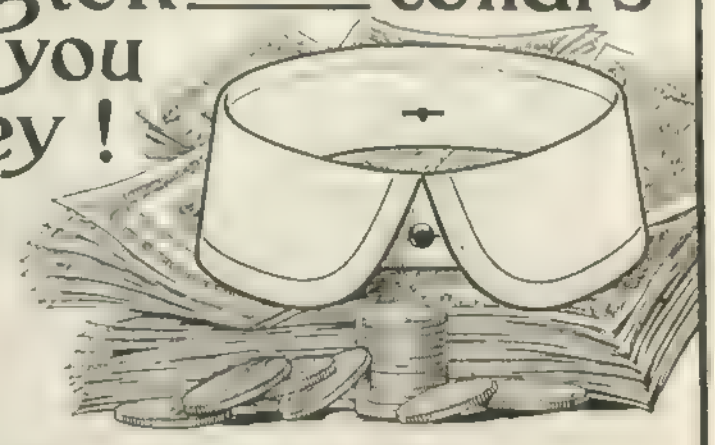
"A pleasing, tactful remark for you to make," returned Evelyn.

"Why should there be tact between us? It is only a polished form of insincerity, after all. Tell me, what's bothering you, Eve! Let me try to help."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 44)

FAIRY
Purity, convenience, and real, cleansing refreshment are combined in the white, oval, floating cake of
FAIRY SOAP
For toilet and bath use, Fairy Soap is "first choice" where fine quality is desired at an inexpensive price.
THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY
MONTREAL
"Have you a little Fairy in your home"

Arlington washable Collars save you Money!



If you add the cost of ordinary Linen Collars to the cost of Laundry in a year you'll be surprised at the total.

The Arlington Collar, smart, well shaped, and durable and washed perfectly clean in 30 seconds, will out-wear dozens of ordinary collars and cost nothing for up-keep.

Send us 25c. for a sample collar and our style book, and be sure to mention the size and kind of collar you like. We have all styles.

THE ARLINGTON COMPANY, LIMITED
TORONTO, CANADA

*"No, MY sprained ankle did not keep me in the house very long. I'm out again now and ready to enjoy myself, because I used*

**Minard's Liniment**

This wise young lady knew the merits of Minard's Liniment, and knew that she could depend upon it to relieve and cure her sprained ankle.

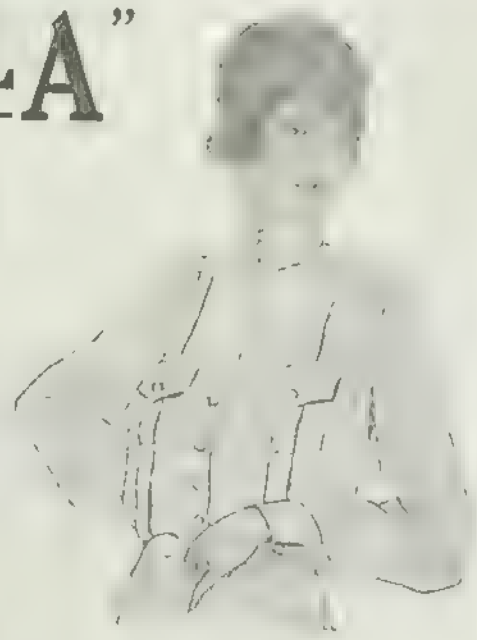
Minard's is the only liniment which has ever received a medal, awarded for strength, purity and healing qualities superior to any other liniment in the world.

The same high quality and wonderful healing power which make Minard's Liniment so valuable to YOU, render it indispensable in the stable, where your four-footed friends will benefit greatly from its use.

Your druggist will supply you.

**Minard's Liniment Co. Ltd., Yarmouth, N.S.**

"VIYELLA"
(Registered)
Flannel



IS IDEAL FOR

Women's Shirt Waists
Dressing Gowns
Children's School Dresses
Infants' Layettes

Men's Shirts Pyjamas and Bath Robes

*In Fashion's Latest Designs*

THE ESSENTIALS . . .

"Viyella" can be obtained at all leading Retail Stores and Men's Furnishers

AVOID IMITATIONS

*the genuine*
*"Viyella"*
Does Not Shrink



ROBINSON & CLEAVER'S
IRISH LINEN
World Renowned for Quality & Value

ESTABLISHED in 1870 at BELFAST—the centre of the Irish Linen Industry—they have a fully equipped factory for Damask and Linen Weaving at Banbridge, Co. Down; extensive making-up factories at Belfast; and for the finest work, hand-looms in many cottage homes. The following are examples:—

IRISH TABLE AND BED LINEN. Damask Tablecloths, size 2 x 2 yards, from $1 92 each; 2 x 2½ yards, from $2 14 each; 2½ x 3 yards, from $6 72 each. Damask Table Napkins, to match, from $2 56 per dozen. Linen Sheets, size 3 x 3 yards, from $11 48 per pair. Pillow Cases, size 19 x 30 inches, from $1 08 per pair. Embroidered Linen Bedspreads, from $7 44 each. Embroidered Linen Pillow Shams, from $1 18 each. Hemstitched Linen Huck Towels, from $4 68 per dozen.

IRISH CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEFS—Ladies' Linen Hemstitched, from $1 52 per dozen. Ladies' Embroidered Handkerchiefs, from $1 80 per dozen. Gentlemen's Linen Hemstitched, from $2 14 per dozen. Khaki Handkerchiefs $0 50 to 1 88 per dozen.

IRISH COLLARS AND SHIRTS—Our celebrated Linen-faced Cleverdale Collars in every size and shape, $1 56 per dozen. White Shirts, for dress or day wear, from $1 58 each. Oxford or Zephyr Shirts, from $1 18 each. Men's Linen Drill Aprons, $0 94 each. Cricket Coats, $1 08. Medium Weight Flannel, $1 42 and $1 66. Cricket Summer Weight Flannel, $1 18. Heavy Winter Weight, all wool, $2 28 each. Sizes 14 to 19 inches in stock.

By Appointment

To their Majesties the King and Queen.

Illustrated Price Lists & Samples sent post free to any part of the world. Special care and personal attention devoted to Colonial & Foreign Orders.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER LTD.
40-Z Donegall Place,
BELFAST, IRELAND.

Beware of parties using our name; we employ neither agents nor travellers.



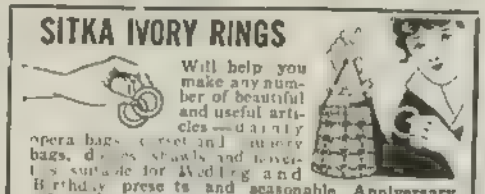
VETERINARY COURSE AT HOME

Taught in simplest English during spare time. Diploma guaranteed. Cost within reach of all. Satisfaction guaranteed. Have been teaching by correspondence twenty years. Graduates assisted in many ways. Every person interested in stock should take it. Write for catalogue and full particulars . . FREE

LondonVet.Correspondence School
Dept. 151 London, Ontario, Can.



SITKA IVORY RINGS



Will help you make any number of beautiful and useful articles—dainty opera bags, corset and nursery bags, dress shields and novelties suitable for Wedding and Birthday presents and seasonable Anniversary gifts. Department stores and ladies' furnishing stores everywhere. Sizes 1-2, 5-8, 3-4, 7-8 and 1 inch. A sample dozen with copy of our new booklet, "Fascinating Fancy Work," will be sent on receipt of ten cents and name of your dealer.

Rogers Mfg. Co. Dept.B., Rockfall, Conn.

# Miss Johnson's Ellen

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43)

"I wonder," she mused. "Well, then, will you answer me one question?"

"A dozen."

"Granville Pearce, are you in love with Ellen?"

A HEAVY curtain of silence dropped between them for an instant, then he answered clearly.

"Yes, I believe I am."

"I thought so," muttered Evelyn growing rather white. "Shall we turn back?"

"If you like," Toby assented, "but why this heavy disapproval?"

"One need hardly point out the incongruity of a Granville, a Pearce marrying 'Miss Johnson's Ellen,' I should think."

"Rubbish," answered Toby. "For all we know she may be as good as I am—and better. Evidence seems to point to such, anyhow."

"The trouble is that you don't know," Evelyn reminded him. "For my own part, I should like to know my wife's name."

"I don't care a cuss," replied the other. "She will have mine; that's good enough for two. . . . if she will accept it," he added.

"And have you thought what Aunt Frances will say to your forming an alliance with a Foundling Institution?"

"I don't care what she says. I'd infinitely rather have an Institution for a mother-in-law than lots of women I know," he laughed. "Evelyn, old pal, don't quarrel with me. Shut your eyes tight and wish as hard as you can that she won't turn me down."

Evelyn's lip curled. "There's no danger," she said. "I am wise enough to realize that there is no use trying to change the viewpoint of a man in love, but—you asked me, and that's my worry . . seeing you throwing yourself away."

She dropped him at the gate and said she was going to drive alone for a while. As a matter of fact she motored back to town without saying good-bye to anybody.

Toby went directly in search of Ellen. He found her making splints out of match sticks to set the broken leg of a baby chicken.

"Ellen," he said, solemnly, "will you marry me?"

Very gently, she refused him. She was not a suitable wife for him, she would be out of place in the city. "The noise, the dirt, the smells . . . artificial lights, the thunder of traffic, squalor, and air which reeks of gasoline and worse. You would find me ridiculously out of place, Toby, among your friends."

"They are artificial, too," he muttered bitterly.

"The city," whispered Ellen looking back over a long vista of years, "is cruel. It makes people—like me."

"Not many," Toby remonstrated.

"They all don't have Miss Johnsons and Canada to give them a chance," said Ellen. "Poor children."

He could not conquer her quiet determination, and yet he felt instinctively that it cost her something to stand firm. The eyes which were raised to his were full of love and this almost shrouded the pain behind them—in their very depths. He knew she looked upon him as a good comrade, but he had sought in vain for a sign that she loved him. Yet, something told him that Ellen was sacrificing herself by refusing happiness to him.

"Is it Aunt Frances you're afraid of?" he asked with a desperation born of defeat.

"In a way, yes. I am afraid of her opinion of me if I allowed you to do this thing. But thank you all the same, dear Toby. I shall treasure this remembrance all my life."

She moved slowly away from him. He felt as though an immeasurable distance fell between them and his helplessness maddened him. Ellen was so sure, so strong.

Then Miss Johnson came in jerky steps down the path. Seeing them, she stopped and looked grimly over her glasses.

"Aunt Frances, help me," cried Toby impetuously. "Help me persuade Ellen to be my wife. She thinks you won't approve. . . ."

"Have you asked her?" demanded the spinster harshly.

"Of course. I have been asking her for the last hour. . . ."

"Idiot!" she half sneered. "Why didn't you begin four years ago?"

# The Making of a Duchess

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30)

I decided to go in order that I might punish him in his own coin by discussing chicken runs and nothing but chicken runs. We had driven twenty miles before I let go on chicken runs through pure exhaustion of the subject.

When I had finally done, the Duke turned toward me.

"MISS MALLO," he began in his quiet, even tones, "you have, indeed, acquainted me with the facts I was after. Now, if you will grant me a few minutes, I should like in turn to acquaint you with a few facts. Are you quite comfortable?"

"Yes, thank you," I lied—we were resting on a fallen tree.

He faced me—his lips grim and a pallor under his tan. Involuntarily, I shivered.

"Are you cold?" he asked.

"Ye-s," I stuttered. "Don't you think it's time I was getting back?"

He did not answer, but going to the motor, he took from it a lap robe, and throwing it about my shoulders, reseated himself, determinedly.

"When I first met you, Miss Mallo," he began, "at the Marquis Castlemont's, I thought your interest in poultry architecture purely affectation. When next I met you down at Turrets, I thought I detected in you a love of simple things as well as . . . poultry architecture. Today, after our discussion, I feel that your interest in poultry architecture, if in nothing else, comes, indeed from your heart."

He paused with an intentional dramatic uplift of his voice.

"Are you presuming on my interest in your successive impressions of me?" I asked rather foolishly.

"That I am, Miss Mallo. Moreover, there is one more impression to which I must ask you to listen. This last impression, I did not get first hand, but through my mother. It is the picture, not of a footlight favorite, a sportswoman, or a fancier, but of a woman, at heart a woman, yearning for the simple elemental things of life."

I sprang up with hot cheeks.

"Your mother is an incorrigible old meddler, Duke."

He stood opposite to me, and for the first time since I had known him, there was pride in his bearing.

"Miss Mallo," said he, "I do not wish to disclaim my mother's material reasons for desiring," he hesitated, then went on painfully, "a marriage between you and me. She and I love our ancestral lands in a way you must pardon my saying it which it is difficult for you Americans to understand. It is true that within a few years, we shall, undoubtedly, have to give them up. My mother's earnest desire to keep them for me has made of her 'an incorrigible old meddler,' as you put it. Yet, whether you believe it or not, even above my lands, she has placed my personal happiness. She thought, poor woman, to secure both in arranging a marriage between you and me. I hope that you will forgive her, and me, as her accessory. And now, shall we return?"

I had never felt so small and mean and horrid and so lonely in all my life.

Meanwhile the Duke had gone to his motor and was cranking the engine.

I went over to him.

"Pl-ease, stop that engine," I begged.

He complied quickly with my request.

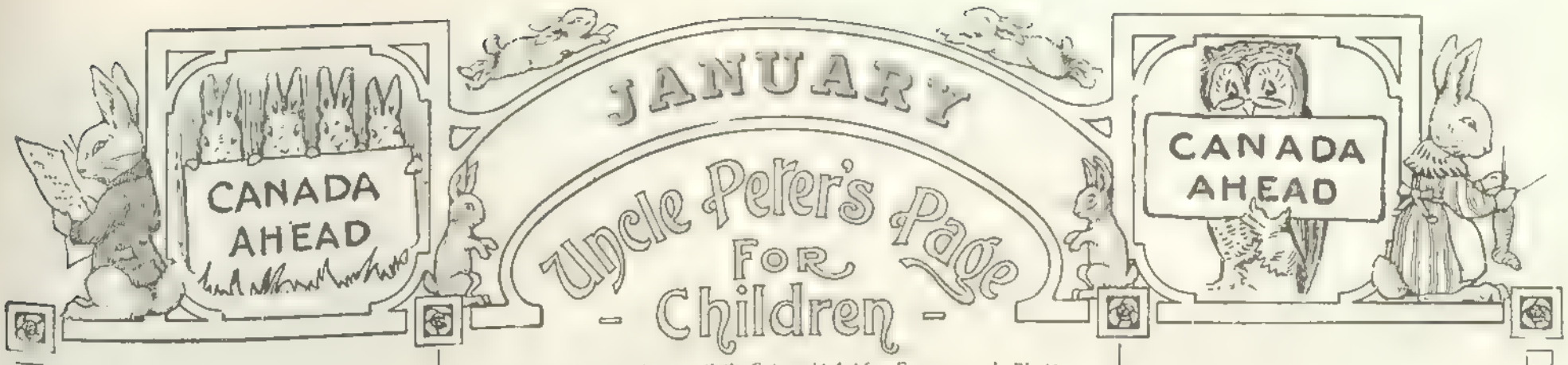
"What is it that you wish to say to me?" he asked gently.

"No-thing," I answered. "That is," I went on, "only that I have a show place over in Surrey, a farm on Long Island, a house in New York, an apartment in Paris and a villa in Nice, but nowhere is there a place that I can call home."

He extended his hand to me. I dared not look up at his face.

"It has twenty-five turrets and five hundred and fifty rooms," he said, "but I think that together we may be able to make it home."

Of course, the Duchess maintains that she made the match.




## The Bunnie's New Year

PART I.

"To go to bed," John Bunny said
"Would surely be a sin,
It's New Year's Eve, and we must wait
To see the New Year in."

"Above our doorway slopes the hill
And there upon the snow
We'll have a sleighing party
While we watch the old year go."

'Here are some boards will
do for sleighs
So we'll have lots of fun,
Each will hold three, so
eight, you see
Will hold you, everyone."

"And at the bottom, hereabouts,
We'll make a bank of snow
So that when sliding down the hill
Too far you will not go."

"Now Mr. Fox has not been well
To-day, I hear he's worse
Two doctor Foxes wait on him,
Two doctors and a nurse!"

"So we may go without much fear
To see the old year out,
The owls have promised they will see
That there's no harm about."

The Bunnies jumped and
clapped their hands
They were so full of glee,
This was the first time they
had watched
The old year out, you see!

In groups of three the family
Climbed up the little hill,
The sleighs were rather heavy
But they worked with great good-will.

Now little Fluffy was quite small
Much smaller than the others
He wedged himself quite tightly in
Between two bigger brothers.

And good John Bunny stood above
To start them on their way
With care he took each set of three
And packed them on their sleigh!

First slowly down a little
grade
Each sleigh would quietly
run,
Then faster, faster it would
go
And there was heaps of fun.

Sometimes a sleigh would over-turn
Though why, I do not know,
And then three little bunnies would
Be landed in the snow.

Head over heels three furry balls
Would roll for many a yard
But they did not seem to hurt them-
selves
Although the ground was hard.

And thus the merry hours went by
With laughter and with glee
While Mrs. Bunny sat below
With cakes and rabbit tea.

And many little bunnies came
To snatch a quick repast
(Their appetites were extra good
The pace was very fast)

Now as it neared the hour of twelve
John Bunny stopped the play
And told the Bunnies all to put
Their little sleighs away.

*Registered in accordance with the Copyright Act for Everywoman's World*

### UNCLE PETER'S MONTHLY LETTER

MY DEAR BUNNIES:

As we are just commencing a new year, let us see what a year means to us in opportunities to practise our club motto,—"Effort with Contentment." How short this last year seems to most of us as we look back upon it, and how long the year that is coming seems by comparison. And, after all, a year is a long time. A day is a long time in some ways, such a lot of good or such a lot of harm may be done in a single day sometimes. It is certain that if we take care of the hours, then the days, weeks, months and years will look after themselves, just as it is said that if we look after the cents the dollars will take care of themselves.

This is the month when Canada looks ahead towards the possibilities of the New Year, and towards a happy conclusion to the Great World Trouble which is standing in the way of progress, and you, my Bunnies, must not be forgotten in this looking forward.

I wonder whether you all fully realize that Canada, so far as its people are concerned is made up of units. You know what a unit is, don't you? It means just one of anything, and everyone of you Bunnies is an important unit in the making up of the Canada of to-day, and the Canada of the future. It seems to Uncle Peter that there are other kinds of units, too. Our actions day by day are surely individual units all going together to make a life. As long as we travel in the right direction, firmly sticking to the right, and avoiding the wrong, our life must be a success, whether we actually make a lot of money or not. The truly successful life is not to be reckoned in dollars and cents.

*Just Like a Railway*

Here is an illustration for you, imagine a railroad, miles and miles of shiny steel rails, all leading forward to a certain point ahead, all bound together in unity of purpose with a single aim in view. The express train thunders over those rails at speed, the freight train follows with its thousands of tons of goods and both safely reach their destinations. But in the hundreds of thousands of rails which make up the line, if one is pointed away from its straight course, the train will be wrecked, if it is not found out and straightened again. Each one of those rails is like a day in our lives they must point straight forward and be bound together by good purposes, for a single day, mis-spent, may wreck a lifetime, or cause much pain and damage to ourselves and to others.

So it pays, and pays well, to look ahead sometimes, and plan for our own parts, big or little, in the future of Canada, and for each one of us to turn our faces forward, and to march with all Canada, ahead to success by the Road of Progress. And to do all this happily, Bunnies, we shall need our own Bunny Club Motto, Contentment with the things of to-day, and Effort to improve both them and ourselves for the benefit of to-morrow!

*A Happy New Year to You*

Stand up straight, little Bunnies, and hold your heads high, knowing that each one of you is just as much a part of the real Canada, as any one else can be. The year 1918 is ahead, life is ahead and our own Canada, with its troubles, its successes, its joys and its sorrows is ahead, and looking to you, my Bunny, and to me, and to every single unit of us all over the land, to grow into strong links in the chain which binds our whole country together.

I wish you all a Contented New Year, and yet a New Year full of energy, perseverance and effort towards better things, and I hope that you will all be as fortunate as the Bunnies in my story, so that if trouble comes your way it may pass you very quickly, and bury itself deep in a snowbank or anything else which happens to be handy.

Come, Bunnies, get into line, quick now, two hundred and fifty thousand of you, a whole army of future Canadian men and women, and help to push Canada this year along the road of progress. You're small, perhaps, but then there's such a lot of you you can do wonders in a year!

Here's luck to you!

Your affectionate Bunny-Uncle,
Uncle Peter.

P.S. I've written you such a long letter this time that I haven't left space for anything else. So please look on page 48 for the names of the winners in the October Bunny Club Competition.

## The Bunnies' New Year

*Continued*

PART II.

Now as I told you, Mr. Fox
A cold had, in his head
Two doctor Foxes, and a
nurse
Were gathered by his bed.

And news was brought, the Bunnies all
Were playing in the snow.
Then Doctor Fox spoke up and said
That he would like to go.

Said he, "My patient ought to have
Some rabbit pie to-night
I'll go and catch a bunny now
If that will be all right!"

When Doctor Fox came to the hill
No bunnies there he found
But he found a sleigh which they had
left
Lying upon the ground!

And down below the hill he
looked
And saw with many a grin
The Bunnies in the bright
moonlight
Watching the New Year
in.

Said Doctor Fox, "If I go down
To all will slip away,
And I could never catch one —"
(Here his eye fell on the sleigh.)

And Doctor Fox then laughed with
glee —
"It's better than I'd reckoned,
I'll sit upon the sleigh," said he
"And reach them in a second."

PART III.

The clock struck twelve, John Bunny
cried
"Look, children, up the hill,
The New Year's coming in, so let us
Cheer him with a will!"

They all looked up and had begun
To cheer with all their power,
When Doctor Fox came rushing down
At sixty miles an hour!

The Bunnies rushed this
way and that
The sleigh passed on the
jump,
And it hit the Bunnies
snowbank
A most enormous thump!—

The Bunnies rushed into the house
(You should have seen their haste,)
But Doctor Fox was buried in
The snow up to his waist!

John Bunny watched him wriggle out
(He stood within his door)
And Doctor Fox went sadly home,
His head was very sore.

Now I have told you all I can
So here I'll end my rhyme
You will agree, I think, with me,
They had a dandy time.

Now Bunnies all, both great and small
I wish you all good cheer,
May trouble pass you "on the jump"
In this, the coming year.

# CLASSIFIED·ADLETS

SALES AND EXCHANGES

A responsible directory arranged for the convenience of the vast number of more than 500,000 readers of Everywoman's World who wish to buy, sell or exchange.

Each little adlet has much of interest for you

### Agents and Salesmen Wanted

**MRS. COPE, MACGRATH, ALBERTA,** cleared $102.00 in four days. Sold to every home in Macgrath. You can do as well. Fine territory open for live agents. Catalogue and terms free on request Perfection Sanitary Brush Co., 1118 Queen St. W., Toronto, Ont. Only manufacturers in Canada.

**MANY BIG ADVERTISERS** first started with a little ad. this size. The cost so small, and the results so big. We will gladly sendyou full particulars. Drop us a postal to-day. Classified Advertising Dept., EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Toronto.

### Business Opportunities

**"HOW I CAN BUILD** Business in Canada," is the title of a leaflet, containing letters from a few of our advertisers in this section. It tells of the results received; sent gladly on request. Classified Advertising Dept., EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Toronto.

### Educational

**LEARN BOOKKEEPING,** Stenography, Matriculation, Story Writing, Beginner's Course, Engineering, by mail at home. Write Canadian Correspondence College, Limited, Dept. E.W., Toronto, Canada.

### Family Remedies

**SORE EYES**—Try Murine Eye Remedy in your own Eyes and in Baby's Eyes when they Need Care. Relieves Redness, Soreness, Granulated Eyelids and Scales on the Lids. No Smarting—Just Eye Comfort. Ask your Druggist for Murine

### Help Wanted—Female

**EARN $25 WEEKLY,** spare time, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary. Details free. Press Syndicate, 427 St. Louis, Mo.

### Home Furnishings

**WRITE** for our large, photo-illustrated catalogue No. 2. We pay freight to any station in Ontario. Adams Furniture Company, Limited, Toronto.

### Hotels

**HOTEL LENOX**
North Street at Delaware Avenue,
BUFFALO, N.Y.

Hotel Lenox is the stopping place for distinguished persons from all over the world. The building is a modern, fireproof structure, and the cuisine and service is unexcelled. Write for complimentary "Guide of Buffalo and Niagara Falls." C. A Miner, Managing Director.

### Nursing

**PRIVATE NURSES** earn $10 to $25 weekly. Learn without leaving home. Booklet free. Royal College of Science, Toronto, Canada.

### Patents—Legal Cards

**HERBERT J. S. DENNISON,** Patent Expert, Canada, United States and Foreign patents, designs and trade marks. 18 King W., Toronto.

**PATENTS SECURED** or fee returned. Actual search free. Send sketch. 1917 Edition, 90-page patent book free. George P. Kimmel, 205 Barrister Bldg., Washington, D C.

### Photoplays—Stories

**SEND US YOUR IDEAS** for Photoplays, Stories, etc. We accept them in any form—correct free—sell on commission. Big rewards.! Make money Get details now! Writer's Selling Service, Dept. 32 Main, Auburn, N Y.

**WRITERS—STORIES,** Poems, Plays, etc., are wanted for publication. Literary Bureau, E.W., 3 Hannibal, Mo.

**WRITE MOTION PICTURE** plays. $50 each. Experience unnecessary. Details free to beginners. Producers League, 325 Wainwright, St. Louis.

**$1,200 A YEAR** for spare time writing one moving picture play a week. We show you how. Send for free book of valuable information of special prize offer. Photo Playwright College, Box 278 K 19, Chicago.

### Razor Blades Sharpened

**RAZOR BLADES SHARPENED** by experts—Gillette, 35c. dozen; Ever Ready, 25c. Mail to A. L. Keen Edge Co., 180 Bathurst Street, Toronto.

### Real Estate—Farm Lands

**YOUR CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY**—Wanted One hundred efficient, progressive men and women to qualify as managers for Co Operative Pig Shops in all parts of the United States; you can make big money and be independent for life. On receipt of eighteen cents to cover mailing expenses we will send you prepaid sample jar preserved figs and particulars. Co-Operative Canning Company, of 73 Keystone Bank Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

**WANTED** to hear from owner of good farm for sale. State cash price, and description. D. F. Bush, Minneapolis, Minn

### Short Stories Wanted

**WANTED**—Stories, poems, etc. We pay on acceptance. Handwritten MSS. acceptable Woman's National Magazine, Desk 101, Washington, D.C.

### Wearing Apparel—Fancy-Work

**BEAUTIFUL SILK** Remnants for crazy patchwork. Large, well assorted trial package only 25c.; five lots for $1.00. Embroidery silk, odd lengths, assorted colours, 25c. per ounce. Peoples' Specialties Co., Box 1836, Winnipeg, Man.

### Eye Relief

**AFTER THE MOVIES**—Murine is for Tired Eyes—Red Eyes—Sore Eyes—Granulated Eyelids. Rests—Refreshes—Restores. Murine is a Favourite Treatment for Eyes that feel dry and smart. Give your eyes as much of your loving care as your teeth and with the same regularity. Care for them. You cannot buy new eyes! Murine sold at drug and optical stores. Ask Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, for free book.

# My Best Friend

Is a mother who has once used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, for she makes a point of telling other mothers about it, and they pass the news around. This has made Chamberlain's Cough Remedy a household favorite through the world.

Just ask some mother who has used it what she thinks of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy—She will tell you that it enables her to get her children through the winter without serious illness from coughs, colds or croup.

"Granny" Chamberlain

**Chamberlain's Cough Remedy**

She will tell you that it is as thoroughly reliable for the youngest child as for the oldest members of the family. You can give it to the baby, the children going to school, or take it yourself, always with the same result—a quick relief.

*Yours for Health —"Granny" Chamberlain*

27

## Have you anything to sell?

A great responsive market of at least 500,000 readers can be reached and sold efficiently and economically through Everywoman's World. Even a little advertisement in space the size of this will sell a lot of goods for you at a satisfactory profit. Try it out. Write for complete information about our great circulation and what it is selling for others.

**EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD**
TORONTO

**PIN MONEY—$15 to $25**

We will pay you from $15.00 to $25.00 for a little pleasant work which you can do for us right in your own community acting as our subscription correspondent sending us new and renewal subscriptions on Everywoman's World and Rural Canada. Write us for our plan on how we can pay you from $15.00 to $25.00 pin money for being our subscription correspondent right in your own neighborhood.

**Continental Publishing Co., Limited**
**Toronto, Canada**


# HIS MAJESTY THE BABY

## Much Ado About His "Layette"

*By MADGE PHILLIPS*

THE little visitor about to make its appearance in any home is the centre of interest. Its trousseau creates more excitement than a bride's, and is, of a certainty, more important, and deserving of deeper attention. For the bride may have her choice in the matter, while His Majesty the Baby must rely upon the judgment not only of the family, but a score of friends and relatives.

The judgment should not be formed hastily. There are a variety of considerations that must influence selection of the individual pieces of the "layette," as the miniature trousseau has been called.

Soft materials and neat seams are good starting points.

Fine nainsook, percale and batiste are better than handkerchief linen or organdie, for they do not muss as easily, and they are just as dainty. Fine narrow lace edgings and insertions should be used instead of wider ones.

The Government has asked that wool and other materials be conserved and so the wee newcomer is co-operating and the layette is much shorter. It is really more practical, for after a few months the long clothes have to be shortened. Twenty-five inches is the average length of a short layette.

Here is a list of the things that should be found in every baby's wardrobe:

Four dresses, nainsook, linen or batiste; six simple slips, nainsook, lawn or batiste; six outing flannel nightgowns; three wrappers, challis, albatross or cashmere; four flannel Gertrude petticoats; six knitted bands; four pinning blankets; three skirts of cotton and wool, or silk and wool, for all-wool should never be worn next to the baby's skin; a warm coat and cap, two dozen small and two dozen large diapers; two sweaters, jackets or short kimonos; small flannel shawl; four pairs of stockings or bootees, and an eiderdown sleeping bag.

When buying flannel for the baby garments, it is well to remember that it should be unshrinkable, for, as you know, it has to stand not a few trips to the tub. Remember that all-wool shrinks and turns yellow. Cotton petticoats are usually for "dress-up" occasions, to be slipped on over the flannel ones.

### The Christening Robe

THE Christening Robe is always longer than other dresses, and more elaborately trimmed. A ruffle of lace may be attached to the bottom of the skirt, tucks and embroidery above the tucks. Some choose to have the front panel embroidered nearly to the neck. Occasionally, the bonnet matches the dress, with a warm lining of silk covered flannel, which is also used as a cosy lining for a lingerie coat.

# Canadians Can Write

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21)

Government and Citizenship"; C. B. Sissons—"Bilingual Schools in Canada."

There are two books of art and criticism which are important: J. D. Logan's "Aesthetic Criticism in Canada" and Garvin's "Canadian Poets," which is more notable for its omissions than for its inclusions. Rev. Robert Law publishes a book of sermons under the title of "The Grand Adventure." Under travel comes one book, "Canada the Spell Binder." It is the usual ridiculous book which comes from some tourist who runs up to Canada, looks us over, from a car window, and writes a book about us.

### More Encouragement

THERE are two or three important contributory reasons why Canadian literary production has had a bull movement this year. The first, perhaps, is the active support given by Canadian publishers. One of these recently declared that "outside half a dozen, the publishers in Canada invariably lose on their Canadian books." This has been the pessimistic view, it is plain, of the majority of our publishers for some years and hence Canadians with literary wares to sell have hitherto gone to markets other than Canadian. We may blame Canadian publishers of an older day for that we have lost Bliss Carman, Arthur Stringer, Harvey O'Higgins and others to the American public and to American letters. They got little support here. After all, authors must live!

But this year, our publishers have taken more chances. They have plucked up their drooping spirits and they are earnestly and creditably striving to "support home industries" by running the risk of Canadian-written work finding no support in Canada. In many cases the results have justified the chances they took. We may search for a more ultimate reason for the outbursts, in Canada, of Canadian writers just now, and find that Canadian publishers have had two prosperous years, and consequently have been in a better position to take chances. It is good that they have taken them.

The writer believes that Canadians, little by little, will support the serious attempt now being made to secure a national literature. If this is the right view, Canadian publishers will find that if a prophet is not without honor except in his own country, he is not without potential profit. It is fair to accord publishers in the Dominion a certain amount of praise, then, for the excellent and comparatively heavy output of work by Canadians this year. The author must find a publisher, and a strict regard for the truth makes one admit that some of the books published here this year would never have attained the status of book-form in America or England.

The reason for the general excellence—for it is generally excellent -of the stuff Canadians have written this year, however, is found to be a psychological one. It is worth while noting that the "real goods" -if one may use a vulgarism—this year have been delivered by little-known authors. They have had something to tell, however, and whether it was extraordinarily literary or no, the sheer merit of what it was has carried it through. "Private Peat," for instance, is literature, if literature be life. Its author may not be much of a stylist, but the point is that he has lived. He has had the experience of what he calls "two years in hell." Consequently his telling of that experience is supremely worth while. The same applies to "Crumps," another war book. It has no excellence of style, but the man who wrote it lived, as he had never lived before. So he was able to make the telling of his personal experiences a welcome book. Arthur Copping once told a young friend who was trying his hand at writing to "get rid of fiction, and write fact." Then he would find he had written fiction! It is true. That writing is most supremely worth while which is based on and produced by and lives by virtue of its writer's actual experience.

So, for instance, Private Peat's writing deserves far wider commendation and reception than the mere ground-out silliness of Stephen Leacock. Private Peat has lived for two years! Professor Leacock hasn't. So Peat's achievement dwarfs Leacock's as the sun eclipses the moon. Nellie McClung, as an eminent litterateur recently wittily said, may continue to sow seeds in Danny and do other kinds of literary gardening, but the Canadian public, at any rate, the discerning Canadian public, wants something a great deal stronger, and more virile, and more vital than pretty little stories for vacant little minds. Alan Sullivan this year has turned out a novel of power, of some claim to permanence. Ralph Connor has merely added to his recent output of poppycock. James B Dollard has made a real contribution to the treasure house of Canadian verse, while Virna Sheard has done nothing but carry on with empty purposeless, meaningless bits of alleged poetry.

It is the fact of the few Canadians who have proved it against the many who imagine they have, that demonstrates the truth of the caption of this article, that Canadians can write. They take—these few—their art seriously, more seriously than their royalty account. It is the undoubted value of their contributions this year that has made 1917 a notable year for its concrete and defined progress towards the goal of securing, for Canadians, a national literature which shall bear comparison with that of the other great English-speaking countries.

# Jean Blewett's OWN PAGE of Happiness

**Women Must Co-operate to Succeed in Politics**

TO SET THE BALL rolling (as indicated in the panel) I will give my reasons for thinking women in politics will not revolutionize the world in a hurry. Human nature is much the same in women as in men, and look how long men have been muddling matters. We are adaptable, fatally so. We have formed the habit of getting used to things, a bad one in a reformer. Our strength lies in our broad sympathy and innate desire to do good; our weakness in our lack of concentration. We tilt at this and tilt at that; we are too diffuse, we do not stick to one thing. The lion in the way of our achievement is not a lion at all, but a mangy little dog of self conceit which makes us cling to the idea that there must be something wrong with anyone who doesn't think as we do. We will have to learn—not only to strike hard, but to strike all together, over and over, if we are to accomplish anything worth while. Strength we have, and initiative,—witness our war work. Ah, but in war work we have a central motive, a leading force—the helping to win out!

But now that we are essaying general reforms what is the leading force? And whose? We are just beginners. We may go far, but up until now our idea of co-operation seems to be to have the others side in with us.

**Those New Year Resolutions you Intend Making**

PRETTY MATRON LOOKED SERIOUS. She was at serious work. In the Book of Things, a little volume of blank leaves, leather-covered, she was putting down her New Year resolutions in a clerkly hand.

"I will be more patient with his exactions, and do —" Here she was interrupted by the ringing of the phone. She answered it, holding a finger between the pages to keep the ink from blotting. An angry red flushed her face as she listened. "What!" she exclaimed, "another out-of-town customer! that makes the third you've brought home to dinner in a little over a week. We've no real home life, and won't have while you think more of your business than you do of your wife. So there!" She hung up the receiver with a jerk, and sat looking down at the Book of Things. A tap at the door and in came the old colored woman to wax the floor. "A cup of coffee first, Nancy," said Pretty Matron, pouring it out, "and, while you drink it, tell me this, you wise old dear, if you lived with someone so aggravating you were always in a temper, how would you go about curing yourself? Would you frame a resolution, put the same in a book, and carry it with you as a constant reminder? Tell me, Nancy?" A beaming black face was turned on the questioner.

"Lawzy, Miss Caholine, de only reminders worf a cent doan come from no book, dey comes from de heart ob us. 'Fo'get it,' dey sa, 'fo'get it, an' lub him all de moah.'" "I didn't tell you it was a man," severely. Nancy's mellow laugh rolled out. "S'pose youah de onliest woman wif a aggravatin' husband?" she said. "Mos' women folks black an' white, has 'em, has had 'em, or," softly, "lost 'em. Ole mem'ries caint be beat foh de kind of r'minders youah speak ob, mem'ries ob cou'tin' times, kissin' times, yaas, an' snivellin' 'casions—for de pair dat ain't had dere firs' cryin' spell togedder ain't found out what real lovin' is yet. Good resolutions all writ down eh! Honey, it am jus' as foolish as gibben youhsef an I.O.U. If youh am worf it dere's no 'casion foh paper promises, an' if youh ain't worf it all de I.O.U.'s ain't goin' ter make youh worf it, see! De only way is ter lub yer man outen his aggravatingness if youh kin, an' if youh cain't, lub him aggravating-ness an' all, yes'm. Goin' Miss Caholine?"

"Only as far as the phone," in a voice which trembled a little. "I—I must call up my man." Later Nancy on her knees "doing" the floor came upon the discarded Book of Things.

**Living to Eat Rather Than Eating To Live**

NOT IN WAR TIME SURELY! Yes, in war time. Right here in Canada we are still concerned, very much so, with what we shall eat, what we shall drink, and wherewithal shall we be clothed. Why, the other day when the big stores, and most of the little ones, shut down on selling us any sugar, look what a fuss we made. A lengthy famine in sugar would do good, it would help to make our fat people lean—and lean people are seldom lazy. This would mean something, in these work crowded days. We have it on high authority that the British matron was never so good looking as now, she having gone back to her girlhood's figure through discarding sweets, meat, and white bread. Fat women invariably deny they eat much, but watch them reduce when put upon a diet of limited calorie value. There is no living to eat among the Russian women. They are all dieting—Karelling they call it, after the famous W. Karrell, at one time physician to the Czar. Karelling means a diet of skim milk at least three days a week—no bread, no sugar, nothing but the skimmed milk. The patient sips slowly a glassful (six ounces) at 8 a.m.; 11 a.m.; 2 p.m.; 5 p.m.; and 8 p.m. The milk may be taken hot or cold. The five glasses give a total of, say, a quart a day, and many following the prescription lose as much as fifteen pounds per week, we are told, without experiencing any noticeable falling off in strength. "Starvation diet!" you say. Not a bit of it—a fat person cannot starve so long as there is fuel on the frame to be burnt up—a beauty-building diet, rather. And such a saving, eh!

## THE YEAR

*You took some light and laughter from my life, Old Year,*
*You took the friend I trusted, the faith I called my own,*
*Took toll of love and happiness,*
*But Old Year, Bold Year,*
*You brought the thing I needed most—strength to stand alone.*

*JEAN BLEWETT.*

## Everywoman's Forum

### Here is an Opportunity for You to Have a Voice in the Public Affairs of the Day

**AS woman to woman do you believe—cross your heart—that the opening of the big hall door of politics (and oh how it creaks on its hinges and hangs fire) to the clear-eyed, clean skirted applicants, the women of this country, is going to result in an immediate Utopia? I do not, It looks to me as though it were going to be quite a-while before the feminine element makes much of an impression on the legislative life of Canada. "What!" cries one, "you who have championed the sex and the cause first, last, always. Et tu Brute!"**

**I am merely stating my opinion, and here and now I invite you all—city woman, town woman, country woman—to state yours. In times like these there should be in a magazine of the calibre and scope of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD—a national publication—a page for the discussion of questions of the day by the women of this country. We propose during the coming months to bring up some vital problems for our joint handling, among them, "A Living Wage;" "Is Divorce Becoming Popular;" "Eugenics and Euthenics;" "Protection of Girls;" "Race Suicide;" and "Clean Bill of Health."**

**If there is any question upon which you want advice; if you feel you would like to voice YOUR OWN opinion publicly, address your correspondence to Everywoman's Forum, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Toronto, and Jean Blewett will see that space is allotted to you. This gives you an opportunity of sharing your views with the other 499,999 readers of this national magazine.**

**When Lloyd George not long ago favored the placing of women as well as men on a certain important committee an outraged member of the House exclaimed: "A petticoat parliament!" A good thing, too. Let us have one of our own. Co-operation is born of understanding. Let us get together and argue things out "between ourselves." This is YOUR invitation, your personal "bid" to a free speech party in Everywoman's Forum.**

**"A petticoat parliament," some disgruntled person may dub us, but who cares? The latch string is out—come along.**

**With High Ideals and Short Skirts!**

HIGH IDEALS AND SHORT SKIRTS seem to be the order of the day. One of our cities boasts a woman magistrate (boasts is right) of whom it is very proud; and with reason, she being not only one of our best known women, but one of our best women. Not long ago she took occasion in addressing a young man, tried before her on a charge of driving a car while drunk, to speak some grand truths on what he owed to himself and to others. He listened in a bored way at first but by and by he winced, flung up his head fiercely, then let it sink again. As she probed deeper, reaching beneath the callousness, a flush of shame mounted to his face. "We used to know you as a promising boy," she said, "but now we know you only as the profligate son of a good mother." She proceeded sweetly and earnestly as though he were one of her own flock to tell him some terrible truths, tear the veil from vice and show its hideous face. She won him. By the tears in his poor bleared eyes and in her clear ones we knew he was won.

Thank heaven for women like that! cried an old gentleman blowing his nose vigorously. "She sets our ideals high." "And cuts her skirts by the same pattern," snapped his wife, who was a "cat." "In my day a woman would have sunk through the floor if such things were as much as mentioned before her. Young men sow their wild oats." "Yes," broke in the husband, "but the new woman is bound to make the sowing an unpopular business. They've always had the cure in their own hands, but never knew it until lately."

It was fine, the whole thing. One could not help thrilling with pride in that big hearted woman nor could one help wishing that she wore her skirts longer.

**Mending Our Men Folk Instead of Their Socks**

WILEY GRIER, one of Canada's best known artists, speaking before the Political Equality League, on the progress of woman, gave us housewives something to ponder over. He said: "Most of us have heard the remark 'A woman's place is at home darning her husband's socks,—the inference being that her crowning duty is to keep the wardrobes of the male members of her household in good repair. The woman of to-day has another ideal, a better one we verily believe. She is more concerned in reinforcing weak spots in the make up of her men folk, 'father and the boys,' than in their wearing apparel, yesterday's woman busied herself mending her boys' socks, to-day's woman mends the boy himself, first, the socks, if she finds opportunity."

"Quite right," agreed Mrs. Hector Prenter, who presided, "first things first."

To be sure, but it can be carried too far, don't you think? In the matter of what we shall do and what leave undone one listens to both sides, and, listening recalls Mark Twain's remark on another much argued question: "If Christian Science had a little more science to it, and the other kind of healing a little more Christianity we believe both would be improved." But first things first is a good motto.

**No More Social Butterflies!**

THE BELLE OF THE BALL dropped in at the tea hour to tell us how well she was getting on at her dress-making school. Right at the start I had better explain that the sobriquet "belle of the ball" is a nick-name bestowed on her in ante bellum days, when she was that pretty, preening person, yclept a social butterfly, with, as she avers, two ideas in her head—to have the best time going, and look her loveliest while having it. And in spite of the fact that she has been for fourteen months demonstrator, designer, cutter, fitter and general manager of the "school" she has managed to hold fast to her good time and good looks.

"That's because I enjoy the work," she explains. "I could write a book on the fun of being a patriot. What's that? Oh, with so many talking about the duty side of it, let me have the fun of things for my theme, please.

"How did I come to catch on to the idea? I didn't—it caught me. I couldn't get away from it. In the old frivolous days I made the frocks my friends admired so much; it was my one talent. So, when I become enthusiastic for king and country, so patriotic it was do or die with me, it had to be the needle or nothing. At first it was the money I was able to give that counted, but now I realize," her gay voice sobering, "that to teach a girl like myself, just a common ordinary girl, to be worth more to herself and others to-day than she was yesterday is in the way of being a patriot —what?"

# MENUS TO SUIT THE SLENDER PURSE

By MARJORY DALE

IN the effort to economize, to be patriotic, to help out generally in the meat conservation campaign, it must not be forgotten that meat is really essential to the well regulated diet, for the normal person. It is possible to do with very little meat, but it is not altogether sensible to do without any.

What the wide-awake housekeeper, the up-to-the-minute cook, aims at, these days, is to excel in meat menus that combine economy and nutrition; thrift and satisfaction. The following will solve the problem for many a meal.

### Beef Stew with Hominy

ONE and a half pounds neck beef, 2 teaspoonfuls sugar, 3 tablespoonfuls cut onions, 2 teaspoonfuls salt, ½ teaspoonful pepper, 2 cupfuls of strained tomatoes, 2 tablespoonfuls flour, 4 small cupfuls boiled hominy.

Wash and wipe meat, cut into two inch pieces, boil twenty minutes with two cupfuls boiling water, add onion, sugar, salt and pepper; boil slowly two and a half hours. Add tomatoes. Boil altogether, ten minutes. Mix flour with cold water until smooth, and add to meat; boil three minutes. There should be two cupfuls gravy. Serve with border of hominy.

### Veal Balls with Tomato Sauce

ONE and a half pounds neck veal, 1 cupful dry bread crumbs, 1 teaspoonful grated onion, ½ teaspoonful of nutmeg, 2 teaspoonfuls salt, 1 teaspoonful of any table sauce, 1 teaspoonful poultry seasoning.

Put raw meat through good chopper, add breadcrumbs and seasonings. Mix well, roll into eight balls. Brown quickly in a little dripping, place on earthenware dish, cover with strained tomato sauce. Bake forty minutes. Serve in casserole.

### Veal Croquettes with Tomato Sauce.

Make a forcemeat of 2 cupfuls of cooked chopped veal, 2 tablespoonfuls of breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoonful salt, pinch of paprika, ½ teaspoonful mace, 1 tablespoonful onion juice, 1 tablespoonful butter, yolks of two raw eggs. Stir in saucepan over fire till mixture is heated thoroughly. Set aside to cool. When cool make up into croquettes, dip in breadcrumbs, fry in hot fat. Serve with tomato sauce.

### Meat Balls

THREE quarters of a pound lean beef, ½ pound lean veal, ¾ cupful milk, 1 egg, ¾ cupful dried bread crumbs, 1 teaspoonful white pepper, 2½ teaspoonfuls salt, 2 tablespoonfuls chopped onion, 4 tablespoonfuls butter, 2 tablespoonfuls Italian tomato paste.

Wash meat, cut into dice, put through food chopper, beat eggs, add milk and breadcrumbs and let stand till crumbs are soft. Fry onion brown in a little butter, stir into crumb mixture and then work this into the meat together with seasonings and fried onions. Form mixture into small balls, brown well in butter and add one cupful boiling water. Cover pan and let balls cook through. This will take twenty minutes. Dilute tomato paste in ¾ cupful of warm water, add to gravy. If desired thicken with a little flour.

### Polpettine

TWO pounds veal steak sliced very thin, 1 tablespoonful minced parsley, 1 clove garlic minced, ½ teaspoonful salt, few grains pepper, 1 tablespoonful butter, ½ pound sausage meat.

Cut steak into pieces about four inches long and 1½ inches wide. Mix together sausage, garlic, salt, pepper, and spread thin layers on veal slices. Roll slices and tie or fasten together with a skewer. Melt butter or if preferred dripping. Brown the polpettine and add enough boiling water to cover half. Place lid over frying pan and simmer for 1 to 1½ hours. Add a little more water if necessary. For serving, untie and arrange on toast. Thicken the gravy, add salt and pepper to taste. Serve garnished with peas, spinach or mushrooms.

### Lamb Curry with Rice (East Indian)

TWO pounds lamb, clear meat, 1 clove garlic, 1 large onion, 1 teaspoonful salt, ½ teaspoonful pepper, 1 tablespoonful curry powder, 2 tablespoonfuls shredded cocoanut, 1 teaspoonful ground cloves, 1 teaspoonful allspice, 1½ tablespoonfuls butter, juice of 1 small lemon.

Boil lamb in salted water till almost done, then cut into small pieces. In the meantime melt butter, add garlic and onion minced and cook slowly till onion is soft. Then add the salt, pepper, curry, cocoanut and spices. Add to the meat. There should be more than 2 cupfuls of broth; return the meat and curry mixture to the broth, thicken with a little flour, if necessary; let cook thirty minutes longer. Add lemon juice. Serve in a border of boiled rice.

### Braised Short Ribs of Beef

ONE and a half pounds short ribs beef, 1 cupful cut onion, 1 tablespoonful salt, ⅛ teaspoonful white pepper, 1½ cupfuls cut carrots, ¾ cupful cut celery, 1½ pints of potatoes, 2 tablespoonfuls flour, 1 tablespoonful caramel.

Have butcher saw ribs into 2 inch pieces. Put in double roasting pan, sear, add teaspoonfuls grated onion, 1 cupful home canned peas, ¼ teaspoonful pepper.

Wash boil and drain rice, put meat on to boil in rice stock. Brush a baking dish with dripping, put in third of rice; then layer of meat, then peas, and so on till dish is filled. Have rice on top. Add seasonings to thickened stock, pour over meat. Bake in a moderate oven forty-five minutes.

*Beef and kidney ragout, garnished with French fried cornmeal mush*

### Beef and Kidney Ragout

1 beef kidney
1 pound stew beef
Salt Pepper
Flour
2 slices bacon
1 onion
1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce
1 green pepper
¼ cup stoned ripe olives
2 tablespoons butter
1 cup boiling water

Wash, skin and cut beef kidney into one-fourth-inch cubes and wipe beef and cut into two-inch cubes. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and dredge with flour. Cut bacon in dice, put in fireless kettle, add onion peeled and sliced and cook three minutes; then add meat, and stir and cook until well browned. Add boiling water, Worcestershire sauce and green pepper cut in strips, bring to boiling point, and cook in fireless cooker several hours, until meat is tender. Remove from cooker, add olives, and butter mixed with two tablespoonfuls of flour, and stir until boiling point is reached. Serve garnished with rings of green pepper and French fried cornmeal mush.

### French Fried Cornmeal Mush

¾ cup cornmeal
1 teaspoon salt
3 cups boiling water
2 tablespoons grated cheese
½ teaspoon paprika

Mix cornmeal and salt and add slowly to boiling water. Stir until smooth and cook in fireless cooker several hours or overnight. Add grated cheese and paprika, and spread in shallow pan three-fourths inch thick. When cold and firm, cut in strips two and one-half inches long and three-fourths inch wide; dip in sifted dried crumbs, then in egg beaten with two tablespoonfuls cold water, and again in crumbs. Fry in deep fat and drain on brown paper.

### Veal en Casserole

SLICE 1 large onion, brown in hot dripping, remove the onion, put in 1 pound of stewing veal, ½ pound lean beef cut into small pieces and brown these also. Then put both onion and meat in casserole. Add 1 teaspoonful salt, few grains pepper and 3 cupfuls boiling water, cover casserole, bring to heating point, place in moderate hot oven for 1½ hours. Meanwhile prepare 12 small potato balls, 6 tiny white onions, ½ dozen balls each carrots and turnips. Fry these lightly in hot deep fat and add to contents of casserole with 1 bay leaf, 1 clove, 1 chopped white pepper and 2 tablespoonfuls flour mixed to a paste in cold water. Stir until gravy is slightly thickened, cover and cook ½ hour longer.

### Beef with Horse Radish Sauce

ONE and a half pounds brisket or soup meat, 1 tablespoonful chopped onion, 1 tablespoonful salt, 2 tablespoonfuls flour, 1 tablespoonful sugar, ¼ cupful grated horse radish, 2 cupfuls chopped boiled beets.

Put meat on to boil in 1½ quarts of boiling water, add onion and salt, and boil slowly for three hours. To 1 cupful stock add the flour, which has been mixed with cold water. Boil five minutes, add horseradish, sugar and beets. Slice meat, then pour sauce around. Serve.

### Lamb Scallop with Vegetables

ONE pound stewing lamb, 1 cupful thickened stock, 2 cupfuls rice, 2 teaspoonfuls salt, 2 tablespoonfuls dripping, 2 seasonings, 2 cupfuls boiling water. Reduce heat of oven, roast ¾ hour, add carrots, celery, diced potatoes, and another cupful water. Roast 1 hour more Serve with vegetables. To gravy add flour and caramel mixed with cold water. Boil 3 minutes. Add to meat.

### Oxtail Stew

TWO oxtails, ½ cupful flour, 2 tablespoonfuls dripping, 2 teaspoonfuls sugar, ½ cupful cut onion, 2 cupfuls turnip, 3 tablespoonfuls chopped parsley.

After washing, dry jointed oxtail. Sprinkle with flour, fry in hot dripping. When brown put in saucepan and cover with boiling water; add seasonings; boil slowly for 2 hours; add onion and turnip, boil 30 minutes. Thicken if necessary, with 1 tablespoonful of flour dissolved in cold water. Serve piping hot, using turnips as a border.

### Beef Flip

ONE pound beef chopped, ½ pound stewing veal chopped, ½ cupful butter, 2 cupfuls rolled crackers, 1 cupful boiling water, pepper, salt to taste. Bake in a moderate oven 1½ hours, basting frequently.

### Ham Puff

ONE cupful minced ham, 1 scant ½ cupful flour, 1 cupful minced cooked veal, 1 cupful milk, 4 eggs, ½ teaspoonful pepper.

Dissolve flour in milk, bring to boil, add ham, veal and pepper. Separate eggs, beat yolks thoroughly, whites stiff and dry, add yolks to mixture, fold in whites. Put in buttered baking dish, set in pan of hot water, let puff rise to top of dish. This takes ½ to ¾ of an hour. Remove from water and brown.

### Curried Veal, Rice Border

TWO pounds lean boiling veal, 2 cupfuls cut onions, 2 teaspoonfuls salt, 2 tablespoonfuls flour, 2 teaspoonfuls curry powder, 1 tablespoonful chopped celery.

Wash, wipe and cut meat in thin pieces, sear on both sides in a little dripping, then put in boiler and cover with boiling water. In pan in which meat was seared brown onions; add to meat. Add salt, boil slowly 3 hours or till tender. Mix flour and curry in a little water, add to meat with celery and boil ten minutes. Serve with boiled rice border.

### Beef Olives

TWO pounds thinly cut round steak, tablespoonful lemon juice, 1 tablespoonful oil, 1 teaspoonful salt, ⅛ teaspoonful paprika, 2 tablespoonfuls flour.

Trim, cut steak into 3 inch squares. Brush both sides with lemon juice and olive oil. Sprinkle with salt and paprika, roll and pin each square with a toothpick. Roll in flour and set in a cold place 3 hours before baking. Put the trimmings and rolls into a shallow pan; add ¼ cupful of water, cover and put into hot oven 20 minutes. Baste, bake ten minutes longer. Serve on hot mashed potatoes. Add gravy.

### Meat-Flavor Dish

ONE pound dried lima beans, ½ pound smoked bacon, 1 teaspoonful salt, 1 teaspoonful grated onion, ½ teaspoonful thyme, 1 egg, ¼ teaspoonful paprika.

Soak and boil the beans with bacon; drain, put through food chopper when cold, add the seasonings and the egg, well beaten. Save a little of egg to brush tops. Brush custard cups with bacon dripping and fill with mixture. Brush tops with the egg and bake for 30 minutes in a moderate oven. Turn out. Serve with tomato sauce.

### Veal Spice Roll

ONE and a half pounds raw veal chopped, 3 eggs, 6 buttered crackers rolled, 1 teaspoonful salt, ½ teaspoonful pepper, ¼ nutmeg. Mix and form in a long roll. Either bake with bits of butter on top or tie up in cloth and boil. Use cold, thinly sliced.

### Turkish Lamb

STEW 1 cupful cold lamb with 1 teaspoonful minced onion in 1 cupful water till very tender, remove meat and add to the liquid enough strained tomato to make 1 pint. Season highly with salt and pepper, add little chutney sauce. Return meat, bring to boiling point. Serve on buttered squares.

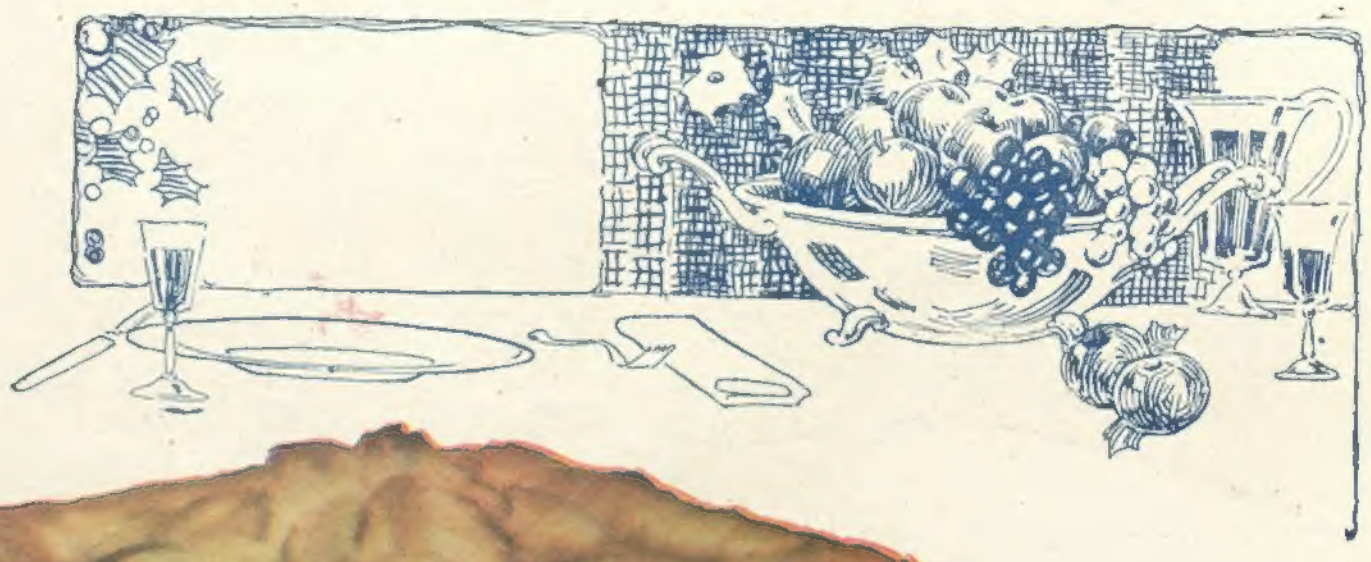
### Fricandilles

COLD veal, about 1½ cupfuls chopped fine. Mix with it 2 eggs, a little grated onion, melted butter, 2 pulverized soda biscuits, pepper and salt. Form into balls. Fry in butter. Serve with gravy made of flour browned in butter, add one cupful of boiling water when thicker, juice of ½ lemon.

### Egyptian Cannelon

CHOP fine 2 pounds round steak, add and mix 2 level teaspoonfuls salt, a salt spoon of pepper, 1 cupful chopped almonds, 1 tablespoonful chopped parsley and 2 tablespoonfuls grated onion. Form in compact roll, wrap in a piece of oiled paper, place in baking pan, add a cupful of stock and a tablespoonful of butter. Bake and baste over the paper for ½ of an hour. Remove paper and lift cannelon to centre of platter. Rub together 2 tablespoonfuls of butter and 2 of flour, put in pan with 1 pint of stock. Stir until boiling. Add level teaspoonful salt and 2 tablespoonfuls of tomato catsup, strain over roll. Garnish with toast and parsley.

Cut 1 pound round steak into cubes 1 inch. Flatten them with a hard blow from a potato masher. Pare and slice three good sized potatoes and four onions. Put a layer of potatoes in the bottom of a baking dish, then a layer of meat and onions, dust lightly with salt and pepper and then another layer of potatoes, meat, etc., and season. Take the flesh of home canned tomatoes chop fine, put over top of dish, add 1 tablespoonful butter cut into pieces, and if you have it pour over ½ cupful sour cream. Cover, stand in a pan of boiling water and cook in a slow oven 2½ hours.



# For New Years
# A Five Roses Meat Pie

NOW FOR A SAVORY FIVE ROSES MEAT PIE!

Piping hot, its teasing aroma creates a keen appetite. Enclosed in a golden, satiny, Five Roses Pie Crust, flaky to the last mouthful, this inviting pie is surprisingly easy to digest.

Five Roses Flour adds deliciousness to a real economy.

Because of the uncommon strength of Five Roses Flour, at least one-fifth less than the usual quantity of flour is required with the same amount of shortening and water.

To its appetising qualities and its real economy FIVE ROSES FLOUR adds the wonderful nutrition of Manitoba's richest wheat.

FIVE ROSES RECIPES—TESTED AND ECONOMICAL

*Bake without waste, Bread, Cakes, Puddings and Pastries. The famous FIVE ROSES Cook book contains 144 pages of valuable baking information and it gives complete instructions in regard to pastry, tarts, puffs, patties and pies. Sent for 30 cents in stamps.* Address Dept. E. 305,

**LAKE OF THE WOODS MILLING CO., LIMITED**
**Montreal and Winnipeg**

# FIVE ROSES FLOUR
FOR BREADS, CAKES PUDDINGS, PASTRIES.

# Reliable
# Quick
# Sanitary

Use only a Reliable Hygienic Cleanser particularly in the Kitchen and on your cooking utensils

MADE IN CANADA